

THE ECHO  
SENIOR NUMBER

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1919-1926

















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# *THE ECHO*



SENIOR NUMBER  
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# THE ECHO



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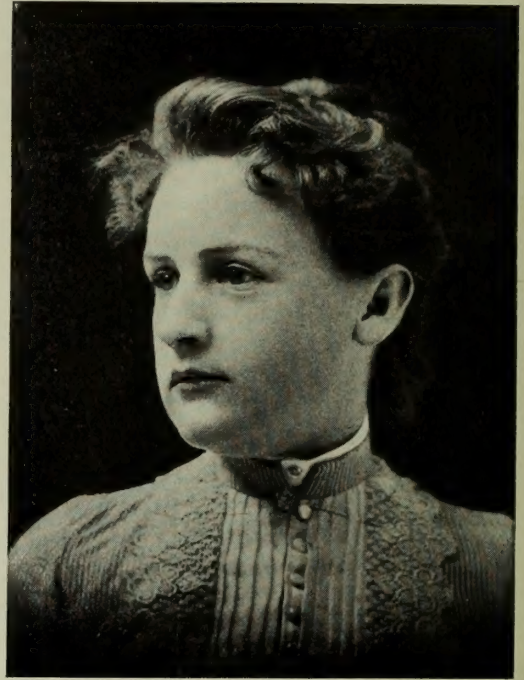
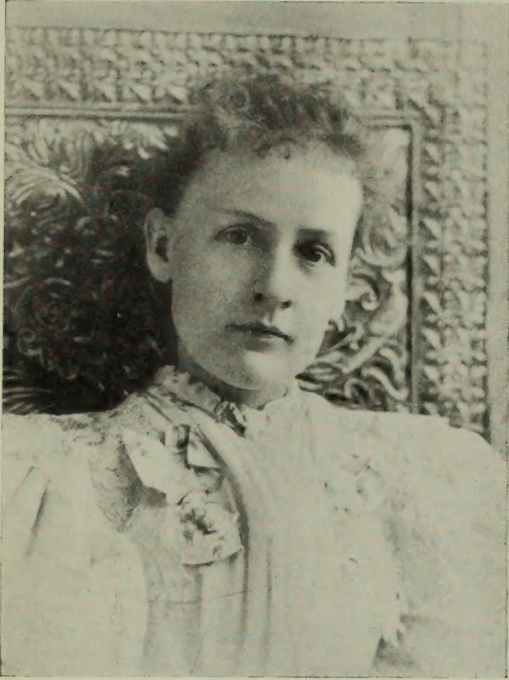
VULCANIZING

TIRES

TUBES

32 Woodside Avenue

Winthrop Center



As there is no recent photograph of Miss Pratt, we are presenting to our readers two pictures which will interest her many friends. The one at the right was her High School graduation picture; the other was taken at about the time of her first coming to Winthrop.

To the memory of Mary Ellen Pratt, who through the years has been so largely responsible for the success of the "Echo," this issue is lovingly and gratefully dedicated.



Miss Mary Ellen Pratt, for seventeen years a teacher in the Winthrop High School, died Sunday afternoon, June 8, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Humphries, in Malden, after an illness of several months. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, June 10, at 4 o'clock, in St. Paul's Church, Malden. A large number of teachers, pupils, and other friends attended, and the profusion of flowers was but a small token of the place she held in the hearts of her friends.

Miss Pratt was born in Bath, Me., where she graduated from the Bath High School. She attended the Gorham Normal School, after which she taught in the Northfield and Stockbridge High Schools. Later Miss Pratt attended Radcliffe and for a number of years took courses in English at Boston University. She came to Winthrop in September, 1902, and since then has taught in the High School, where she was head of the English Department.

By her death Winthrop suffers an irreparable loss. Her sympathetic, loving spirit endeared her to all her pupils; her wealth of knowledge and skill in applying it compelled their admiration and respect. She stood high in the esteem of her fellow teachers, who regarded her sound common sense, her scholarship, her inventiveness, and her personal charm with sincere admiration. All feel keenly the loss of an unusual teacher, a genuine friend, a true woman.

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C. LAMER



V. HAMAN



M. KARRAS



E. GILBERT



J. MURPHY





M. FENBY



M. READE



D. SAMPSON



E. WOODS



A. SPANGENBERG



M. LEE



H. SULLIVAN



D. JOHNSON



A. BARKER



D. [unclear]



A. LEVANCE



A. HILLBERG



E. ALLEN



G. BLOOMFIELD



[unclear]



F. COLLINANE



A. BARRY



M. GILLIS



L. DUCE



M. HERBERT



E. PHILLIPS



M. SOLOMON



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J. [unclear]



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A. Young



M. Cuyin



C. Harn



F. O'Hole



C. Murphy



A. McWhorter



R. Alexander



P. Kell



H. Mank



H. Diers



H. Hedges



W. Hanson



G. P. Hall



A. Eastman



D. Wate



J. H. Harn



F. H. Harn





C. M. CLUMTICK



L. JENNINGS



L. ENRO



D. KEENAN



F. HOLTHAUS



H. DANIELS



F. PENLITTER



A. STANLEY



E. O'GALE



H. WALKER



D. GARDNER



F. HOWELL



F. HALL



E. SNOW



M. TATE



W. NAZRO



T. BURPODE



W. TAYLOR



W. MACKAY



E. BERNARD



W. HOAR



R. KEMPTON



B. ENOS



F. HAYES

**ELIOT GORDON HALL.**

**"Hally"**

"I never saw a man eat with such earnestness and application."

Hally also has an aversion to Latin and much time was spent in getting him away from room 15 to come to the rehearsals of the Senior play, in which he took a prominent part. Hally is also a member of the lunch room crew.

**WILLIAM WELDEN HANSON.**

**"Bill"—"Archie"**

"He no longer knows what he is saying. He must have seen the moonshine on the forest."

Archie joined the S. A. T. C. in the fall and when peace was declared he returned to school, where he earned his "W" as manager of the basketball team.

**THOMAS WILLIAM BERRIDGE, JR.**

**"Tom"**

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

If Tom can type the way he can play baseball he will surely get a job. Last year he won his "W" in baseball, and this year he is captain of the team.

**RAYMOND WILSON BLISS.**

**"Ray"**

"Lightly he dreamt as youth will dream."

Ray has one eye on the girls and one eye on the teachers. Is his name all that it implies? How about it, girls?

**ANNA REGINA FULHAM.**

**"Anna"**

"Am I my sister's keeper?"

Anna is the good-natured girl of our class—a good sort. Leave it to her to play hockey, too. She goes at it like a man. Besides, she wears a "W" sweater, which is a real nice thing to have. So is her good nature when it comes time to visit afternoon session class.

**CORA ALTENA HATCH.**

**"Cora"**

Think of it, Cora has two moving picture theatres in her family. No wonder she has so many friends. But moving picture theatres alone are not accountable for that. She is blissful at the close of each day, because that makes one day less between now and graduating time.

**MINNIE SARA KARRAS.**

**"Min"**

"I have done my duty

And will do no more."

It is Minnie who can tickle the typewriter. Her rule is that children should be seen and not heard. Does she keep it? Does she! But how does she get that way?

**ARDELLE CONSTANCE LAVANGIE.**

**"Ad"**

"Push on,—keep moving."

Ardelle is a regular genius at basketball. Talk about action! While you are looking at her in the middle of a game, she is in the middle of the next game. And she has that old ball every time. Yes, she does. You can safely wager on "Ad."

**DOROTHY MAUD MCKENZIE.**

**"Dot"**

"Go ahead, kid me,

You can't make me mad."

Here's a real sport. If there is such a thing as perpetual motion, it's "Dot" McKenzie. Wouldn't you think she'd make Miss Key mad in gym? She's never still. She does make you laugh, too, for she's a witty wee thing. Basketball is in her line, too, isn't it, "Dot"?

**ALICE MAY BARRY.**

**"A"**

"Neat, not gaudy."

Alice is really a lucky person, for while we appear to be studying hard in the second period, she may walk in and out of all our rooms without staying long enough to say the alphabet. This lucky girl is Miss Howatt's helper, who brings around the notices. Lucky? Well, I guess.

**AGNES MIRIAM BROGAN.**

**"Ag"**

"Now you g'wan."

This girl is a firm believer in the use of a certain kind of flour, don't you know? Besides, she makes some of us curious to find out from whom that sailor blouse of hers came. However, being feminine, she simply won't tell.

**EVELYN MARIE BRUCE.**

**"Ev"**

"Well, didn't I tell ya?"

Say, did you ever hear of a human music store? Music stores are supposed to contain practically all music in existence. Be with Evelyn ten minutes and hear her hum anything from "My Mammy's Voice" to "N'everything" or "I'll say she does."

**CHESTER LEWIS McCLINTOCK**

**"Chet"**

"A nice, unparticular man."

Chet is another one of those quiet fellows, but put him on the gym floor and he is lively enough. Chet worked wonders with a basketball and we missed him at the games, but perhaps he will be here next season to make himself famous.

**DELORES MARION BRENNAN.**

**"Frenchie"**

"The Climax."

Hutch is a secret admirer of her character. Watch your step, Delores.



**EUGENE THOMAS McGEE.**

**"Gene"—"Mutt"**

Mutt plays all games equally well. For a year he led the football team on to victory, and the following year he captained the basketball team. Mutt may be bashful among the girls, but put him on the field or in the gym and—Oh, boy!

**ROBERT TRUMAN NICHOLLS.**

**"Bob"—"Nick"**

"It is my love that keeps mine eyes awake."

Nick—yes, that's what he's full of. How many times have Bob's funny sayings saved the day; yes, and how many afternoon sessions have Bob's cartoons and jokes caused? How about it, Bob?

**DONALD HODGSON GARDNER.**

**"Donald"**

"Labor is its own reward."

Donald is a rather quiet, retiring sort of person; but in spite of this fact he is very well liked by both pupils and teachers, and the least we can say is that we are very proud of our Salutatorian.

**BRENDAN JOSEPH KEENAN, JR.**

**"Brennie"**

"Strains of music burst upon the air."

If there is one thing Brennie enjoys besides his music it is Latin. In fact, the lure of High School is so great that he is planning to return next year. If he could only study the way he can play!

**WILLIAM HEYWARD TAYLOR.**

**"Bill"**

"Come what may, I'll do my darndest."

Although Bill has many studies which require a lot of hard work, nevertheless he usually appears wreathed in smiles, which often foreshadow mischief.

**ALFRED THEODORE STANLEY.**

**"Al"**

"Al" may not be known to all of us, but if anything starts he is usually somewhere around. The most notable act of his career, perhaps, was in the "Chem. Lab.," where, much to his discomfort, the acids tried to become more closely acquainted with him.

**RAYMOND DEXTER KEMPTON.**

**"Ray"**

"Ray" is another of the peaceful inhabitants of the typewriting and shorthand rooms, where he has been faithfully studying and earnestly working his way to success in the business world.

**MILDRED INEZ ELDREDGE.**

**"Billy"**

If quietness is any aid to success, then Billy will surely be crowned with laurels. Even before school closed she was given an opportunity to show her ability as a business woman.

**MARION FLOYD.**

**Marion**

She'll never have recourse to rouge, or health resorts, either.

**BARBARA JEAN PHILBRICK.**

**"I should worry."**

Gymnasium is Barbara's strong point. The last report has it that she applied for five periods of gym per week,—but don't mention it to her—safety first.

**RUTH SAWTELLE.**

Why did you desert us, Ruth? Just for a semaphore?

**AGNES ELLEN SANDS.**

"Even the fat ones make good athletes."

Never mind, Ellen, when you gain a little more they'll take you at Revere as the only 750 lb. fat lady at Crescent Beach.

**MARION BARBARA GILLIS.**

Whenever we heard a great noise coming down the corridor, we were never alarmed. After several years of Marion's chatter we became inured to it and, toward the last, were oblivious of it.

**MILDRED ANNA GILLIS.**

**"Mil"**

"A happy soul."

Yes, she is the other big noise of W. H. S. Perhaps some day "Mil" will be silent (?), but we don't know. We think Marion has a bad influence on her.

**ALICE DELEREICE BARKER.**

**"La la"**

"I confess thy writings to be such

As neither man nor muse can praise too much."

Good things come in small packages, and speaking of good things, what should we do without Alice? Many a time she has rescued the editorial staff from the depths of despair with a life-saver in the form of a story.

**DOROTHY BRUMBY.**

**"Dot"**

"Blessed are the meek."

The only time Dot ever regrets leaving England for Winthrop is during shorthand, when she feels so unnecessary. Cheer up, Dot, the worst is yet to come.

**EVELYN BRUCE CALHOUN.**

**"Ev"**

"Speech is great, and silence greater."

"Did you get the notes, Miss Calhoun?" "Yes, but I can't read them."

**HERBERT WILLIAM GARDNER.**

**"Herbie"—"Herb"**

"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."

Herbie always has something to say, no matter who says it, where you say it, or when you say it. Herbie won his "W" in football this year and is business manager of the Echo. He has done his bit in the lunch room.

**CATHERINE AGNES HILLBERG.**

"I will and I won't,  
I can and I can't."

Agnes is a rather small person who attends quite regularly to her studies, possessing an unusual will of her own, which we hope will be of great use to her some day.

**ALICE SPANGENBERG.**

"Al"

Alice entered our midst very quietly in her junior year, but we soon discovered a genius among us. Whatever comes, she is always on hand to do the right thing at the right time in the right way.

**ELIZABETH MARY GILBERT.**

"Lizzie"

Elizabeth is one of our most enthusiastic hockey players, and has a "W" with crossed sticks to her credit. But to see her at her best, just visit the gym any Thursday, where she holds her own against the mob.

**HELEN SPOFFORD.**

"The light that lies  
In woman's eyes."

Helen was rather an unknown factor until the school play, when she was given an opportunity to display her charms. A maid with thoughts so "White" must be good and pure.

**ALICE MARY YOUNG.**

Alice was for some time right hand man to Miss Burkle, doing whatever came her way without complaining. But this year she transferred her belongings to a higher sphere, where she spends many hours "jazzing" the typewriter.

**HELEN AGNES SULLIVAN.**

"Those curious locks, whose every hair a soul doth bind."

Helen is the pride of every teacher, for, as yet, no task has been found too difficult for her to accomplish. May she continue to shine as brightly through the rest of her life, ever preserving the honor and esteem of her fellowmen.

**ANNUNCIA MARTHA FARINA.**

"Labor is it's own reward."

Although Annuncia accomplished four years of hard work in three, she is seldom to be seen without her smile and her H. M. S. band, which seems absolutely essential.

**DOROTHY LOCKE.**

"Dot"

"If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have a gift to know it."

Dot always managed to keep up in studies, although with her many pressing engagements, how she did it still remains a mystery. Even though we expected many times to lose her, still faithful, she was claimed by the business world.

**ANITA BELLE McWHORTER.**

"Silence is golden."

Still waters run deep—beware of Anita! When she recites, she always has something to say, which is more to the point anyway.

**ELEANOR WHIPPLE.**

"I never dare to write  
As funny as I can."

It is Eleanor's misfortune to be put in the front seat, directly before the teacher. We must admit, however, that she bears up nobly, and never weakens, even at the last. She is another with a strong leaning toward the honor roll.

**INEZ WINGERSKY, P. G.**

"Jimmy was a Soldier brave and bold."

If Inez should plan on taking another year, the basketball team would benefit. Oh Jimmy!

**MARGARET WALL LOUISE McINTYRE.**

"What's in a name?"

Margaret is the joy forever of the teachers' hearts. We wonder why they pick on her so much. Perhaps if she were shorter she would stand a better chance for escape.

**GERTRUDE LEVINE LESTER.**

"Gert"

"Happy as the day is long."

Which does not mean that she is unhappy when the day is over. Far from it, for though Gert sure loves school, we never hear her complain when it is over.

**MARY MAUDE LEE.**

"Mary"

"While the orchestra breathes fitfully the music of the spheres."

The only time we hear Mary making a fair-sized noise is when she produces her cello and helps in the orchestra, but then she makes up for her previous silence.

**DOROTHY ELMA LITTLEFIELD.**

"Dot-Twin"

"Of fame a mighty monument  
In time erect will I."

"Dot" certainly will be famous, especially in Winthrop, if she continues year after year to grace our classic portals. There is nothing like sticking to a thing. "Keep it up, Dot!"

**WILLIAM LESLIE MacKAY.**

"Bill"

"I thought the moon was made of green cheese."

Bill never says much, so consequently we don't know how much thinking he does, but certainly he must do some work, for he goes to the movies and has his lessons O. K.

**LAURENCE WILLISTON JENNINGS.**

"Laurie"

"Who knows the thoughts of a child?"

Laurie is a jolly good fellow, a bit bashful, but interested when girls are around. What do you say for yourself, Laurie?



**DONALD MITCHELL WHITE.**

**"Don"—"Donnie"**

"He'll never set the river on fire."

Donald is our clever actor. Our Senior play proved that. He does not like Algebra. His marks prove that. But as for Helen—you know!

**FRED PERLMUTTER.**

**"Becky"**

"Excuse me for saying it, but really you talk too much."

Fred is a jolly member of room 30. He always has a joke or a funny story to tell. He had an important part in the Senior play and is a busy worker in all school activities.

**PHILIP ARON SEGAL.**

**"Phil"**

"I love you because you're a sweet little fool."

Phil always has an eye out for the girls, but still he has his Latin lessons done. He won his "W" in basketball this year, and is Editor-in-Chief of the Echo. He is also on the lunch room crew.

**RICHARD JOSEPH PIKE.**

**"Dick"**

"An unforgiving eye, and a disinteresting countenance."

Dick's hobby is Latin. However, he made good at football this year. He played a wonderful game at the position of quarterback, and he also filled the position of manager.

**LEO EDWARD PARO.**

**"Lee"**

"I never saw so many shocking bad habits in my life."

Lee is a quiet sort of fellow, until you know him, but when you do, he is a jolly good fellow.

**PAUL FREDERICK HOWARD.**

**"Junk"**

"And ceaseless flowed his dreary talk."

Junk won his letter in football, was joke editor of the Echo, clerk of the Congress and a member of the lunch room crew before he joined the S. A. T. C., but when peace was declared he went to Tufts, where he is now studying.

**FREDERIC WILLIAM HUTCHINSON.**

**"Hutch"**

"How pleasant it is to have money."

Hutch is a foolish fun-maker, always ready to laugh, but he can be serious when he doesn't know his "solid." How about it, Hutch?

**FLORA JANE O'TOOLE.**

**"Mary"**

"Be gone, my cares,

I give you to the winds."

Flora is a noisy member of our orchestra. It's great the way she bangs away on that drum of hers. Besides being an orchestra player, she also played a part in "The Rose of Plymouth," and reminded the audience that there is such a thing as laughter.

**JESSIE WINNING SPENCE.**

**"Spiff"**

"I was not born for courts or great affairs;

I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers."

"Spiff" bangs away on that typewriter as if her life depended on it. She also bangs away on a Steinway, when she isn't at the typewriter. Noisy Jessie!

**RUTH TENNEY.**

**"Hink"**

"How calm she comes on."

We never attempted to give our class socials without having "Hink" on the committee. Did you ever hear many criticisms against our affairs? Well, then, Ruth Tenney is a real good person to have around. She's also a real good member of our class.

**HELEN FRANCES VERDI.**

**"Stee"**

"Why don't you grow?"

This small girl spends her time mostly by studying and wondering why she doesn't grow taller. Cheer up! If the moon fell, you'd be one of the last to get hit.

**FREDERICK JOSEPH HOLTHAUS.**

**"Tick"**

"Time ripens all things.

No man is born wise."

Tick is another member of the senior class who joined the S. A. T. C., but now that peace has been declared, he is pursuing his studies in Northeastern College.

**BARBARA BENNETT JOHNSON**

**"Beeb"**

"Love me little, love me long."

Whether we chance to meet Beeb performing in the gym, directing her squad as Captain of the field hockey team, or industriously studying, we all agree she's bound to get what she goes after—no matter "what" it is.

**JAMES JOSEPH DEMPSEY.**

**"Jim"**

"He's tough, Ma'am,—tough is J. D.; tough and devilish sly."

Jim is another lively member of the lunch room crew, but he is sometimes serious when he thinks of lessons and of girls.

**EDWARD ROWE SNOW.**

**"Snowie"**

"Life's a funny proposition!"

Especially the funny part. Leave it to Snowie to see the humor or, if there isn't any, to provide it. He can do it, all right! Ask him where he got those rosy cheeks.

**EDWARD THOMAS O'TOOLE.**

**"Eddie"**

"Music hath charms."

If Eddie should ever be afflicted with loss of wind, where would our orchestra B? "Flat."

**HELEN FRANCES RYAN.**

"Helen."

"A Diamond in the Rough!"

Helen is one of our "STRONGEST" stenographers.

"Say, Helen, what does it mean in your young life?"

**DOROTHY MARTHA PILLING.**

"Dot"

"A live wire."

We couldn't say whether you need shorthand in the electrical business or not, but Dot is going to be well prepared. You just watch her study those notes.

**ALBERT BLISS MANNIX.**

"Albert"

"The exception to the rule that 'Ignorance is Bliss!'"

We don't know whether Albert's middle name influences his outlook on life or not, but it's a pretty good outlook, we'll say. He's the rock of salvation to that Algebra class.

**WINTHROP BARRETT NAZRO.**

"Snapper"

"A mighty man is he."

This long young gentleman indulges freely in basketball. All he has to do is straighten up and gently put the ball into the basket.

Simple? Oh yes, for Snapper.

**MINNIE HERBERT.**

"Better late than never."

Minnie is generally to be found on the third floor industriously learning to be a successful business woman. But once a week she may be seen in the gymnasium strolling along and trying to keep up with the rest of the lines.

**CATHERINE HERBERT.**

"I feel like one who treads alone."

Although Catherine developed a strong attraction for lower-classmen, she still remains in the Senior Class, where she has made a very good record in scholastic work and deportment.

**DOROTHY PARSONS.**

"Dot"

"I'm forever blowing bubbles."

Dot is a member of the business world now, and we certainly miss her laugh around school. Dot can make a piano talk and walk, and every-one stops, looks and listens when she starts to play.

**WILLIAM FRANCIS HOAR.**

"Bill"

"'Adieu,' she said, and waved her lily hand."—Gay.

Bill has two "W's," one in baseball last year, and one in football this year. It is well to note that Bill has an aversion to carrying home books. Bill is also a member of the lunch room crew.

**HARRY RUSSELL WALKER.**

"Harry"

"It takes brains to put up a good bluff."

Harry'll say so. He will tell you all how to twinkle in shorthand.

**MARY GERTRUDE READE.**

"Mary, Oh Mary."

Mary is one of our best typists. Any time you can see her with her Twin "Eliz." rattling off two or three letters for transcription.

**BERTRAM LEWIS ENOS.**

"Bert"

"Strains of music burst upon the air."

Bert is the original funmaker of the third floor. He is also the originator of "Enos' Jazz Band," and thanks to him, we have enjoyed many a Friday afternoon.

**HARRY ROGERS DANIELS.**

"Harry"

"When I'm right, the world's wrong."

Talk about arguing! Did you ever listen to Harry? On and on he goes, discussing the oppressions of Ireland and the plan of a bridge over Point Shirley Gut. But he has yet to argue Miss Ackley into the fact that he knows his German lesson. Eh, Harry?

**DOROTHY IRENE DOUGLAS.**

"Dot"

"You drown 'em by your talk."

If you want to hear a real feminine giggle, tell "Dot" a joke. If you want to hear sighs and groans, ask her about shorthand. If you want to make her glad, tell "Dot" it's vacation. But how about that making us all glad?

**FLORENCE GERTRUDE MANNIX.**

"Flo"

"Lady, why don't you talk?"

This shy miss is very clever, but I wouldn't want to pay her light bill, for she wastes (?) perfectly good time by studying until the small hours of the night. If you don't know a thing, ask Florence. Why? Because she knows.

**GERTRUDE MARY MURPHY.**

"Gert"

"I am always in haste."

The worry of this girl's life is German. "Gert" is another user of that famous "midnight oil." What if it should all be used up? Then how would you know your lessons? Wouldn't that be terrible, "Gert"? Never mind, graduation will deliver you.

**JOSEPHINE MARY MURPHY.**

"Jo"

"Quiet as a nun."

Another member of the Society of the Studious is Josephine. Earning money sounds good to her, so she'll soon demonstrate her skill on the typewriter.



**EMMA WOODS.**

**"Emma"**

"She says she could dance her way to heaven."  
Now who won't say that Emma is some little reverser?

She loves her school, oh, yes, but she loves Point Shirley better.

Just ask her!

**ELIZABETH HARRINGTON ALLEN.**

**"Libby"**

"Silence is golden."

Elizabeth is 1919's blonde. She is the source of many an envious glance from a jealous brunette. She is also a shark in her studies, but is never known to talk.

**MARGARET MARY BENNETT.**

**"Peggy"**

"Wisdom in sable garb arrayed."

Margaret has distinguished herself in high school in many ways. Besides being assistant secretary and a class officer, she played on the basketball and hockey teams. Some record, we'll say.

**DOUGLAS TILLMAN GLEASON.**

**"Doug"**

"Work, for the finals are coming."

Doug's witticisms have been the life of his class for four years. He also was a member of the track team and made good time in his events.

**GWENDOLYN FISH BLOOMFIELD.**

**"Gwen"**

"I'm a Jazz Baby."

Gwen has hardly missed a dance in four years and is well up in naval aviation. She can't understand why the alumni aren't allowed to attend the school dances.

**EUGENE EDWARD CRONIN.**

**"Gene"**

"Put me amongst the girls."

Gene shines in school plays and also in the office. He is never known to have a worry and is a liberal dispenser of sodas.

**GEORGE DEVLIN.**

**"Devy"**

"Way so thoughtful, youth? She will be true to you always."

Devy left us this year to join M. I. T., but we still remember the blond giant in class. He distinguished himself in sports, being an all-round athlete. Not many fellows would forego a football captaincy for the S. A. T. C.—but that's Devy.

**PAUL WILLIAM HAYES.**

**"Pauly"**

"A pipe, some makings, a match,

Oh, who would save a life?"

Pauly's one ambition is to graduate and get a job, and we're willing to bet he does it. He is known by his favorite phrase, "Aw, shut up!" There's no percentage in that.

**NORMAN WESLEY FLYE.**

**"Flye"**

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Norman may be found 'most any old time poking around the "Chem. Lab." Meanwhile he finds a few minutes to absorb a little American History, English and such trifles, if he isn't busy with the presidential duties of the Science Club.

**KATHERINE FRANCES FRANKLIN.**

**"Kip"**

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

Kip's crazy over high school, so that she never misses a day, and at quarter of two she's never ready to go home. She can always be found in the school until five minutes past three.

**DORIS NICHOLS.**

"I may be small—but watch me!"

We all know Doris is some little dancer. She danced her way into school and is still dancing around collecting absence slips. Her tongue is as nimble as her feet, for she always comes back with a ready retort.

**FLORENCE REA CULLINANE.**

**"Flo"**

Florence is another member of our business class who has a very good record in scholarship. Although she keeps in the background a great deal, she manages to see all that goes on and can enjoy a good time as well as the next one.

**DOROTHY HELENA SAMPSON.**

**"Dot"**

"I just can't make my eyes behave!"

Dot is perhaps the most famous of Winthrop High's actresses, having tried 'most everything from vaudeville to drama, including "la petite bonne" to cranky old ladies. Still she manages to accomplish her studies and her voice may often be heard floating down the corridor of the third floor.

**CLAIRE MARIE GRIFFIN.**

"The Navy brought him back."

Claire's pretty smart in her studies and we all wonder how she does it. We don't know much about the length of her evenings, but we do know that she's up bright and early to see the 8.07 train pull out.

**MARION CROCKER.**

"They all look the same to me."

Do they all look the same, Marion? She is another quiet little girl who can rattle the typewriter. We never see her at a dance with the same fellow, either. We'll say she's lucky.

**RAE DOROTHY ALEXANDER.**

"The Optimist."

Rae has a yearning toward athletics and soldiers rather than her studies. She was a fast wing on the hockey team and was responsible for many scores. Also her front door is always open for wandering soldiers from the fort.

## VIOLETTE LOUISE HAGMAN.

"Vi"

"A little flower for Bill."

Vi is unusually gifted in music and has conscientiously filled her place in the orchestra for four years. She makes no disturbance and is happiest—when?

## ELEANOR CLAIRE FULHAM.

"Come what may, I'll do my darndest."

Claire was a cracker jack hockey player, made a fine manager, and was very diplomatic in her dealings with certain opposing teams. She also played on the basketball team and yet, sports a football sweater. How do you get that way, Claire?

## JAMES FREDERICK HOWELL.

"Jimmie"

A good-sized lad is "Jimmie," and he has accomplished the good-sized task of finishing four years' work in three. Besides this he has found time to earn his sweater in basket-ball, to be captain of the baseball team, and to furnish entertainment to his classmates. Will you keep it up—all of it—at West Point, James?

## ARTHUR BENJAMIN EASTMAN.

"Arthur"

"A faithful soul."

If anything was to be done, Arthur did it. You can count on him every time. It didn't require his S. A. T. C. experience to do that for him, either.

## MOLLIE SOLOMON.

"Mollie"

Mollie is quick of brain and fingers. We predict shining success for her in the business world.

## LILLIAN ISABEL LAPPEN.

"Dolly"

"Lassie of the curling locks."

With her flashing smile and flowing curls, "Dolly" is also blest with many friends. Fortunate Lillian—"airy, fairy Lillian."

## MYRTLE MARIE CURTIN.

"Myrt"

"I may look quiet, but—"

"Myrt," after three years' college course, changed, for better or for worse, to the business course. She became a helper in the office, only to leave school to work in the bank. Some banker!

Lost!

Chinee: "You tellee me wherely station?"

Gentleman: "Are you lost, John?"

Chinee: "No, no, me here; station lost."

Ask the Boys.

Those who say that their sons and brothers came through the war "without a scratch" forget the cooties.

## GOOD-BYE TO '19.

Springtime has gone, and summer  
Comes back to the world in June,  
With joy and a touch of sorrow,  
For the Seniors are going soon.

By Youth's determination,  
That many a man has made,  
They have won, and we whisper it softly,  
They have won their accolade!

Perhaps, and we sadly say it,  
There are some who did not pass,  
Who have shirked their part of labor  
And are left behind the class.

We grieve, but rejoice for the others,  
Who have fought and won in the strife  
And are going onward and upward  
To the golden gates of life.

They were four long years of study,  
And four swift years of fun,  
Work and play mingled together,—  
Now those glad years are done.

But they will not care, those Seniors,  
They have wonderful things to do.  
Though we know, dear old High School,  
They will always remember you.

So "Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You,"  
We wish you all success,  
Dear Class of 1919,  
For you have earned no less.

HENRIETTA PERKINS, '21.

## AMONG THE CLASSICS.

Justice.....Mr. Clarke  
As you like it.....Class of 1919  
Other worlds than ours.....Point Shirley  
The Deliverance.....June 27  
Scientific American.....Norman Flye  
Squirrels' Inn.....Afternoon Session Class  
Dancing Master.....Jim Dempsey  
Eleventh Hour.....Night Before Exams.  
The Newcomers.....Class of 1923  
Under Fire.....Exam. periods  
No Saint.....Gene Cronin  
Comedy of Errors....."Snowie"  
Daddy Short Legs.....Don White  
Paradise.....Vacation  
The Turmoil.....5 minute recess  
The Play's the thing.....Rose of Plymouth  
The Prohibitionist.....Herbie Gardner  
Fiddlers Three.....Vi Hagman, Mary Lee, Phil Segal



## SALUTATORY.

Classmates, Teachers, School Officials, Friends:

It becomes my pleasant duty to bid you welcome for the class of 1919. If we acquit ourselves creditably today (and it certainly is our earnest aim to do so) it will be because of the splendid help of our faithful teachers and respected principal, who have labored long and patiently with us in the past four years, trying to show us the right paths to Knowledge.

## WINTHROP DURING THE WORLD WAR.

Winthrop's contribution to help the government in this war has been a great one. She has an enviable record and one of which she may well be proud.

Nearly 1100 young men from Winthrop have had a part in the great war, in either the army, navy or marines. They have all acquitted themselves handsomely and some have won the much coveted decorations. We have young men who have won the French Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Medal and the Cordon decorations.

Our boys served in the English, French and Canadian armies, as well as in the American Army. Some were in the French Ambulance Corps and the celebrated Lafayette Escadrille. Some, alas! paid the Supreme Sacrifice and "Went West." Their names will never be forgotten.

Of course, the boys of the Machine Gun Company held first place in the hearts of the people of Winthrop, because it was the only unit that was composed of so many men from our town. They did splendid work, and, as Colonel Logan said, "no company surpassed them."

Winthrop is just as proud of her sons who did not get across as of those who did. They were willing and ready to go, and it was only circumstances that prevented them. In fact, one writer has said that it is "harder to stay at home and eat your heart out" than to go and be exposed to every danger, for when you are Over There you are where you wanted to be when you signified your willingness to go.

The civilians who stayed at home did their part nobly, too. The women and girls of Winthrop made a splendid record in making bandages and garments for the Red Cross. The Special Aid and the Military Hospital Aid also did their work well. The men, through the medium of the Winthrop War Work Committee, secured subscriptions for over a million and a half dollars to the various Liberty Loans, and raised some sixty thousand dollars in the various drives for the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., United War Drives, and Salvation Army. Winthrop went over the top in all Liberty Loans but the third, and in the fourth she more than doubled her quota.

The spirit of patriotism and co-operation shown

by the members of the Winthrop War Work Committee has been a great thing for the town of Winthrop. Some 300 men in all walks of life, of different races and creeds, banded together in a fine spirit of patriotism and put Winthrop "over the top" in every drive entrusted to their care.

And now, as their last duty and pleasure combined, they have raised a Welcome Home Fund for our returning soldiers, sailors and marines, and on the 4th of July they are going to give them the greatest celebration Winthrop has ever seen.

One night in the early part of the war, the Commandant at the Fort found he had so few soldiers there to guard the two forts in Winthrop that he called on the Winthrop Lodge of Elks for volunteer guards, and for a few nights a number of these patriotic men shouldered guns and did regular guard duty.

Another body of citizens enrolled as Constabulary and kept themselves in readiness for any special call that might come.

We also had a fine company of the State Guard here, and night after night these loyal men reported for drill, and they were called out a number of times for special duty.

The Boy Scouts have also done their bit to help win the war. With the motto, "Every Scout to feed a soldier," they made war gardens, and reaped a goodly harvest. The Scouts acted as gleaners after the reapers in all the Liberty Loan campaigns, and obtained subscriptions for over one hundred thousand dollars in the five loans.

Although few people knew it, Winthrop (with its two forts and its being on the coast), all through the war was the object of great attention by the United States Secret Service, because of the number of German spies who either made Winthrop their regular residence or their temporary abode. A few, under surveillance, were arrested, but most of them were simply carefully watched and their movements recorded.

Winthrop's war record is about to be closed, but it will not be fully completed until some suitable memorial has been planned and carried out for those who gave their lives for their country.

A very touching and fitting tribute has just commenced, by naming squares and streets for our young heroes who have "gone West." Metcalf Square is the first of these, and there are others yet to be named.

The Great War is over and, thank God, Peace has been (or soon will be) concluded, and the events that seemed so great at the time will soon be but memories. By and by the young men who have just returned with their wound stripes, service stripes and decorations will grow older and take their places as Veterans, along with those of other wars, but whenever we think of them, we, as fellow-townsmen, will be proud of them, and their glorious record in the Great World War.

DONALD H. GARDNER.

## WOMEN OF YESTERDAY AND OF TODAY.

How different are the women of this world to-day from those of the time of our great-great-grandmothers! In our daily life we take this as a matter of course, but if we stop to think awhile, we will find that we grow curious and wonder what they will be like fifty or even twenty-five years from now.

Let us go back to the customs and practices of the Indian women. The squaw was compelled to stay in the wigwam and take care of her papoose, thresh corn, string beads and perform numerous other little duties, which never took her from the wigwam, while the warriors fought for her.

The ancient Greeks and Romans and women of the ancient countries were brave and fearless, but never left their homes. As soon as they were able to keep house well, they were married off. This was often very early in their lives and they had practically no girlhood. Their dress was very plain and simple, consisting of a white robe loosely pulled together by a cord, and sandals for their foot-wear. Their hair was usually very highly ornamented with wreaths of flowers or beads and left hanging over their shoulders.

Even in these old days, women in the midst of their cloistered life were loyal to their countries and quick to respond to unusual needs.

It has been related by a certain missionary bishop, that there is a heathen temple of enormous size somewhere in the north of Japan. The interesting thing about this temple in western minds is the fact that the boards which comprise the walls of the temple were hauled up and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair from the women and two ropes were made from these tresses—one seventeen inches in circumference and fourteen feet long and the other ten to eleven inches around and twenty-six feet long. This must have been a very great sacrifice, for the women took great pride in the length of their hair.

In sixteen-twenty, at the time of the Pilgrims, women's only sphere was to keep house, sew, knit, spin and care for children. Sometimes they were taught to use the rifles in order to defend the house from the Indians, when the head of the family and sons were out in the fields working. There were no women's clubs then, the first one being established several years after the settlement of Boston, by Anne Hutchinson who was banished for her forwardness. This was about the time of the Salem witchcraft when many were hanged for being suspected of having the power of witches.

A century later, American womanhood found a suddenly enlarged field of usefulness. The Revolutionary War called for varied activities on the part of the women. During the war, they helped their brave husbands, sons, and relatives by stinting themselves in every way. They gave up

everything for them, even down to bed clothes, on account of the poor conditions of the camps and the necessity for money. Their dress consisted of coarse, homespun goods, woven at odd moments, and during the period of the war fine linens and silks were unheard of even among the richest of colonists.

So, from generation to generation, year in and year out, something happens to test the ability and strength of womanhood, until now, the twentieth century, when civilization was supposed to have reached such a state that war and uprising was unnecessary. However, we have just finished the greatest of all wars in which our mighty nation has played a good part in the fight for democracy. What a role women have taken in this war! Even now, when it is all over, what a place this old world would be if when the boys came home there were no home-fires burning for them!

But women's part in the war itself! How essential it has been! Abroad there have been Red Cross nurses, ambulance drivers, Salvation Army lassies, canteen workers, secretaries, and at home, promoters of the Liberty Loans, of the Victory Campaigns, knitters, makers of surgical dressings, kits and all comforts for the fighters. What a help they have been to our boys and to the cause, working all the time to better conditions so that the soldier might keep up his good spirit and morale!

It has been related by one doughboy from devastated France that a group of soldiers were given a few days' leave, and as they were coming out of the trenches they were met by one of the women workers of a near-by canteen, who was carrying a batch of doughnuts to the boys at the front. Overhead an enemy shell burst and she was told by one of the boys to "duck." Not knowing what they meant, as the warning was given rather hurriedly, she neglected to comply with the warning. Several minutes later the boys picked her head up from the ground. She had been struck by a piece of the shell. What a wonderful sacrifice this was and how it makes the very blood of humanity tingle. Instances of the same nature happened day in and day out while someone was trying to help someone else.

Besides, at the front there have been other duties to perform. Women have gone into the factories as substitutes for the men. This has been evident, not so much in our country, as in England and France. They have gone into ammunition plants and automobile factories and have done hundreds of different kinds of tasks which their sex have never done before.

The present era shows great progress in the relation of women to government and is believed to be only a beginning of what is yet to come. Woman suffrage has been widely advocated. This, by an amendment to the constitution, would give women all the political and voting privileges of the man. Already some states have sanctioned



it. One of the western states has already sent the first woman representative to Congress, and many women in the women's suffrage states have attained a high political standing in their state. There is a great difference of opinion as to whether the granting of suffrage will elevate the present high social standing of woman, and it has been seriously questioned as to whether or not there has been a general desire on their part for this privilege, but it appears that the suffrage movement is growing stronger and time only will tell whether it will be accepted and enjoyed by them with enthusiasm. It is one of the highest tributes that can be paid to women out of appreciation for their service in this war.

This much can already be said, that the professions and occupations that were formerly reserved for men are now being successfully filled by women. For instance, we now have women lawyers, ministers, doctors and even women policemen.

The women of to-day are just as womanly as those of yesterday, but because of their ability they are now treated with the consideration with which they should always have been treated.

The status of womanhood is changing for the better from day to day as it becomes more and more clear that women are as essential as are the men to the welfare and prosperity of a nation.

CATHERINE M. HERBERT, '19.

### THE 26th DIVISION.

America and American people all appreciate the glorious work of the 26th Division, which is composed of the 101st, 102nd, 103rd, and 104th New England Regiments. This division, therefore, interests New Englanders more than other American units.

On September 7, 1917, the 26th, commanded by General Edwards, embarked at Hoboken for France. After a fourteen-day voyage they landed at the famous French seaport of St. Nazaire. They then went to a nearby camp for a brief rest, after which they were taken to Neufchateau, where they underwent an intensive training.

In the early part of February, 1918, the division was thoroughly trained and ready for the trenches. They first held a quiet sector at Chemin des Dames, on the Western Front, in conjunction with the French Division, which acted as a safeguard and as instructors for the Americans on their first trip to the front line. The Artillery of the 26th fired the first gun at 3.45 p. m., February 5th. The first raid by men of the 101st on the Hun trenches was made at 6 o'clock on February 7th. The boys went over the top and across No Man's Land into the opposing trenches in about 28 seconds. They didn't stay long, but they brought back 20 prisoners. Not an American was lost in this raid, but the French lost two men. The second raid (Boche) against the American positions was gloriously repulsed without loss of any kind. The third raid,

in which the French held the chief front, proved greater, as the Germans made several counter-attacks, but no Americans were lost, although the French lost many men. After spending four weeks in this sector the boys gradually pushed their way along the front to the Seicheprey sector, where cooks, stretcher-bearers, signal men and chaplains all had to fight. In the raid of April 20th they were up against German shock troops that came in swarms, but the American Mortar Battery protected the artillery until it got into action. Their fire destroyed the German formation, but the Germans kept them entirely cut off from the rest of the men. The Germans were persistent, but the Americans fought hard, and were victorious in the end. One body of Boches came up between the Remieres and Jury Woods, both near Seicheprey. It was an awful fight and they suffered the loss of many men killed, besides many being wounded and taken prisoners. In the latter part of April the Germans began to use their gas and the Americans expected another attack, which never came. The Americans, however, made an attack on Apremont on April 29th and finally succeeded in taking the town.

The division now received a much-needed rest of only four days. They were fortunately located near a canal, where they could swim, as most New England boys like to do.

Their next trip to the trenches was in the Xivray sector. In this battle the bravery of Major Cole of the 10th Regiment will never be forgotten. He saw 150 infantrymen without any officers, and at the same moment perceived the opportunity to capture some enemy machine guns by a flank attack. He led these men ahead until the Germans began throwing grenades, one of which wounded him in the foot, and just then another one fell in front of him. There was only one thing to do, and he did it to protect the men around him. He tried to throw the deadly thing back toward the machine gunners, but it exploded almost in his hand. He was taken to the hospital, but lived only a few days.

At the end of this affair a most extraordinary incident occurred. The men who had been through it were, of course, suppose to be tired out and to need relief, but when it was offered, they indignantly refused it. Apparently, the brilliant defence had been merely a lot of fun for them. Three German machine guns, ten prisoners and enough equipment to stock a company were captured.

On June 19th the Boches made a little attack, but unfortunately for them the wind favored the Americans, who moved back out of the gas zone, and nearly a thousand gas projection shells were turned loose in one flight. The gas landed where the Germans were forming for an attack and apparently caught the main body of them.

The division was on the road continually for many days, moving gradually toward a lively sector, which proved to be Chateau Thierry. Machine gun nests were destructive in this sector. As an

attack would be made and the Americans would start to advance, hidden machine guns would open fire and obstruct the advance. The German stronghold at Epieds had to be taken, and after a hard struggle of two days and two nights, on the 21st of June, the Boches were finally driven out. After dislodging them from that point, it was a case of chasing them back, and it was a hard job to catch them. Although the whole "Yankee Division" went over the top and chased the Boches, they went so fast that our boys couldn't keep their eyes on them. In spite of this grand victory, there were 500 killed, gassed, and wounded. The troops were often without food, as the kitchens could not keep up with them, but, nevertheless, they did wonders. The Allies had luck from the very start and made great attacks and advances. Chateau Thierry proved to be the turning point of the war, and the 26th (Yankee) Division played a wonderful part in turning the tide of the war.

On July 25 they were relieved by the 42nd Division, and word was immediately sent out that the reward for their efforts and splendid work was a period of rest. On August 1st they began their rest, being billeted in the vicinity of La Ferte. During this rest, some of the boys were granted furloughs. The majority went to Paris, where they went sightseeing and enjoyed themselves, as all cheerful American boys enjoy themselves. Those who were not so fortunate, however, could not stay around with nothing to do, because they would become nervous from such a sudden change, so they were drilled constantly to keep them in good condition.

On September 1st the great American offensive in the St. Mihiel salient began, but the hard fighting was from the 12th to the 18th. The Germans knew of the coming attack and spent what time they had in moving all their guns and material back. They left only enough artillery and machine guns to hinder the American advance. Our boys ran right into the machine gun fire, but made a stiff resistance. The woods were all afire, but as the German machine gunners were the only ones to put up a fight the advance was made rapidly, and they reached their objective at 9.30 p. m. The higher officials now decided that the Boches were well beaten and were probably running as fast as they could, so they might just as well keep up the chase. At Vigneulles they came to a stop because munitions factories and towns ahead were all ablaze. All along the road there were evidences that the Boche expected tanks. He had dug several big traps, ten feet deep and twenty feet wide, but only a provision cart was caught in the trap. The boys found many souvenirs in this town, besides a great supply of food and ammunition. After they gained their objective, they held the lines at St. Mihiel for about two weeks, but no heavy fighting ensued.

On October 11th they began to move north to the Argonne Forest. They went into this sector slowly, in order to keep the men physically fit.

October 17 found the Yankees moving into the front line, but not without great losses. The road was open and the German fire constant. The first day of the great Verdun battle they reached their intermediate objective only by the wonderful work of their artillery that protected them. This artillery fire did not subdue the Germans, because the infantry fought hand-to-hand fights with Germans, who had been ordered into the dugouts, and had come to the top after the barrage passed. Although the Yankee Division suffered great losses in advancing, the Spirit of America being upmost in their minds, they would not retrace a step. With a renewal of artillery fire they started ahead again, and never stopped until their final objective, a track at the eastern edge of the woods, was reached. Although there were several attacks and counter-attacks by the infantry and occasional flashes by the artillery, there was no decisive action during the next week, and on November 11, at 11 o'clock, the word came that the armistice had been signed.

This ends the story of the fighting of the boys of the "Yankee Division," but let us consider for a moment their wonderful COURAGE. During the fighting months the strain was terrific, not only physically but mentally. Every soldier was tested to the last ounce of endurance, and think how hard it was for those boys, who had never been away from their peaceful homes, to go ahead and face terrible fire and bloodshed. Courage was in every American boy's heart, and they went ahead, fighting for a Free and Democratic Country, which they all love, while the German soldiers were forced into battle and managed to get out of it as quickly as possible by being taken prisoners. American pluck and courage will always be remembered, because without courage the war would not have been won.

But now there is Peace, and most of the boys have returned to their peaceful homes, but what a sad homecoming it was! New England and the whole world is proud of the Y. D., and now that they have reached their Native Country once again, we will all raise our voices and sing praises and thanks for their wonderful sacrifices.

HELEN AGNES SULLIVAN.

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#### Time to Cut It.

"Don't you think her voice ought to be cultivated?"

"No, I think it should be harvested."

(Bliss and Howell arguing about the telephone strike.)

Bliss: Is it hard for a woman to talk all day?

Howell: No, but it's getting them started.

#### Did His Best.

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladoffovitchskioffsky, "Ivan Nine-spot-ski died in battle. You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it."



## SALVAGING OUR MAN POWER.

The War is over! All the thrill of fighting, the glory of sacrificing, the weary strain of waiting for the end is fading away into the past like a dream.

America's task is ended, her work gloriously done, and now she is calling home to her arms those lads she so proudly gave to die. Clean-eyed, clean-limbed, boyish, yet grimly determined, she sent them away, and we who loved them watched their going with heavy hearts, for we knew that when they returned the ranks would be depleted, and we grew sick with dread when we tried to imagine the homecoming of those who were left. Some, we knew, would come as they went, but the others,—how would they come? Would Europe fling them back to us limbless, blind, or mutilated wrecks?

The answer was not slow in coming.

From the very beginning of the war, every country engaged in the conflict saw that the old order of dealing with their crippled and maimed must be changed. Nations could not go on forever flinging strong men into the seething caldron and have them thrown back broken and useless. They began to realize that the loss of an arm, or a leg or an eye should no longer be reason for considering a man to be at the end of his career. Somehow he must be mended—patched up—reconstructed, so that, sooner or later, he might once again step into line and fill a man's place.

Canada was among the first to take action and has had unusual success in what has been undertaken. When from the battlefields of Europe her gallant soldiers came back broken and crippled, she threw herself into the work of re-making them.

The Military Hospitals Commission, at the request of the Government of Canada, undertook to manufacture and distribute such artificial limbs as were needed. The Commission proceeded to establish its own factory and began immediately to turn out what are said to be the very best arms and legs ever produced in the world. An artificial arm manufactured by the Commission is provided with a "utility hook," which can hold a knife, fork, pen or tool. With it a man can eat, write or pick up articles as well as with his own hand. This hook may be taken out by the wearer and exchanged for a gloved hand which has a movable thumb. With the aid of this hand such things as an umbrella or valise may be carried easily.

The artificial leg provided by the Commission is also quite wonderful. A civilian, who had for some time worn one, was engaged by the Commission to show the soldiers what might be done with it. This man, with patience and practice, has taught himself to walk, run, box and dance as well as any expert with two legs.

The fitting of the artificial limbs is done by specialists and every care is taken to insure a

maximum of comfort for the wearer. The slightest irritation is guarded against, and no limb is considered finished until the patient pronounces it absolutely comfortable.

That is what is being done for the cripples, not only in Canada, but all over the world. Europe is full of them and before long America, too, must become used to seeing them, hobbling about awkwardly at first on their new wooden legs, or clumsily trying to use their artificial arms. Perhaps the sight will bring a lump to your throat and the sting of tears to your eyes and you will shudder and think that, outside of death, nothing could be worse for these lads.

Yes, they are pitiful, but hidden away from everyone, with the horror of their poor burnt, shell-torn and mutilated faces mercifully covered by bandages, are others more tragic by far.

Try to imagine, if you can, just what it would mean to you to lie upon a cot in a hospital and realize that you no longer possessed the semblance of a human face, and that before long you would be sent home to your loved ones in such a condition. Could you help, in your heart, wishing for death when you pictured the shrinking that the loathsome sight of you would cause, even in those who loved you most?

That is what thousands of strong, able-bodied men had to face. Some of them went mad with horror of themselves—but then science triumphed.

Quietly and determinedly, doctors and surgeons of the world set about finding a way to remedy the dreadful state of affairs, and long and patient experimenting resulted in a success that was little short of miraculous.

Then, whispers of the wonderful operations that were being performed began to leak into the world outside; newspapers and magazines published facts, and gradually people came to realize that this was no myth. Plastic Surgery was an established fact. Doctors and nurses returning from abroad added to the general knowledge and told stories that, had they not been vouched for by unquestionable authorities, would, perhaps, have been cried down as impossible.

Colonel Derle of the French Medical Mission to the United States vouches for an account of the work published sometime ago in one of our popular magazines. This article told of the miracles performed in the French hospitals and explained something of the manner in which surgeons, by using a photograph for a model, were able to transform a battered human wreck into a man again.

One of the most interesting cases was that of a man with the whole lower part of his face shot away. The surgeons raised a flap of skin from his shoulder and bound it to the bits of shattered bone left in his face. In a short time the skin grew and covered the bone and it was then cut loose from the shoulder. Within a few months, the man, to all appearances, was perfectly normal.

Another case was that of a young aviator who

fell with his burning machine and landed on his face, which was badly smashed. In the hospital he was provided with a new face, the framework of which was steel from the eyes down. His cheek bones and jaws were steel, his teeth false, his skin and lips grafted, and yet there were no scars when the work was completed.

The entire face is not always destroyed, of course, and sometimes the surgeon's skill is needed only to replace a nose or chin. In that case the work is more easily done. For instance, to replace a nose, a finger is grafted to the proper place and nostrils are carved for breathing. A chin is usually made from a piece of the patient's shin bone.

In re-making a face the surgeons are almost always able to make a man look exactly as he desires. Occasionally the patient thinks his appearance would be improved by a beard, and the surgeons are able to supply even this by grafting to the chin a piece of skin from the under-arm. These made-to-order beards are in great demand, especially among the striplings, who seem to take mischievous delight in the prospect of surprising the home folks with their manly appearance.

Dr. Norestin, of Paris, is the greatest wonder-worker in France. Others are rapidly following in his footsteps, but there are very few who thoroughly understand this delicate and skillful work and Plastic Surgery has not been developed to its fullest possibilities. It is still in its infancy, and the treatment is necessarily a matter of months or even of years.

But, in the meanwhile, what of those poor, pitiful objects of horror, so mutilated facially that while waiting for treatment they must hide like criminals from their fellow men? Not all of them could afford to remain hidden away without employment, for they were men who must work to live. Physically able, they were condemned to idleness and isolation, refused employment, barred from public places and shunned by their friends. How could they exist?

Once again wise men concentrated upon the problem of finding a way out of the difficulty. Before long the way was found, and at the request of the American Red Cross, Anna Coleman Ladd, a Boston sculptress, went abroad to make facial masks. The process of making these masks was originated in England by Captain Derwent Wood. They are made of thin copper, silvered over and painted flesh color, and are held in place by spectacle-bows behind the ears.

A man wearing such a mask may go about his daily occupations without appearing in any way unusual or conspicuous, for they are modeled from a photograph of the man's own face, and have a really life-like expression.

One of the sculptors engaged in this work ends an account of his experiences with the statement that, in some instances, a bit of dissatisfaction was expressed with these ready-made faces, and illus-

trates his point by telling the following incident:

A letter arrived, one day, from the wife of a Poilu who had been furnished with a new face and sent home perfectly happy. His wife, however, was not so readily satisfied, and her letter, while it contained an expression of deepest gratitude, for all that the sculptor had done, ended with the rather odd request that the eyes of the mask be changed from blue to brown. It seems that, before the war, that particular Poilu had possessed especially beautiful dark brown eyes, and his wife found it somewhat difficult to accustom herself to a blue-eyed spouse. The mask was duly repaired and returned, to the vast satisfaction of the soldier's wife.

The wearing of the mask is intended only as a temporary protection, and when the proper time for a surgical operation arrives, the work may be carried on while a man goes steadily about his work, for the bandages are hidden under the mask.

The crippled veteran, who stands on the street offering small wares for sale and pitifully displaying his empty sleeve or stump of a leg, is a thing of the past. He is a relic of other wars, and this war will produce none of his kind. All nations are turning gladly from the problem of destroying to the problem of "salvaging the world's man power" and making it possible for every soldier returning alive to be a useful citizen. They will be men, not wrecks, these lads of ours, proud of their victory, proud of their wounds and proud of the fact that every one of them is not a mere broken cog, thrown aside by the war machine useless, but still a necessary, still a valuable part of the wheel of life.

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#### VALEDICTORY.

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Classmates: Tonight for perhaps the last time, we are all together as a class—tonight we come to "the parting of the ways." For four happy, swift-flying years we've traveled Life's high road together, but from now on, each of us journeys alone and without the guidance of those who have hitherto so carefully smoothed the rough places for us. To them tonight we pay public thanks. The debt we owe them can never be paid, the effects of their training never wholly erased, for they have proved not only wise instructors but kind and helpful friends. Though the road before us stretches far into the future and the fairy veil of childhood has vanished, allowing us to see clearly the obstacles that will hinder our progress, we can look without flinching. Brilliant worldly success may come to but few of us, but the success that really counts is ours for the taking. Come what may, we cannot fail if we prove ourselves worthy of our school and our training by living clean, true lives, by holding to the standard set for us here and by making the world just a little bit better for our living in it.

Alice D. Barker.





### SCHOOL NOTES.

The Senior Class opened the year's social events by presenting the play, "A Rose o' Plymouth Town," on Friday and Saturday evenings, December 20 and 21. On both occasions the hall was filled, and it was considered a complete success.

The leading part was taken by Dorothy Sampson as "Rose de la Noye," and her acting was very fine. Eliot Hall as Garrett Foster was one of the men of the frontier who distinguished himself in a battle. Eliot had a difficult part, but he took it exceedingly creditably. The part of Miles Standish was taken by Brenden Keenan, and he was the typical gruff captain throughout the play. Fred Perlmutter as John Margeson was a rival to Foster for the hand of Rose. He played the jealous lover well. Donald White and Helen Spofford as Philippe de la Noye and Meriam Chillingby added a touch of sentiment to the play. Dolores Brennan and Flora O'Toole as Barbara Standish and Aunt Resolute completed the cast, and they deserve a great deal of credit.

The play was under the direction of Miss Spence, who was presented with a manuscript case by the Senior Class in appreciation of her fine work.

Following the play came the Senior Dance, on Friday evening, January 24, 1919. The decorations were very simple, consisting of posters and presenting a very attractive appearance. The music by Somerville's Orchestra was, as usual, an attraction in itself. The elimination dance was won by our popular teachers, Mr. Hurley and

Miss Howatt, who received the patriotic prize of Thrift Stamps. As all enjoyed themselves it was considered a success. The following committee were in charge:

Bert Enos, Chairman, Claire Fulham, Margaret Bennett, Ruth Tenney, Richard Pike, Eugene Cronin, Tom Berridge, Violet Hagman.

The Friday afternoon dancing has been, perhaps, more enjoyable this year than in the past. Following the lead of many high schools, our musical members gathered together and formed an orchestra known as "Enos' Jazz Band." The music is good and a vast improvement over the lonely piano. Later on other members of the school formed Galassi's band, whose music is also most excellent. Instead of being only interested spectators, Mr. Clarke and the teachers have joined us in the dancing, which makes it much more pleasant.

On Friday evening, February 28, 1919, the Junior Class held their social. The decorations were Japanese, of yellow and lavender, and were very attractive. The feature dances were the "cut-in" dance and the elimination dance. The elimination dance was won by Lewis Patrick and Eileen Hartt, who received the Japanese prizes of a dish and a picture frame. Somerville's orchestra, as usual, furnished the music, and everyone voted it a most enjoyable dance. The dance was in charge of the following:

Richard Curran, Chairman, Bentley Swift, Richard Murray, Gordon Barry, Dorothy Roberts, Pauline Broad, Vivien Smith, Helen Simson.

The Science Club was the first school organization to convene in 1918. The first meeting was held Oct. 29, when, business having been dispensed with, an interesting program was given, consisting of the topics: "Dyes and Precipitates," by Miss E. Whipple; "Gunpowder," Miss D. Littlefield; "Fire Extinguisher," H. Daniels; "Chlorine," Gardner; and the "Gyroscope," very ingeniously illustrated by N. Flye with a bicycle wheel.

The second meeting was held Dec. 18, when an election of officers for the year took place, the following being chosen: Pres., N. Flye; Vice-Pres., D. Littlefield; Sec., Mr. E. B. Mode; Senior Committee, N. Flye, Miss D. Littlefield, H. Daniels; Junior Committee, H. Curtis, R. Johannot, A. Brown. The main subject of the meeting was "Transformers," illustrated by Mr. Mode, who explained the underlying principles. The use of the transformer in the agriculture of England was then described by Miss Osborne. E. O'Toole explained the method of power transmission, H. Daniels pointed out the Tesla Coil as another type of transformer, N. Flye described the newly-invented type of welder, and D. Gardner, the Geissler tubes of interesting design and color effects.

The club considered itself especially favored when Flight-Commander Arthur B. Rowe of the British Royal Flying Corps consented to give a talk on the "Art of Flying," to which all interested members of the school were invited. Various ways of ascending and descending were described and finely illustrated by a model plane, and many interesting incidents of his career as flight-commander were brought out by questions from the floor.

On Feb 26 the members of the club were entertained by a lengthy and most interesting discussion of explosives, given by our promising young chemist, Arthur Brown. The rest of the meeting was devoted to a talk on "Camouflage" by H. Daniels, and an explanation of the "Violet Rays" and their use in medicine by N. Flye.

Lately the Science Club has been reorganized under the old constitution with the amendment that only those honestly interested in science should be admitted to membership, each candidate being required to send a written application to the president of the club. The first meeting of the reorganized Science Club was held May 2, the topic, "Wireless," being one of the most interesting of the year.

The Sophomore Class held their dance Friday evening, March 21, 1919. The hall was decorated in green with a green arch where the members of the faculty sat. To our minds green would have been more appropriate for the freshmen, but the decorations were certainly artistic. Somerville's orchestra, at the start, played a march, while favor caps were distributed. Other special features were the surprise dance, which consisted

of many balloons descending, and the elimination dance, which was won by Dorothy Ball and "Bud" Tasker. Miss Ball received a box of candy, and Tasker, a silver pencil. All these surprises, together with the music and dancing, rendered it a very happy evening. The following committee was in charge:

John Kelley, Chairman, Helen Smith, Lorraine Patrick, Isabel Brooks, Kitty Goldsmith, William Gilliam, Frank Ross, Walter Packard.

The Contio Latina has held four meetings during the year. The first was a business meeting for members only, at which the following officers were elected:

Consuls—Dorothy Bicknell, Alice Irish.

Scribae—Dorothy Curtis, Henrietta Perkins.

Quaestor—Kitty Goldsmith.

Program Committee—E. Herbert, E. Flynn, F. McGurn.

Membership Committee—H. Smith, V. Smith, D. Smith.

After the first period marks were out, all Freshmen ranking over 85% in Latin were invited to join. In December an initiation was held by the Sophomores and appropriate responses were given in Latin. The second part of the program, Mr. Mode showed, through the reflectoscope, some views of ancient and modern Rome which Miss Ayres had collected, and she explained them. The talk was interspersed with quotations about the places.

The Parthenon—H. Perkins, E. Flynn.

The Colosseum—E. Mittlestead.

The Palatine—E. Nazro.

The Tarpeian Rock—E. Herbert (in Latin).

The winter club meeting was opened by the club song. After the report of the Scribae, by H. Perkins, the consul, Alice Irish, announced the following program:

Topic: Vestal Virgins—Helen Smith.

Recitation about the Vestals—E. Mittlestead, R. Robinson. Translation of the same—T. Johnson.

Topic: The Sibyl—M. Howard.

Topic: The Muses—V. Smith.

Vestal Virgins in Drill in charge of Miss Tilton.

In closing, tableaux of The Muses:

K. Goldsmith, The Sibyl.

T. Galassi, Cleo.

O. Olofson, Calliope.

V. Flint, Melpomene.

G. Sobey, Euterpe.

E. Herbert, Urania.

N. Soule, Polyhymnia.

D. Bicknel, Thalia.

E. Flynn, Erato.

E. Nazro, Terpsichore.

The program of the fourth meeting was in charge of the Freshman Class.



The program follows:

1. Nuntius Scribae ..... D. Curtis
2. Audite legendum nominum ..... A. Irish
3. Papers:
  - Roman Methods of Signalling ..... E. Brooke
  - Modern Methods of Signalling ..... M. Lodehead
4. Latin Recitation: The Roman House .....
  - (Translation ..... M. Lyons)
  - M. Hall, L. Murphy, K. Patterson, E. Whittemore, R. Gardner
5. Song: "Mica, mica, parva stella" .....
  - D. Schmeler, accompanied by B. Cooper
6. Paper: The Relation of Latin to Practical Life .....
  - D. Miskelly, M. Whittier
7. Latin Dialogue ..... J. Barry, J. Eaton
8. State Mottoes .....
  - M. Anthony, F. Perrone, H. Cammall, D. Rhymes, D. Enos, A. Pearson, C. McClintock, V. Sheehan.
9. Humorous recitation in Latin: "Felis" .....
  - D. Donovan
10. The story of William Tell, adapted in Latin
  - V. Bostrom, R. Swift, L. Bicknell, A. McQuarrie
11. Topics:
  - The Roman Senate ..... C. Tucker
  - The United States Senate ..... P. Ruskin
12. Song: "Milites Christiani" .....
  - ab tota Contio Latina

The annual school play, "Nathan Hale," in four acts, was presented Friday and Saturday evenings, April 11 and 12, in Osborne Hall. This was an entire success. The hall was filled both evenings, and it was perhaps the most pretentious dramatic undertaking of the school. John Clayton had the leading role and his representation of the patriot was wonderfully given. Vivienne Wing, as his sweetheart, Alice Adams, showed unusual dramatic ability in her difficult part. Richard Curran and John Cronin, as brutal English soldiers, were also fine. Dorothy Roberts as a pert bar-maid, Helen Smith as a sentimental school maid, and Edwina Rea as the proper old aunt, were very capable in their parts. Others who showed good talent were Gordon Barry, the school teacher; Deane Freeman, the Colonel, and Clifford Channel as the dusky servant.

Many others of the school participated in what was perhaps the most successful social undertaking of the year.

## WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL CONGRESS.

1918-1919.

The Congress opened a very successful year on November 26, 1918. The enrollment of Congress was seventy members, and the average attendance for the year was thirty members.

The officers for the year were as follows:—Robert Johannot, Speaker; Harry Daniels, Clerk; and Arthur Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms.

During the year the Congress has held meetings every two weeks, at 7.30, and although there was

lack of interest and support from the two upper classes, it had on the whole a very successful year.

On March 27 an Interscholastic debate was held with Quincy on the following question:—Resolved, that all towns and cities within a radius of fifteen miles of Boston City Hall be annexed to Boston. The following team selected from the Congress upheld the affirmative side of this question: Messrs. Robert Johannot, Harold Sisson, John Clayton, and Jack Herbert as alternate. This team won the debate by a majority vote of the judges.

Another interesting feature of the year was the meeting held at the State House, in the Senate Chamber, May 3, at 10 A. M. This meeting was exactly like a regular meeting. The following question was debated:—Resolved, that all the immigration to the United States be prohibited for a period of four years following the signing of the Treaty of Peace. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Thurber Madison, Harry Daniels, Harold Sisson, Arthur Brown, and Herbert Gardner. The negative was upheld by Messrs. Jack Herbert, John Wakefield, and John Clayton.

Senator Hon. John E. Beck, an honorary member of the Winthrop High School Congress, then addressed the organization. He told of his experiences in a debating society as a boy, and of the advancement in life of the members of this society. He also mentioned the historic interest of the Bulfinch Front, in which we were meeting. He closed by wishing all the members of the High School Congress success in the years following their High School career.

His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, then came in and addressed the Congress as a surprise planned by Senator Beck.

This meeting adjourned at 12 o'clock. We were then guided through the State House and shown things of historic interest.

The Congress wishes to thank all those who so heartily supported the Debating Team in their debate with Quincy. The members hope to have a more successful year next year than this.

HARRY R. DANIELS,  
Clerk.

## THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The High School Orchestra is now approaching the close of the most successful year it has ever had. It not only played at school affairs such as the Senior Play, School Theatricals, and lectures in Osborne Hall, but also had the honor of playing at the Winthrop Arms at a banquet of the War Work Committee tendered to Alvan T. Fuller, who was the speaker of the evening.

The membership is of high calibre, but owing to the difficulty of arranging rehearsals, the orchestra has at no time done itself full justice. On account of the ability of its members, how-

ever, the orchestra was able to play such things as: Standard Overture, Selections from Musical Comedies, Standard Waltzes, Light Concert Music and Marches.

The instrumentation is as follows: 6 First Violins, 4 Second Violins, Cello, 1 First Cornet, 2 Second Cornets, Drums and Piano.

The idea is prevalent that the orchestra exists for the benefit of the school (which is, of course, true in a sense), but all those who attended the rehearsals know that the players derived more benefit than the school ever dreamed of getting. Ensemble playing such as is afforded in the rehearsals and public appearances is of inestimable value to instrumentalists.

It is hoped that another year will bring to light some players on the more unusual orchestral instruments as the flute, clarinet, viola, contra-bass horn, etc., for, while we are more fortunate than some schools in the variety of instruments represented, it would add much to our organization if the instrumentation could be more nearly complete.

Favorable comments on the work of the orchestra have been many. May its work be even better next year and in the years to come!

The one day in the eighth grade was May second, when the coming Freshmen had their social. The hall was very pretty with international decorations. Besides having the flags of all nations they had enlarged pictures of many great men of the allied countries. Before the dancing the eighth grades had a program, which contained many pleasing numbers.

Reading—America My Home so Fair—Helen Felch.

Woodland Nymph (Interpretation)—Gladys Smith. Violin Solo—La Cinquantaine—Gordon McNeil.

Reading—Rebecca Branz.

Irish Colleen Dance—Betty McCarthy.

Reading—Her First Call on the Butcher—Harriet Segal.

The features of the dance were the Grand March and Virginia Reel.

#### FRESHMAN SOCIAL.

On Friday evening, May 23, the Freshman Class held their annual dance. The hall was decorated in the class colors, red and white, and was very artistic in appearance. There were two feature dances, the favor dance and the elimination. During the former, red and white caps were distributed, and Miss Ruth Kirk and "Bunk" Mulloy won the elimination dance prize of a fountain pen and a pair of cuff links. It was certainly a delightful evening and it was good to see underclassmen so hugely enjoying themselves. Cheer up, Freshies, one year more and you'll be Sophomores!

The committee responsible was:

Mary White, Chairman, Doris Enos, Marjorie

Hall, Dorothy Donovan, Ruth Evans, Helen Cammal, Ruth Colson, Harry Benson, Sidney Blandford, Raymond Sullivan, John Gore, Mr. Hurley and Miss Ritchie.

#### ALUMNI.

Dorothy Butterfield, '14, is now living in Hollywood, California.

Helen Murphy, '17, has been elected Junior Executive of Gamma Delta, B. U. C. L. A., for the year '19-'20.

William Clark, '13, is now a captain in the United States Army and has been sent to the Philippines for three years' service.

Halstead Lewis, '14, has resumed his studies at Yale after service in the United States Army Aviation.

Ruth Tobey, '17, was president of her class at B. U. for the first semester.

Marie Simonds, '15, and Helen Jordan, '15, graduated from Wellesley College this year. Marie Simonds took an active part in the annual Tree Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Lewis, Jr., are now living in Manchester, New Hampshire.

Catherine Murray, '18, and Carolyn Metcalf, '18, are both at Smith College this year.

Muriel James, '18, has been attending Lasell Seminary.

Miriam Flynn, '13, continued her work for the Metropolitan Branch, American Red Cross, until the middle of May.

Rosalie Cobb, '18, is at Jackson College, where she has made a large number of friends among both the scholars and faculty.

Marjorie Nazro, '18, has spent a very profitable year at Mt. Holyoke.

Clara Russell, '17, finished the secretarial course at Burdett and is now working in Boston for the United Shoe Machinery Company.

Russell Tewksbury, '17, is still continuing his studies at Tech.

Anna Butler, '15, Alice Segal, '16, and Helen Elwood, '14, have joined the ranks of Winthrop Grammar School teachers.

Alice Phinney, '18, has been gaining new recognition of her literary genius at Bradford Academy.

Inez Wingersky, Dorothy Littlefield and "Dolly" Lappen swelled the ranks of the post-graduates this year.

#### Engaged.

Marion Shaw, '17, to Fred Drew.

Dawn Gleason, '17, to Charles Hagman.

Mildred King, '16, to Lorenz Carnjos.

Grace Cross to John Fielding, '16.

#### Married.

Victoria Zehringer and Winthrop Snow.

Gertrude Ford, '15, and Edward Frey.

Margaret Nolan and Paul Bertelsen, '13.

Sybil Carstenson, '18, has been at Capen School, Northampton, Mass.



The Senior Class has received an invitation to the reception and dance given by the Alumni, June 27, in the High School Gym. The preparations are in the hands of a very able committee, Herbert Foley, '15, chairman, and everyone is eagerly expecting a very enjoyable evening.

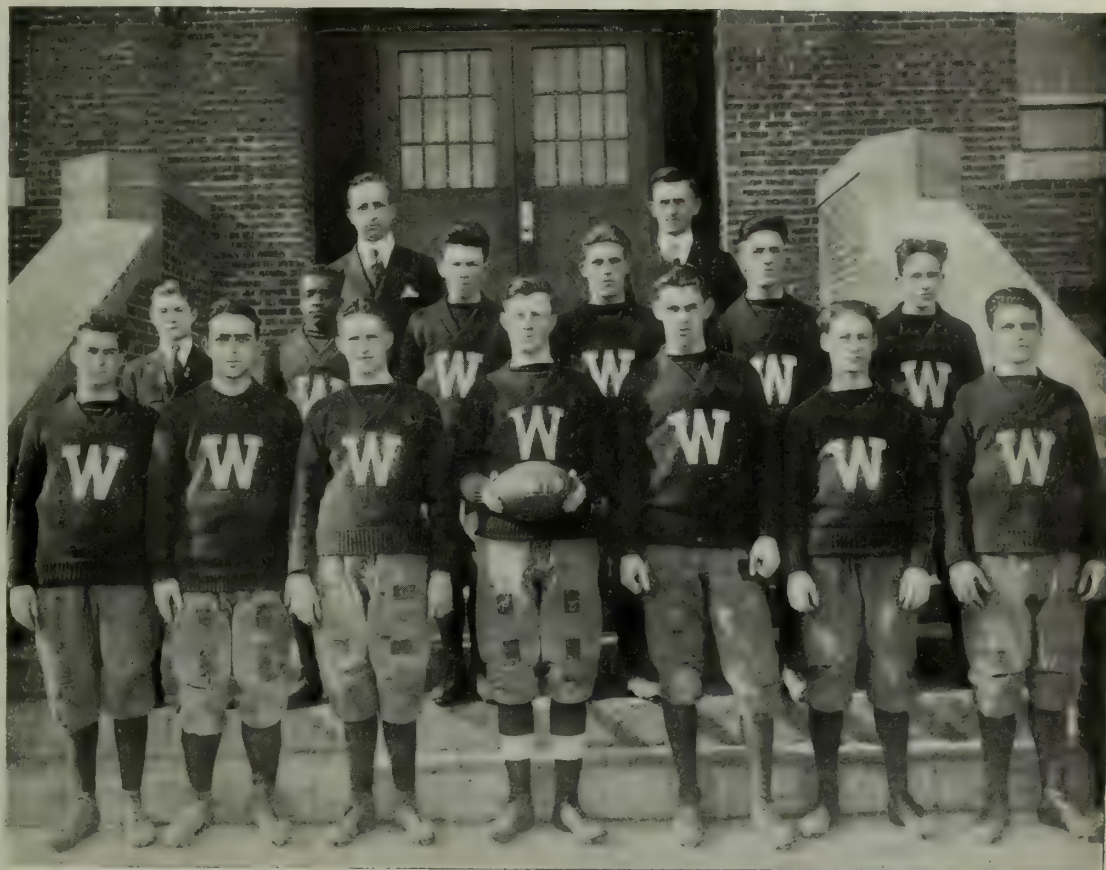
A very successful reunion, banquet and dance was held at the Winthrop Arms, Wednesday evening, April 2, by the class of 1917.

#### The Retort Courteous.

A certain shy young surgeon was invited to dinner by a frivolous old lady, aged fifty. At dinner she asked him to carve a chicken, and, not having done so before, he failed miserably. The hostess called attention to it by saying loudly:

"Well, you may be a very clever surgeon, but if I wanted a leg off, I should not come to you."

"No, madam," he replied politely, "but then, you see, you are not a chicken."



#### FOOTBALL.

**Winthrop 7      Lynn English 19**

Winthrop, October 26, 1918. Winthrop started the year with a promising eleven, but somehow they lacked sufficient pep to put out a winning team. Lynn English returned triumphant to Lynn on October 26th, after administering a stinging defeat to Winthrop.

**Winthrop 7      Brockton 13**

Brockton, November 2, 1918. Winthrop went to Brockton with high hopes and a large crowd. They failed to return with the bacon, being defeated by a score of 13 to 7.

**Winthrop 0      Commerce 55**

Winthrop, November 9, 1918. Owing to the game cancelled with Marblehead, Commerce filled

in the open date. Commerce fans were given a rare treat when Commerce rolled up a score of 55 points, while Winthrop failed to make a score. Ring played a dashing game, while McGee played his usual steady game.

**Winthrop 6      Huntington 0**

Winthrop, November 16, 1918. Huntington School filled in another cancelled date, this giving Winthrop a victory of 6 to 0. This was Winthrop's only victory.

**Winthrop 0      Revere 0**

Revere, November 28, 1918. The usual Thanksgiving Day game between Winthrop and Revere brought out an enthusiastic crowd. Both teams failed to score, though at times a touchdown seemed near.

## BASEBALL.

Many promising candidates showed up for spring training and the prospects of a good team are bright. Practice had continued for about a week when on one of the most promising of baseball days, it was discovered that Ingallside Park was what the boys termed fortified, and seemed ready for an army to take position. It proved, however, to be a necessity, and so baseball practice continues under difficulty. The diamond was expected to be ready for use about May 30th.

## TRACK.

Track was not taken up this year on so large a scale as in the previous year, but W. H. S. managed to show its colors at several meets.

At the relay carnival held in the ninth regiment armory three relay teams were present for the three classes, junior, intermediate and senior.

The junior team consisted of LeCour, Gore, Hennessy and Benson; the intermediate, of Littleton, Russel, Channel and Moore; the senior team of Clayton, Cotter, Dean and Kelly. In this meet the juniors were third in their heat, the intermediates second, and the seniors, who ran against Boston Latin and Medford High, two of the best teams in the state, finished third.

In the M. H. S. A. A. meet at the armory, Winthrop was represented again. Running for the intermediate division were Tibbets and Moore in the 220, and for the senior division, Clayton in the 60 yard dash, Kelly in the 300 and Cotter in the 600. With so small a representation W. H. S. could not do very much, but Tibbets, Moore and Clayton were able to get in the semi-finals.

In the coming Harvard meet two Winthrop men—Kelly and Clayton—are entered. It is hoped that they can carry off the honors for our school. These two athletes are also entered in the open invitation meet at Lynn, where the welcome-home day exercises are to be held.

Next year track is to be taken up as a sport. There is a wealth of material in the school, and with a little time and training a good all-round track team can be put in the field. Come, you modest fellows—come on out, don't be afraid to be seen in a track suit. You may blush, but you will get over it soon enough. Come out next year and help give W. H. S. a big year in sports.

## BASKETBALL.

Basketball again found a warm spot in the hearts of loyal Winthrop fans.

### Winthrop 6 Winchester 2

Winthrop, January 3, 1919. Winthrop started the season with a fast game with Winchester, defeating them by a score of 6 to 2. Cotter starred for Winthrop, making 4 of Winthrop's six points, while Royner of Winchester made their only two points.

### Winthrop 9 Watertown 21

Winthrop, January 14, 1919. Winthrop failed to keep up its whirlwind start, losing to Watertown by a score of 21 to 9. Cotter and McGee starred for Winthrop while Cousineau starred for the visitors.

### Winthrop 17 Wellesley 27

Wellesley, January 7, 1919. Again Winthrop failed to keep up the good beginning when they lost to Wellesley by a score of 27 to 17. Segal starred for the seaside boys, while Pumbly starred for Wellesley.

### Winthrop 14 Arlington 11

Arlington, January 21, 1919. Winthrop regained its form again when the seaside five brought home the bacon from Arlington. Donovan and Howell starred for Winthrop, while Geary starred for Arlington.

### Winthrop 16 Natick 30

Natick, January 28, 1919. With high hopes from the Arlington game the Winthrop quintet landed in Natick. They failed, however, to duplicate their success in Arlington and were defeated, 30 to 16.

### Winthrop 14 Chelsea 17

Winthrop, March 25, 1919. Chelsea defeated Winthrop in the last few minutes of a fast game staged in the Winthrop gym. Jenkins and Howell starred for Winthrop, while How starred for the visitors. Winthrop started a rally in the last half and Howell caged one from the center of the floor.

### Winthrop 10 Brockton 24

Winthrop, Feb. 14, 1919. The Winthrop quintet lost to Brockton by a score of 24 to 10. Both teams played a fast game. Segal starred for Winthrop, while Adams starred for the visitors.

### Winthrop 10 Winchester 19

Winchester, Feb. 22, 1919. Winchester again defeated the seaside quintet in the Winchester gym. Segal and McGee starred for Winthrop while Skinner did the honors for Winchester.

### Winthrop 6 Wellesley 16

Winthrop, March 1, 1919. Again Wellesley defeated the local quintet by a close score and the Winthrop boys played a steadier game than before. Howell starred for the locals while Quimby carried off the honors for Wellesley.

### Winthrop 3 Watertown 33

Watertown, March 4, 1919. Watertown handed the Winthrop quintet a smashing defeat in the Watertown gym. Cousineau starred for Watertown, making 21 of their 33 points.





**Winthrop 21**

**Natick 19**

Winthrop, March 11, 1919. The Winthrop quintet played a snappy game, defeating Natick by a score of 21 to 19. It was a hot and evenly contested game. Howell and Donovan took the honors for the locals, while Hickey and Hughes starred for the visitors.

**Winthrop 11**

**Brockton 31**

Brockton, March 28, 1919. Brockton handed the Winthrop quintet a smashing defeat in a fast game played in the Brockton gym. Jenkins held the honors for Winthrop while Adams starred for Brockton. Throughout the basketball season John Kelly played a wonderful game at right guard.

Mention should be made of the splendid record

made by the Winthrop High School second team. Out of fourteen games played they lost only three. The scores follow:—

Winthrop 16—Wellesley 7  
 Winthrop 22—Arlington 2  
 Winthrop 18—Brockton 14  
 Winthrop 19—Natick 11  
 Winthrop 21—Swampscott 11  
 Winthrop 10—Arlington 3  
 Winthrop 19—Watertown 2  
 Winthrop 14—Natick 3  
 Winthrop 24—Alumni 16  
 Winthrop 23—Wellesley 14  
 Winthrop 30—Swampscott 30  
 Winthrop 11—Winchester 14  
 Winthrop 11—Chelsea 12  
 Winthrop 18—Brockton 27



### "FIELD HOCKEY"

The Field Hockey season opened this year with Barbara Johnson, '19, captain, Claire Fulham, '19, manager, and Rae Bloodgood, '19, Sargent, coach.

The team, although handicapped at the beginning by a lack of the strong older girls of last year's champion team and also by the two months' loss of practice, caused by the "Flu," played remarkably well under the direction of its captain. Winthrop was not afraid to play superior teams and challenged Sargent, Arlington, and Winchester. Over Winchester it can claim a great victory in a close 2-1 game. Claire Fulham along with the captain, who played right inner, formed as swift and as speedy a pair of forwards as could be found in any team in the league.

The other positions in the line-up were as follows: for the defense in the backfield the fullbacks, Margaret Bennett, '19, left, and Anna Ful-

ham, '19, right, and at goal Dorothy Ball, '21, our next year's manager, starred. For both defensive and offensive work our halfbacks deserved much praise, considering their experience and training.

Our halfback trio was Elizabeth Gilbert, '19, right, Mary Reade, '19, centre and Genevieve Honan, '21, left.

The forward line, which does the attacking of the team, showed great work and if it played together another year would probably outclass any other team in the league. These positions were played by Kathryn McCarthy, '21, centre, Rae Alexander, '19, left wing, Dorothy Curtis, '21, our next year's captain, right wing. Winthrop can claim six goals to her credit, these being made by Rae Alexander 1, Barbara Johnson 1, Claire Fulham 4.

Our freshmen subs, Doris Enos and Ruth Evans, show signs of promising material. With these "shining stars" and under the new management may 1920's team have the best of luck!



## PLAYING INDIAN.

"Won't you let Louise and me play too, Jack?"

My cousin, armed with a vicious looking wooden tomahawk, a dilapidated feather duster and a piece of rope, was hurrying towards the woods that stretched away for miles back of the camp. Wheeling, he eyed me scornfully.

"Nope," he said decisively, "you're girls and girls can't play Injun 'cause they're fraid of gettin' hurt."

"They are not," I contradicted hotly, then, as he looked unconvinced and started again towards the woods, I called derisively, "Anyhow you can't have much fun without someone to capture and torture and scalp. Billy and Ned and Tom won't want to be prisoners any more than you will." My words had the desired effect and Jack faced me quickly, his eyes gleaming.

"Oh, I say, will you really let us tie you up and torture you?" he demanded eagerly.

A horrifying picture of myself being tortured rose before me and I gulped.

"Not—not really torture," I stammered, "just pretend. But you can tie me up if you want to, and Louise will let you too," I added hopefully.

Jack looked a little disappointed but even the prospect of capturing us was alluring so he nodded rather condescendingly. "Well, I s'pose you can play, but if you cry or be babies you can't ever again." Having delivered his verdict he turned and ran for the woods, Louise and I tagging eagerly at his heels.

Not far away we met Billy and Tom and Ned, who had been hunting for berries to make war paint. At the sight of Louise and me they frowned but, after Jack explained the advantages of allowing us to play, the frowns vanished.

About two miles from camp there was a small log cabin that had been built by a man who used it only during the hunting season. The rest of the year it was unoccupied and he had given us children permission to use it as a play house during the summer. It was towards this cabin that Jack now led us. Louise and I immediately took our places indoors while the boys, after staining their faces horribly with berry juice and decorating themselves with feathers, scattered through the woods and the game was on.

With hideous war cries the terrifying "red-skins" advanced on the cabin and, shrieking and protesting, Louise and I were captured, none too gently, and our hands were bound. After the war dance, "Big Chief Buffalo," otherwise Jack, decreed that Louise and I should be taken in opposite directions for some distance from the cabin and tied securely to trees.

Ned and Tom rushed Louise away, and the chief with the assistance of Billy pushed, shoved and pulled me deeper and deeper into the woods until they found a tree that suited their purpose. Disregarding my pleas for mercy the flint-hearted warriors bound me firmly and left me, promising to return shortly and torture me.

Time dragged on and the boys did not come. No sound save the snapping of twigs and the twittering of birds broke the awful stillness, and, at last, conquering my dislike of being called a "fraid cat" or a "cry baby," I began to shout. Only the echo of my own cries came back to me and finally, my voice becoming a husky whisper, I was obliged to stop. The rope was cutting cruelly into the flesh of my arms and so tightly was I bound that it was impossible for me to move. Gradually the outlines of the trees grew fainter and fainter until on all sides of me it was dark. The snap of a twig sounded like a pistol shot in the darkness and once at my feet the grass rustled, and straining my eyes I saw a big snake glide out of sight. Suddenly I heard the crashing bushes and the sound grew louder and louder. Remembering that the boys had always said there were bears in the woods, I cowered back against the tree shivering and moaning. The next moment a hairy body bounded against me and a warm, rough tongue was licking my face while bark after bark echoed through the woods. It was Beauty, my own collicie, and away in the distance Uncle Jack's voice shouted in answer to his frantic yelps.

The next I remember I was back in camp and not until the next day did I learn how I had been left in the woods.

The boys had gone first to scalp Louise and, on reaching the tree where she had been tied, found her gone. Evidently she had not been tied so tightly as I was. Finding one prisoner escaped, they held a council of war and decided to make the best of their opportunities and at least have the satisfaction of torturing me. Complications arose, when Jack and Billy disagreed as to the place where I was tied. Neither of the boys realized how far into the woods they had taken me and when, after hunting some time, they failed to locate me, they decided that I too had escaped and gone back to camp. Having settled the matter satisfactorily in their minds they promptly forgot me and, finding little fun in playing Indian without prisoners, abandoned the game and wandered off in search of other amusement. Not until they returned to camp for supper did they discover that Louise was safe while I was still in the woods. Four badly frightened boys told the story to Uncle Jack and he promptly organized a searching party with good old Beauty at the head.

It was some time before Jack regained his old attitude of scornful superiority over me, for I had only to show the marks the ropes left on my arms to subdue him.

ALICE BARKER, '19.

### You Can't Fool 'Em.

Postoffice Clerk: "Here, your letter is over weight."

McFire: "Over what weight?"

Postoffice Clerk: "It is too heavy. You'll have to put another stamp on it."

McFire: "Get out wid your fooling. Shure, if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?"

Winthrop, Mass.  
November 13, 1918.

Dear Kuroki:

This is surely an occasion for writing you as peace has really come. I am too happy for words, and I know all your dear, quaint people are rejoicing also. But we must remember, Kuroki, that our work is not yet done.

Since I visited your country and met you I have been reading a great deal about Japan. I happened to read that Japan has a Y. M. C. A. How interesting! I wonder if it is anything like ours. I think I shall tell you about ours and you can tell me some time what your society is like. First, I must tell you of the United War Work Campaign. Seven organizations have united and intend to raise \$250,000,000. I have forgotten how much that would be in your money, but you know English enough to know the value of our money. That amount may seem a great deal to you, but it is not much more than a third of the amount that we raised for the last Liberty Loan. The Y. M. C. A. is the largest organization of the seven.

It first started its great work during the Spanish War. (Do you know when that was? You told me American History was hard for you, so I wondered.) Of course since then this great society has increased and is now doing wonders for our "Boys" "Over There." These Y. M. C. A. secretaries go everywhere a soldier goes and they often sacrifice their lives helping him. They even go into the front line trenches. The "Y" men are like brothers to our boys and help them in every line. They give movies, concerts, lectures, and provide entertainments in every way possible. They have classes in French and English, and also in religion. They never forget religion, you must remember. When the soldiers are just out of the trenches there is the "Y" man with cigarettes and chocolates. So you see what really wonderful work they are doing, really more wonderful than anyone thinks. If only I could go across myself and help! A lot more is expected of us before we get our men back but we are always willing to give. Do you ever have time to read the American papers I send? I hope so, for I know you will find them interesting.

I wonder how long it will be before this letter reaches your dear little home in far away Japan.

I shall never forget you, dear little Kuroki, and your sweet voice. I only wish you were here to sing now. You might be able to raise some money for this great campaign if you were here to sing for people. Americans appreciate music so much, Kuroki.

Never forgetting the wonderful times we spent together,

I am your devoted friend,

KITTY.  
K. GOLDSMITH, '21.

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the Class of 1919, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, and masters of education, do hereby declare this our last will and testament, in the manner following:—

We give and bequeath to the school at large:—

First—The numerous "first aids" found inscribed in the margins of our text books.

Second—The impossibility of finding another "all-round" athlete such as "Mutt" McGee.

Third—The hope of graduating some day.  
To the Faculty we give:—

First—The immense task of discovering another such brilliant class as 1919.

Second—A full supply of afternoon-session slips to be used for those who are wicked.  
To the Class of 1920 we leave:—

First—The privilege of being Seniors.

Second—The horrors of Burke's "Speech on Conciliation."

Third—The opportunity of trying to produce as good a Senior play with as little fuss as we did in "The Rose of Plymouth."

To the Class of 1921:—

First—The privilege of going to the Hall with the Seniors.

Second—Two more years before they get their diplomas.

Third—The misfortune of having such examples for Seniors as the Class of 1920.  
To the Class of 1922:—

First—The knowledge gained by a year's experience.

Second—The satisfaction of being a year older than they were the year before.

Third—The request that they may be less noisy.

To the incoming Class of 1923:—

First—The fact that we were once Freshmen.

Second—The knowledge that Freshmen never, under any circumstances, behave.

Lastly—That this document shall be legally annexed to the constitution of the bygone classes of Winthrop High School, so that the younger generation may partake of its benefits and educational values.

In witness thereof, this twenty-seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and forty-third, we have caused our class seal to be affixed to this, our last will and testament, the same to go into effect in September, 1919.

CLASS OF 1919.

Witnesses:

Jack O' Lantern.

Charlie Chaplin.

Sinbad.

Notary Public,  
Mr. Jazz.



## PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT.

Mr. Clarke and members of the School Committee:

For many years it has been a custom for the graduating class to express their love for the school by giving some useful gift. One year a Liberty Bond was left to the school; another year a contribution was made to the Red Cross. After considering an appropriate present for this year, the class of 1919 decided upon one which they think will add to the education and pleasure of the pupils of the high school for many years. We trust the use of it will suggest many agreeable memories of our class.

In behalf of the class of 1919, it gives me, as president, great pleasure to present to you this Victrola.

EUGENE McGEE.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

The telephone bell rang, as telephone bells do when there isn't a strike.

"Hello! What? Take a trip around the world? Sure!"

The arrangement was that a trip around the world was to be mine, provided for in the will of one of my uncles.

On the train to New York, I saw a very large college. "Mutt" McGee had founded it for the purpose of instructing schoolboys in the art of throwing chalk down ventilators. At Springfield, people started to take notice. In walked Barbara Philbrick, the world-famed novelist. I felt proud when she sat down beside me. She told me about "Herbie" Gardner, who had won his letter at Yale playing leap-frog, and who later became the world's champion in that same sport. She had heard, too, about Ardelle Le Vangie's hospital, where Mildred and Marion Gillis were recovering from an accident received from their dangerous career in riding wild horses in Fred Perlmutter's circus.

In New York, I left Barbara and heard real news. "Beeb" Johnson had the honor of being the first woman to be elected president of the United States. Of course, it naturally followed that Paul Hayes was vice-president.

On shipboard, a really surprising thing happened. I bumped into a party of famous persons who had graduated in 1919. They were Dolores Brennan, "Dot" Sampson, Helen Spofford, Margaret Bennett, and Donald White, who were going to join a famous French company of actors and actresses. The newspapers were full of everything about them, from the day they were born to the number of lumps of sugar they took in their coffee.

Somewhere on the ship the notes of a band drifted out. I went into the saloon where the music was. It sounded like, and turned out to be, Bert Enos' band. Even above the noise of the band, we heard a whirling sound. It was an aero-

plane. Something dropped from it to the deck of the ship. I picked it up and read, "Leo Paro's Aeroplane Service. Breakfast in France. Dinner in America."

That evening, rough as the sea was, one lone person stood outside counting the stars. I recognized Donald Gardner, the illustrious astronomer.

Everything, even the trip across, has an end. As the boat was nearing the shore and almost everyone was on deck, a familiar voice near my elbow startled me. It was Doris Nichols, who has given her life to teaching people how to grow small. I hadn't seen her during any of the voyage, because seasickness runs in her family.

At Liverpool, I ran into luck and Ruth Tenney. She told me that King George had appointed her to give entertainments for the royal family. At that time she was securing entertainers. It was good of her to take me along with her in her car to London. Arthur Eastman, her chauffeur, told us the latest news. "Phil" Segal had successfully made a trip to the moon and back. Raymond Bliss, one of his pilots, decided to remain there to reform the cave-dwellers.

Along the road there was a tea-room. To do honor to England, Ruth and I stepped in. At the table across from ours was Robert Nicholls, looking very much like the artist he was. He told us he was touring England, painting landscapes. There seemed to be something familiar about our waitress. When she discovered a tip, her smile identified her. She was Gertrude Lester.

A short distance outside of London we passed through the university town of Oxford. The chauffeur narrowly escaped running over an absent-minded professor with an absent-minded scowl, who was none other than Eliot Hall.

In London, everyone seemed to be singing a song, strange to Ruth and me. Finally we found out it was "I'm Always Chasing Baseballs," composed by "Bill" Hoar, the baseball poet.

After I had left Ruth, I went to a hotel, where I was surprised to see Harry Daniels' name on the register. He was touring the world in the interests of Irish freedom.

On the trip across the channel, everyone was wondering who it was that continually played a cornet. The passengers were puzzled until they found out it was "Eddie" O'Toole, one of the French Symphony Orchestra's best players. Then everyone fell over everyone else trying to get a word with him.

When we had landed in Calais, I took the first train for Paris. On the train, I bought a newspaper. So many surprising things had happened thus far on the trip, that I was not at all surprised to see in glaring headlines, "James Dempsey, the American Philosopher, Discovers Why Water is Wet." Ed Snow was the editor of "The Country Housewife" column. Among the society notes, I found that "Doug" Gleason had become the latest pet of French society. He had originat-

ed the fad among men of wearing no collars.

Just then, Myrtle Curtin rushed through the car to me. Between breaths, she managed to say that she had lost her engagement ring. There it was on the floor of the train. For finding it, I made her tell me who the fortunate one was—no one less than an Italian Count. She gave me Elizabeth Gilbert's Paris address. Elizabeth was teaching English in a French boarding-school.

At Paris, I was practically lost, so I asked a policeman, whose attempt at French helped me to recognize Fred Hutchinson. He stopped a minute to tell about Catherine Herbert's Paris Hotel. Of course I went there. It was no surprise to me to see Margaret McIntyre and Anita McWhorter sitting in the waiting-room. It didn't take long to guess that they were translating the dictionary into Latin. In the office I saw Helen Sullivan, who was the hotel's stenographer. I had her type-write a letter for me. As I was leaving her office, I noticed a picture of "Dot" Pilling on the wall. Helen explained that she made money teaching people how to take care of themselves. On the way out, Florence Mannix passed by. I found out that she earned her daily bread taking care of the French president's children.

It was so easy to find my way about in Paris, that I called up for a taxi to take me around the city. Somehow, central made the wrong connection, and I found myself asking "Dick" Pike, the French Minister of War, to send up a taxi. Finally one did come.

When I was back at the hotel, a telegram was waiting for me. Claire Griffin had heard that I was in Europe and gave me an invitation to visit her in Venice.

I left immediately. Claire met me, and Raymond Kempton, dealer in gondolas, took us to her villa. "Vi" Hagman, "Kip" Franklin, and "Dot" Locke were there, too. That night we talked about happenings. "Vi" was the "Bill" collector of "Tall-Cots." Of course, "Kip" was the Italian Queen's dressmaker,—everyone knew that. Claire's hobby was to collect antiques. Her house certainly proved it. "Dot" Locke surprised us by the statement that she had become the preacher of the doctrine that only bread, water, and old clothes were suitable for man. Just then the door-bell rang. Claire Fulham rushed in, all excited.

"I've got it," she said.

"Got what?"

"The Sultan of Persia has promised to let me teach the Bolsheviki how to play hockey."

Then we talked some more about Evelyn Bruce and Agnes Brogan, who were successful writers and producers of musical comedies. Their latest success, "Fitbad, the Tailor," had Rae Alexander and William MacKay as leading players. We were all very much surprised when "Kip" told about Florence Cullinane and Alice Barry, who had become heroines on their adventurous exploration to the North Pole, by rescuing Agnes

Sands, the famous chemist, who had nearly frozen to death trying to melt the ice up there.

After leaving Claire's villa, I started for Naples. On the way there the train was delayed by a wreck. When I came to, I was lying between Alice Barker and Helen Verdi. Almost everyone had been taken to a hospital. Flora O'Toole and Mildred Eldredge did great work as nurses. When Alice and Helen had time, they told me about their trip through Italy, trying to sell soap.

From Naples I went to Egypt. There Agnes Hillberg and Josephine Murphy were teaching the natives how to catch frogs.

Of course, the Sahara Desert was my next stop. There, on the edge, in a queer little place, Marion Crocker was telling fortunes. It happened that Alice Young was there, too, selling souvenirs. She promised to tell me some exciting news if I would buy something from her. I did, so she told about "Bill" Taylor's remarkable work in reclaiming the desert, how he discovered the scientist, Norman Flye, sitting in the middle of the hot expanse of sand, wondering when the desert would grow cold. But the most exciting part of all was that "Dot" MacKenzie, the suffragette, had started a movement in China which ended in a revolution, in which Annuncia Farina led a women's army, as members of which Eleanor Whipple and Minnie Karras had helped to overthrow the president.

I traveled just far enough to see the pyramids. There was "Gwen" Bloomfield, whose duty it was to dust the Sphinx.

A long caravan was coming along. Because of his strange clothes, I hardly recognized Albert Mannix, who guided people across the desert on his camels. In this caravan were Dorothy Douglas, Mollie Solomon, and Minnie Herbert, who amused the orientals by their tricks on the typewriter.

After that, I went to China, where Winthrop Nazro demonstrated his track ability by pulling one of those queer jinrikishas. Then along came Dorothy Brumby, who was trying to reform the Chinese so that they would use knives and forks.

A queer thing to me about China was that the best chop suey I had there came from Paul Howard's American Restaurant.

At the hotel, the guests were amused by "Tom" Berridge and "Bill" Hanson's ability to juggle soup. One time they juggled so much that the soup juggled down Alfred Stanley's neck. "Al," a newspaper reporter, had the news of the event all over China, as well as down his neck.

It was good to see Mary Reade walk in. She was a detective scouring the world for news of the lost parrot of Margaret Cunning's bird farm.

From China I went to San Francisco. At the wharf was Jessie Spence, who had decided to boost the League for the Prevention of Long Lessons for Children.

In the middle of the street a crowd was gath-



ered to hear Fred Holthaus, the orator, talk on "Why Hurry?" Two of the audience were Anna Fulham and Emma Woods, who had just finished writing their latest novel, "Love Us, Love Our Dogs."

Accidentally Mary Lee came along. She was playing her cello for phonograph records. I could hardly believe her when she told about "Brennie" Keenan and "Gene" Cronin, who had just started a school without lessons in Point Shirley.

On the train for the east, a familiar voice made me turn around, to see Gertrude Murphy. Her camera helped me to guess that she took pictures for postal cards. On her trips through the mountains she had come across Evelyn Calhoun and Helen Ryan, who established a "Home for Stray Cats."

As the train hurried by, I had just a fleeting glimpse of "Sandy" McClintock on one of his horses on his ranch.

On the floor of the car I saw a slip of paper with Elizabeth Allen's name on it. It was a program announcing that she would speak on "Latin: Its Harm and Cure." Marion Floyd was also scheduled to speak on "Why Is School?"

At Chicago, newsboys were yelling, "Devlin Sees Stars." The explanation was that he had invented a telescope that showed the people on the stars. Further down the column it said that he had seen "Dot" Parsons up there playing ragtime for the natives to dance.

Harry Walker got on the train at Philadelphia. I accidentally overheard him tell Laurence Jennings that he was the president's private secretary. Laurence confessed his liking for farming, relating his experiences while grafting strawberries on dandelions.

Finally, I was in Boston. On the way to Winthrop I met Cora Hatch, who said that she was teaching teachers how to scold.

Once home again, the desire to travel came over me. How could I ever spend the rest of my days by simply staying home? I had the wanderlust, and I had it badly.

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello! What? Take another trip around the world?"

Just then my dog came over to me. I think he knew, for there was pleading in his eyes.

I had to say "No." My dog had won.

Alice Spangenberg.

Oh!

Mr. Wood and Mr. Stone were walking down the street. President Wilson passed. Wood turned to Stone, Stone turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber.

True Enough.

"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"  
"Don't know, but banana peelings make the best slippers."

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919.

Looking back on the four years which we as a class have spent in the Winthrop High School, I am sure that you will all agree with me that they have been perhaps more unusual and more difficult than those known to any previous class.

In the fall of 1915 we began our journey through higher fields of learning. The building was crowded because the new addition was not yet finished. However, reciting in the library, reception hall, Osborne Hall, and wherever it was necessary, midst the din of hammers and saws and bothered by the tar-smoke, we pursued our studies like good little freshmen until January 1st, when we moved into our new quarters. In December we elected George Devlin as president and Margaret Bennett as vice-president. Everything went very smoothly, and after we had sufficiently recovered from our first mid-years, following the custom of former classes we held our first class social. It proved to be a most wonderful dance—at least, we considered it so, and no one shattered our illusion—and although I fear it was fatal to some pocket-books, it did no harm to the class treasury. June soon came, bringing warm weather and an ever-welcome vacation.

School was scheduled to open September 8th, but, on account of the infantile paralysis, there were several changes of schedule. We finally returned October 2nd. A new system of dividing the periods was instituted by Mr. Clarke, which, after some confusion, proved very helpful toward catching up with our work. Class election was held, and we elected Eugene McGee president and Thomas Johnson vice-president. Mr. Findlay took the place of Mr. Wales as music instructor. In March we again held a social in the "gym." Later in the spring a school play, "If I Only Had a Million," was given under the direction of Miss Spence. In this a few of our classmates participated. At the declaration of war with Germany, several boys from the upper classes enlisted in the Naval Reserve, while others went on Mr. Sherman Whipple's estate at Plymouth as farm-workers. At last June came again, and we left High School, having journeyed half our course.

In September, 1917, we returned once more, feeling proud that we had reached that blissful state of being Juniors. We were very sorry to find that Miss Allen had left us to take up work in a private school, but her place was filled very capably by Mr. Mode, who was also made assistant principal of the High School. Again, when the election took place, Eugene McGee was elected president. After the Christmas vacation the opening was deferred several times on account of the cold weather and shortage of coal. When we finally returned, it was found necessary for a while to omit the lunch period and dismiss the school about 12.30. In February we held our social in the "gym." When many of the young men from Winthrop and Revere were taken in the draft and some

of the boys from the school enlisted, the whole school turned out, rain or shine, to give them a rousing send-off. Some of the members of the class amused us greatly in the school play, "Roxie." June was soon here and the beginning of our last long school vacation.

When school opened in September, several of the boys from our own class had enlisted in the Students' Army and Navy Training Corps, among whom was George Devlin, captain of the football team. We found eighteen new teachers among us. Shortly after this the influenza broke out and the schools were closed. The days that followed were very dark and our hearts were heavy not only from our own grief but from that of a whole nation torn between disease and war. School was opened after four weeks. On November 11th, at the signing of the armistice, the whole of the allied world went wild with joy, and things took on a brighter aspect. At the class election Eugene McGee was re-elected president, Margaret Bennett was chosen vice-president, Clare Fulham, secretary, Miss Mansur, treasurer, Eugene Cronin, marshal. The school hours had been lengthened to 2.15, but as the strain began to show on teachers and pupils, the hours were again changed, first to 2.00 and finally to 1.45, with the opening at 8.20. The Senior play, "Rose o' Plymouth Town," in which Dorothy Sampson, Flora O'Toole, Helen Spofford, Dolores Brennan, Donald White, Eliot Hall, Fred Permuter and Brendan Keenan participated, was a great success. Miss Eveleth had to give up teaching for the greater part of the year, on account of ill health, and several different teachers substituted for her. She was greatly missed. In January our social was held in the "gym" and was a great success. With the return of the boys on the troop-ships, President Wilson's visit to Boston, and the YD parade, we had many outside affairs to take up our minds, and school was closed several times. But graduation was slowly approaching, and, after calling several class meetings, we appointed the committee for the girls' dresses, class gift and class-day exercises. A very successful and amusing vaudeville entertainment was given in the "gym" on Friday, May 16. The class now seriously faced graduation.

It was a cause of great sorrow to us all that Miss Pratt, who was so honored, respected and loved by everyone who knew her, passed away June 8th, after over two months' illness. I am sure that we shall never forget her and that our lives will be better and more worth-while for the great privilege and opportunity we had of being under her supervision. The second class social was given up out of respect to her memory.

At last the day for which we have all been preparing has arrived. Tomorrow night we shall receive our diplomas, and with them goes the wish of everyone for our success and happiness in the years to come.

CLAIRE M. GRIFFIN, 1919.

## EDITORIAL.

The summer vacation is now drawing near. To all of us it means the end of school until the fall; but while to some it means a period of loafing, to others it means a chance to work and earn some money. What will those who are planning to loaf get out of their vacation? If anybody actually spends the whole summer without cutting or watering lawns or doing sundry work around the town, what will he have to show for his time at the end of the summer? In what part of the circle of friends will he be when the boys talk over the happenings of the season? How will he feel when the rest are spending money they earned while he is either not spending any, or, what is worse, spending what someone else earned?

Where shall those of us who are planning to work seek employment—where we happen at the time to get the largest recompense, or where our future lies? It may seem highly desirable to earn a tidy salary during the summer; but shall we, while earning it, also learn something which can later be turned to account? Let us not forget that some day we shall have to start at the bottom—no matter what our life-work is to be. Why not do it now, and be so much ahead of the game?

If we find the right kind of work, we can take pleasure in the labor itself. Moreover, in our spare time we can and should take advantage of the many facilities for enjoyment which Winthrop offers. Thus, in combined work and play, we shall pass a summer full of pleasure and profit.

PHILIP SEGAL.

It was a keen disappointment to the teachers and pupils of the High School that Miss Martha Eveleth was unable to continue her work throughout the year. Miss Eveleth has received many tokens of esteem from her school friends. Classes have sent flowers; and this spring the teachers of the town presented her with one hundred dollars in gold. May we soon be gladdened by having among us again this greatly loved and honored teacher!

### Cheap Enough.

"Want to buy a mule, Sam?"

"What ails de mule?"

"Nothing."

"Then what are you selling him for?"

"Nothing."

"I'll take him."

### The Wise Fool.

"It is the unexpected that always happens," observed the Sage.

"Well," commented the Fool, "if this is true, why don't we learn to expect it?"

### Heard in Room 21.

Mr. Harris: "Take this example."

Snow: "Where shall we take it to?"

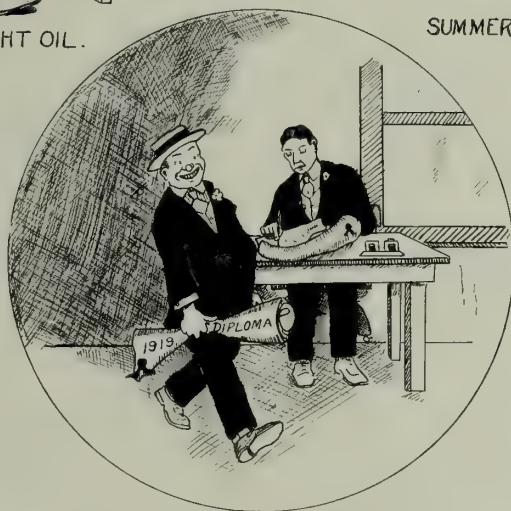




BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL.



SUMMER IS WITH US AGAIN.



HIS HONORABLE DISCHARGE



WHEN DEAN PITCHES IN TRUE FORM.



A BARGAIN IN GRADUATION SUITS.

— Nicholls 13 —



Gardner: I'm afraid that you don't want to see my point.

Snow: I can't see nothing.

Gardner: Don't you know a point has no dimensions?

What great disappointment came to him in his life?

He died.

How was his life cut off?

By water. He got drowned.

#### Heard in Room 32.

Mr. Hurley: "What do you think of the telephone strike?"

Miss Segal: "Whenever you pick up the receiver and they aren't on strike, you can hear the operator chewing gum."

#### Heard in Room 9.

Pupil in English: "Poe was very poor, but later marrying a very wealthy lady and going into consumption."

#### Heard in Chemistry.

Mr. Mode, examining a diagram illustrating monoclinic crystals of sulphur: "Well, they look just like a pair of Bolsheviki whiskers."

#### Heard in Room 9.

Brown (reciting in English): "Johnson went to London and carried 'Irene' in his pocket."

Mr. Harris: Please don't bear this in mind. It is important.

Miss Downes: Anything troubling you, Keenan, aside from the lesson?

#### Heard in Senior U. S. History.

Bliss, have you any topic of special interest to discuss?

I have several to talk on, but not here.

What are the Graces?

Hall: Faith, Hope, and Charity.

#### Good English (As she is spoken).

He died in 1919 from some poisoning insect in a ear.

#### Heard in Room 32.

Miss Osborne: "There will be no more privileges allowed in this room."

Jack Herbert: "May I sneeze?"

Beebe Johnson, answering Miss Day: "What, mamma?"

Manter: Backward March! Backup!

#### Pity Lincoln.

His sole companion was his sister, who was only a girl.

#### Go Up One.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of transparent?"

Boy: "Something you can see through."

Teacher: "Please give me an example."

Boy: "A ladder."

Miss Pratt: Gardner, where is Jamestown?

Gardner: I'm not sure, but I think it was on the Connecticut River.

For information on Prohibition see Gardner, the economic expert.

#### Not Needed.

Chemistry Teacher: "I shall now take some hydrochloric acid and—"

Voice from rear of room: "That wouldn't be a bad idea."

#### Very Up-to-date.

Teacher: "Are there any present-day topics you would like to discuss?"

Snow: "Why are they digging up Ingleside Park?"

#### Heard in Room 9.

D. Gardner: "When in England, Burke went to Bath for his health."

#### Heard in Room 27.

Miss Gilliland: "Why was Nerva's reign so uneventful?"

Star Pupil, dreamily: "Because nothing happened."

#### Pronunciations.

Hall: "Courtiers: courtiairs."

Snow: "Polygamy: poleegamy."

Howell: "Proviso: proviso."

Perlmutter: Bad, Badder, Baddest.

Miss Bloomfield in Latin: "He joined the Trojans after his death"—Some spiritualist.



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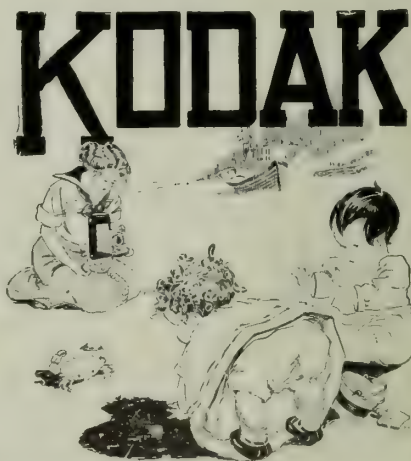
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Revenue Stamps .....	52.48
Cash and Due from Banks .....	158,938.24
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	\$774,421.50

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Surplus and Undivid- ed Earnings .....	27,199.50
Bonds Borrowed .....	12,550.00
Treasurer's Checks .....	40,982.33
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Deposits .....	558,328.70
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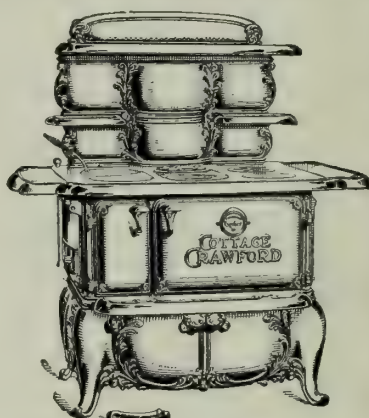
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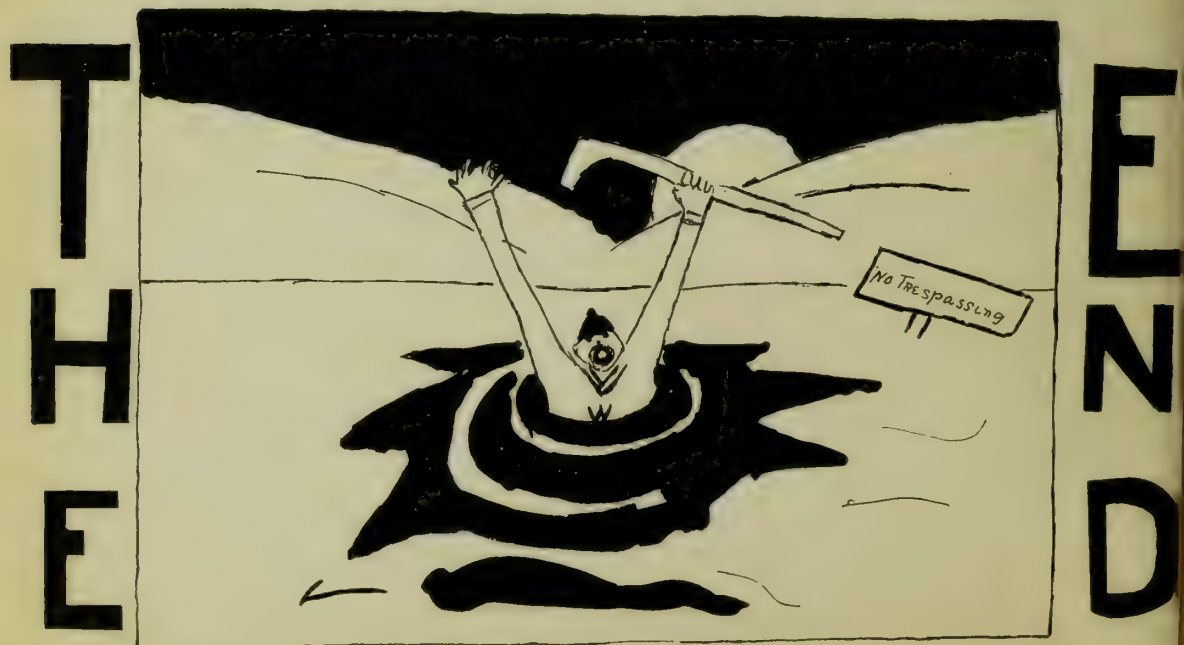
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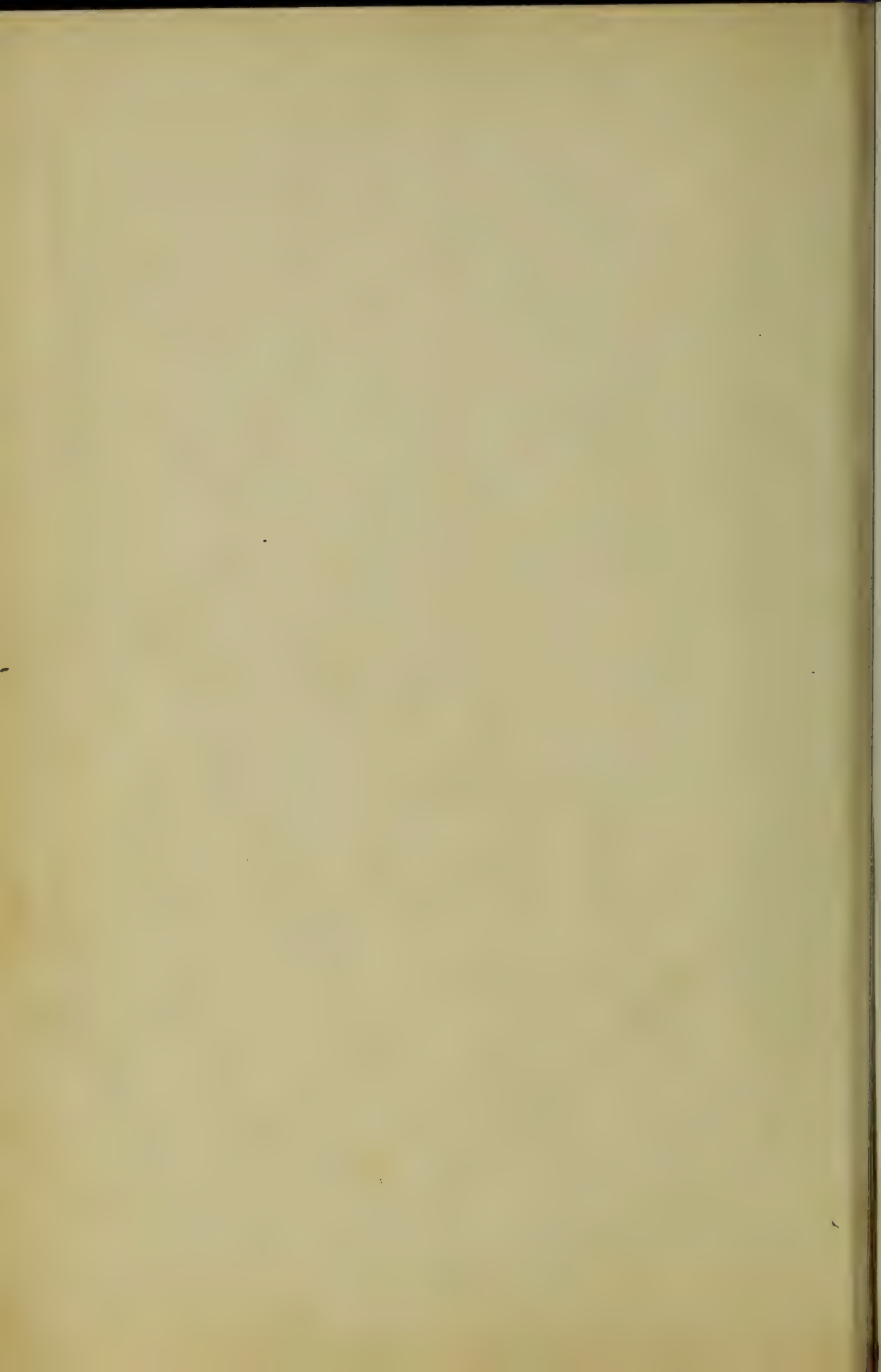




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JUNE, 1920







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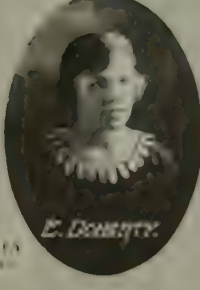
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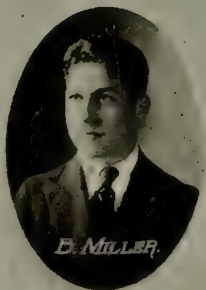
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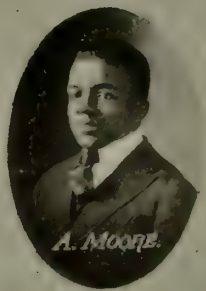


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### ELEANOR ABELY.

"Anything but history, for history must be false."

Why do the muses so pester the mortal scul as to record history with their shining pens of gold? But, never mind, consider how much more the future generations will have to learn.

### MARGARET AHERN.

"Full well she sange the service divine  
Entuned in her nose ful swetely."

So it is every 2nd lunch period in Room 29, where she can be clearly heard, even among the din of the typewriters, lifting her voice in the lilting way, which so captivates its audience and wrecks ruin on efficiency.

### ELIZABETH NORCROSS ALLEN.

"Her hair is like the curling mist  
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en."

It is not granted all to touch their harps of gold so soon in life. Although she rather dislikes history and other unnecessary trifles, the golden chords of a harp and the well-known green apparel of an earnest young Senior fit in more harmoniously with her style of earthly comfort. As for the harp,—it's well to be prepared.

### RALPH WALDO BAKER.

"It's hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Another typewriting hound, gifted with a clever knack of basket shooting and a noticeable ease in the escape from prominence—'cause he's quiet. But we're told to be careful of the quiet, light-haired people. They're dangerous. Are you, Ralph?

### EVA ALICE BAND.

"But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love forever."

Especially when some soul-searing question has been asked in Latin. If brains were worth a million an ounce, she'd still be the pride of the class—educationally. Besides loving her, we love her voice, which, while singing, can easily hit the topmost rafters and the ears of its audience.

### GEORGE GORDON BARRY.

"Oh Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird  
Or but a wand'ring voice?"

This bird was all right until he entered into the sacred halls of learning, Room 15, and then little cuckoo got his wings clipped. However, his football wings are still flapping.

### LILLIAN GERTRUDE BARRY.

"Nay, oft' in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

Well! Well! Here comes a hummer; not

only can she hum in school, but also we notice her hum is very dexterous outside the learned portals. Her hum isn't audible, but we can see it's there.

### MARY JOSEPHINE BARTER.

"Fair as a star  
When only one is shining in the sky."

How unnatural! When one goes out, the rest go out. You seem to be out most of the time, but, never mind, when vacation comes we'll all be out.

### ROBERT FRANCIS BELL.

"Virtuous and virtuous every man must be,  
Few in the extreme but all in the degree."

It looks to us as though dancing and baseball come much more easily to you than the transcription of shorthand. Our hat comes off to you if you can get away with it, and apparently you have.

### GORDON FRANCIS BERRIDGE.

"Tobacco to drive dull care away—  
Joy in its fullest measure."

Who is a little hound on the typewriter; ready with an answer (usually correct), and also producing that disturbing atom of mischief which so worries the faculty and diminishes the pile of Afternoon Session slips? We'll say—Mr. Berridge.

### KARL VON BETZEN.

"From ignorance our comfort flows,  
The only wretched are the wise."

Oh, it is simply terrible to be called upon in History if one does not know the lesson. But school lets out at 1.45 if no Afternoon Sessions are received, so then for air and freedom of speech.

### ELIZABETH MARTHA BLANDFORD.

"A poor, lone woman."

She really likes Latin and Algebra and things like that; but she doesn't say much in History. As to cooking, we know. Never mind, the time may come when you can show how brightly a lone woman can shine.

### PAULINE HAMILTON BROAD.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

She's an actress, for even those in the back row heard her die—gracefully and pathetically; but John Alden and Priscilla scenes are more to her advantage.

### ARTHUR LEONARD BROWN.

"Good orators, when they are out, will spit."

Oh! for a chance to argue! As the blue-jay, perched high in a tree, continually chat-

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

tering about the vastness of nothing, so this would-be orator, with his perpetual marcel wave, may soon find his perch on a high limb, if he is not lost from view.

**WILLIAM LEONARD BURKE, JR.**

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

Oh, gentle youth, in the upper corner of the gym at lunch-time, we hear your feeble jokes and view your heroic attempts at horse play. Are you heroic in Shorthand?

**PHYLLIS CARPENTER.**

"Mr. Kremlin, sir, was distinguished for his ignorance; for he had only one idea and that was wrong."

It's rather hard luck to take another year of the everlasting grind; but what a cinch it will be. With English safely in the rear, life will be just one study period after another.

**BEATRICE FLORENCE CARRO.**

"Her smile is as the evening mild,  
When feather'd tribes are courting."

And not only when feathered tribes are courting, but also when the "real stuff" is being played upon the stage, for "B" goes to all the musical comedies and there her smile is much in evidence.

**CLIFFORD KNOWLTON CHANNELL.**

"Style is the dress of thought."

And Cliff is thinking constantly, at least on this subject, for report cards tell a sorry tale. But a man is judged by his clothes; not by his report card. What about it, Cliff? And, also, we have been told that report cards do not create excellent dancers.

**LILLIAN ISABEL CHATTERTON.**

"Hush, little child with the golden hair."

What a fine English sparrow you'd have made! They always appear to be "chewing the rag" over some nonsensical point; but whether your points are nonsensical or not, the fact remains that your name tells the truth.

**ULRIC HAMILTON CHILDRESS.**

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet."

It worked such wonders on him that he hasn't dared to look up since, because he is a sweet, pastoral number, very quiet, almost tongue-tied. Imaginations are vivid; so perhaps it's best to conceal them.

**LINDSEY CRAWFORD CHURCHILL.**

"You know who critics are?  
The men who have failed in literature and art."

Why do you rake the teachers so? They never harmed you much. And, before you criticize, think of the cheerless reception room and that awful feeling one receives just before the arrival of the principal.

**JOHN LOCKWOOD CLAYTON.**

"The height of his ambition is, we know,  
But to be master of a puppet show."

A second Daniel Webster with, we believe, the same appearance. If he can love as well "off the boards" as he does on, the girls had better beware. He's a star at football and taking tickets, but stars don't shine during History's reign.

**JOHN FRANCIS COTTER.**

"On a log behind the pig-sty of a modest little farm

Sits a freckled youth and lanky, red of hair and long of arm."

And when upon the football field

Of dear old Winthrop High,

'Twas he that kicked the old pigskin  
High into the sky.

**JOHN BERNIER CRONIN.**

"Oh, call it by some better name,  
For friendship sounds too cold."

March on, O representative of Eros, and let us hope the swagger of your head and heels may never assail your skill in pounding the typewriter, for you are a dabbler in this and a dabbler in that. Jack of all trades; master of none.

**RICHARD JOSEPH CURRAN.**

"A girl on my knee, a glass at my side,  
A lute to strum and a horse to ride,  
What can a man want more?"

The boy with the appetite of a regiment. Let the ladies, if they care for their larders, beware of him. Entrancing, courtly, foolish! A lion in society; but a past actor "after the ball." When it comes to driving an auto on a cold and rainy night, we can now see the reason for tire chain advertisements. In another's pantry—a hyena; but in Room 15—'snuff.

**HELEN CURTIS.**

"I am in earnest; I will be heard."

A little ray of sunshine in every class we have. Even the barren aspect of Room 15 does not chill her spirits, and her glasses, when gazed through backwardly, can always bring some comment and clear perception.

**ROBERT THOMAS DAW.**

"Here's to the man who loves his pipe,

The greatest of earthly pleasure,—"

The staunchest and bosom friend of Mr. Manter, who grants him the privilege of bearing little yellow messages to the office.



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These messages are mainly noted for the now famous saying, "2½ hours." He should receive a pension for these duties well performed.

### HARRY BENDER DEAN.

"I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none."

It's peculiar how "Bones" picks off the tall ones in football, basketball and baseball; but when it comes to women we notice he picks the short ones.

### HELEN JOSEPHINE DERVAN.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

Perhaps it is fortunate. Although you are pretty nice, for a quiet one you can surely hold your own. Sang-froid must be your chief composite part.

### ELINOR MARGARET DOHERTY.

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O."

Demosthenes had to put rocks in his mouth to talk; but we fear that you must seek dynamite. If you know your subject, all well and good; but when shall we know?

### TIMOTHY FRANCIS DONOVAN.

"She floats upon the rivers of his thoughts."

And upon more than one street corner; but what has this to do with basketball and spelling? But he can catch more than baseballs! See the ladies following him next time he goes past you. That's the answer.

### MURIEL THELMA DORR.

"She knows her man and when you rant and swear  
Can draw you to her with a single hair."

A mere word plus a recess will suffice to accomplish her end and this fair Atlas of the school corridor (when graduated) will be missed and later Mrs.

### MARY ELIZABETH DUNN.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main."

She's drifted her way through English, we notice, and she may continue to drift through life; but look out for cross currents, you may get soaked.

### RUTH DORIS EPSTEIN.

"It would talk,—  
Lord! how it talked."

We have nothing to say; she speaks for herself. No matter where the place or who the person, she always has the first, last and every word.

### WILLIAM CONLAM ERWIN.

"There never was a bad man that had ability for good service."

So that is why, when you want a thing well done, you go to "Bill," who smiles and does it. Yet is he successful in trying to evade the eagle eye of the teacher in Room 27?

### ALBERT ROGERS EVANS.

"From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;

Account for moral as for natural things."

He's very frivolous, especially around the ladies, whom, apparently, he likes very much. His famous hobby is taking lunch tickets. He has eaten in the lunch room all the year and is still living. Wonderful constitution!

### MARY ELIZABETH FERRINS.

"Thou of an independent mind  
With soul resolv'd, with soul resigned."

She hates to be teased, always does her work, and is very partial to colds in her head. But at the movies—you'd be surprised. Beware the Sailor, he's dangerous. So are library books long overdue.

### MARGUERITE VIRGINIA FITZPATRICK.

"To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale."

The whirlwind of thy merry dance,  
Thy evening gowns, at which we glance,  
And—a dab of rouge, a flock of paint  
Make girls seem what they really ain't.

### MARY MARGARET FLANNERY.

"I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men."

Here is another quiet number and she finds it's hard to express things, although, orally, it runs in the family. But remember—always be "Frank."

### JOHN CORNELIUS FLYNN.

"But his mien is proud and haughty  
And his brow is high and stern."

In spite of being the lengthiest boy in the class his pretty posing and alert classroom interest fill Miss Howatt with admiration and fill up her spare moments writing out Afternoon Session slips.

### PATRICK CLANCY FOOTE.

"He don't cut any ice at all  
In Fash'n's social plan."

This boy is a dramatic orator with Latin fires of eloquence coursing through his veins. Though it took two times,—what a result!

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### NORMAN FORD.

"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

Whither did he let him pass? Why, any gym period look in and see him pass either around the gym or to the office! By this time he is well acquainted with that yellow peril, the Afternoon Session slip.

### DEAN ETHERINGTON FREEMAN.

"My only books were women's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me."

Time has been your tutor. Evidently you have devoted your undivided attention to this subject. But we wonder on which side the division has come. Time will tell.

### MARGUERITE THERESA FURNISS.

"Honest labor bears an honest face."

Just to jingle the many keys of the typewriter is not all; but to skip with the light fantastic pencil in shorthand makes one believe that perhaps, after all, she has fairly earned her "job."

### FRANCIS LEONARD GALASSI.

"Music hath charms to calm the savage breast."

"Pop" is sure one fine fellow, and he can start our feet tripping when he tunes up his orchestra. The finished tunes of the orchestra show what a master musician "Pop" is.

### HELEN GENTLE GARBUTT.

"A bon marché." (A good bargain.)

A good cook must know how to make a good bargain, at least we fancy so. Where do you go? We recommend Woolworth's. But at the same time we estimate your value far above the common five and ten.

### RUTH GARDNER.

"Ho, little Sweetheart, how do you do?  
What has the world been doing for you?"  
Counting up columns and setting them straight,  
Pond'ring on shorthand and sitting up late.

### BERNICE MAUDE GATTER.

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?"

"You tell 'em, kid, you've got the education!" is Bernice's masterpiece. Her education, while not entirely confined to this example of knowledge, has been thoroughly trained in modern, up-to-the-minute American slang.

### GRACE MARIE GILLESPIE.

"Like a print in books of fables  
Or a model made for show."

From a convent came this maiden  
Not many months ago.  
Though her standard in her studies  
Is not high up in the "E's,"  
Her simple ways and manners  
Are the things that seem to please.

### ELIZABETH AUGUSTA GORDON.

"At this the blood the maiden's cheek forsook;

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look."  
It is a startled look of awe and fear,  
As though she knew her end was very near;  
For rumor has it that her marks are high,  
And she repeats the rumor till we cry.

### RUTH EUNICE GORDON.

"What can't be cured, must be endured."  
Full of "pep," with ringing step, she hits  
the classroom hard,  
Her answers fast, her answers loud, in a  
voice that can't be jarred.  
In History the shining light, she always  
heads the list,  
But Friday night at some class dance, we  
fear she'd ne'er be missed.

### DOROTHY HASKINS GRANT.

"The essence of frivolity  
Is Dorothy."

Ha! The originator of the Glee Club. She certainly can use her lungs and her feet as well. She must like trouble, but as for those nefarious social entertainments, we justifiably lift our hats to her.

### HELEN MARION GRAY.

"Be wise with speed;  
"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

Let's burn the candle at both ends and pass through an earthly round of jollity, but don't forget that this is your last chance for four years.

### FRANK WILLIAM HALLAM.

"Good talkers are usually found in Paris."

The majority of children first learn to say "Mama," but Frank did not start as tamely as that. His first sentence, and practically his only sentence since, was, "Read 'em and weep." We wonder whether he learned the art in Paris. Paris, we understand, is full of art. You ought to know, Frank.

### CHARLES HOOPER HARRIS.

"Like a dog he hunts in dreams."

"Chick" is a night owl and has learned to like the many nefarious social entertainments through his nurse, Ivan. Hence he is a devoted Bolshevik.



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### ANNA TERESA HARTT.

"I shall be like that tree,—I shall die at the top."

We hope that top will be the head of the oral composition class; for, after your years of earnest endeavor, you deserve the just rewards of heartbreaking effort.

### JOHN KINGSTON HERBERT.

"Every man meets his Waterloo at last."

"Hot Dog," Lunch Counter, Class President, Echo Business Manager, Trouble Maker and Office Retainer. Your path to that sacred sanctum is so frequently traversed, we fear the place will be lonely when you leave. You can play whist like an elephant picking pansies. Instead of dropping Alg., Geom., etc., why not drop (into) a couple of dances and Miss Key's exhibition.

### LEWIS BUSWELL HILL.

"I'm a-thinking of Polycon, dearie,  
Of receptions and Theism, too,  
But under it all runs a longing  
For one little kiss from you."

We're surprised and deeply pained that you could ever think of such a little, trivial and unimportant thing as that. Math. is more in your line, especially that gliding and sliding with your slide rule.

### JOHN PATRICK HILLBERG.

"There's something in the air  
Round about me everywhere,  
Faintly humming."

Does it worry us? Oh, no, because we know where he was the night before. What about being a hummer in shorthand? Why not hum, "Hum, Sweet Hum"?

### CHARLES HENRY HOLTHAUS.

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

You always get picked upon in English and French; but, never mind, when you're a millionaire you can loaf all day long. Won't that be great?

### EDWIN RUSSELL JENKINS.

"And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show."

And how he bears it! Especially we notice it at a basketball game or when he puts the quality in the Quality Shop. Some quality!

### MYRTLE MARY JENKS.

"I know on which side my bread is buttered."

And so does everyone else, to their own disgust. Perhaps if she were not so fickle and really made up her mind about someone, she'd get somewhere.

### ROBERT IRVING JOHONNOT.

"Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man.  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can."

He fancies he's a fancy dancer, but we fancy he'd better confine his efforts to checker-playing. The latter is a sure cure for that nasal irritation which is so detrimental towards the accomplishment of other people's endeavors.

### GORDON GRAY JONES.

"When melancholia comes to me  
In rings of smoke, I bid her flee."

If such is your devotion, perhaps it is well to avoid the ladies. They are occasionally dangerous. You know how much money they waste. They're always kind to a soldier boy, however; perhaps that's why you're a hit.

### GEORGE ARTHUR KEMP.

"And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke."  
Except when it's on himself. Another so-called "Jazz Artist," whose retiring hours are those small, unheard of 2's and 3's. Do you retire in Latin? Er-er. The poor little Kemp boy doesn't like sarcasm, it makes him cry.

### CHARLES DOUGLAS KILEY.

"The stars am a-shining,  
The mole am a-mining.  
Hush, little baby, don't cry."

Here's your Kazoo; jazz away. Shoot a little basket and a little mouth and tease Miller; but—don't be too warlike, it's dangerous.

### RUTH IRENE KIRK.

"Love came and went and left me what I am."

But we think that it's come again. At least it is the means of Ruth's wanting a P. G. course next year. Seeing that she is such a hard worker we want to know how she finds any time to hold up the corridor wall.

### MARJORIE KITSON.

"Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay."  
Never mind the reading, she can write. Sorry you had to leave us; but thanks for the story.

### SARA KEARNEY LARKIN.

"Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally."

She's smart enough, we all know, but why try to conceal it? Perhaps she could "raise the Dickens" if she started. Are you afraid of the Office? "Freckles" is her name, but has she all of Freckles' virtues?

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### CHARLES EDWARD LAVOIX.

"Whose life is healthful and whose conscience clear,  
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year."

Charlie is a wizard at football and basketball, but the first of the year he was rather bashful among the ladies. However, as the year went on, he came out of his shell and now is quite accomplished in female society.

### ALBERT LETSON.

"The world could do without us if we would but think so."

Now, Albert, take our word and let the ladies alone; never look backward, especially in Geometry. However, you are not backward because you are too forward, but perhaps this satisfies those Everett girls. Your presents are refreshing.

### JOHN HAYWOOD LEWIS.

"The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily."

When rolled by the "Master Hand." "Come seven, come eleven; baby needs a pair of shoes," and other like expressions must be very familiar to you by now. But, can you say them in French? This has been a bad year for Jack. How many pairs have you lost?

### SADIE LIBERMAN.

"Yee have many strings to your bowe."

It might be well to cut out a few and use those left to advantage. But all your strings are not made out of horse-hair. Eyes, lips, expression,—sorry we can't go further,—we'd like to.

### HAROLD FREDERICK LINDERGREEN.

"A mother's pride; a father's joy."

And the teacher's also. What a number of virtues he possesses! Is the boy a shining light in the social circle? One look suffices. How well the ponderous subjects take to him.

### STEPHEN FRANCIS LITTLETON, JR.

"Less said soonest mended."

Which should be taken to heart, for you are a shining example of school spirit, sports and sponging on someone else for lessons. One immediately thinks of a wreck; yet that is not the case, for without such worthy youths as is this specimen, where would the high school be?

### ANNA JULIA LYNCH.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Poets deal with the blushing of flowers when the breezes gently kiss them. Could it be possible that blushes are caused by other means?

### HAZEL LOUISE McLEOD.

"You can tell a good girl wherever she's found,

No trimming, no lace, no nonsense around."

You must be pretty strong now, after a year's exercise, walking around with the notices. Some people were born lucky; but you were born quiet.

### BENJAMIN MILLER.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Our handsomest boy and one whom all call smart. Very frequently in the gym we hear your raucous pleasantries and often long for the pleasure of the plagues of Egypt. But, what's the use, you fill the bill.

### LILLIAN MARGARET MILLINGTON.

"For speech is shallow and silence deep,  
What heart feels most we cannot speak."

Here is where we use the soft pedal. She's slow and stately like a minuet; but what a relief from the many "Jazz-affected" in the High School.

### ARTHUR ALEXANDER MOORE.

"I rarely read Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version."

Jinx is fond of music, yea, even musical, for he can well interpret the music of the bones. 'Tis too bad that these interpretations aren't as successful when applied to Latin and French. That's when a good version would come in handy.

### WALTER BROWN MORRISON.

"He never says a foolish thing,  
And never does a wise one."

Let's look at his reputation. Compare the adjective close. He has the principles of a millionaire, that's why he landed the first job. With the former in view he'll be a millionaire some day.

### DOROTHY AGNES MULDOON.

"You with the dark and weary eyes,  
Weary of love and sacrifice."

It's nice to take a crack at basketball, but rough on the gang when you take a crack at them. Your virtue—shall we call it metallic courage? Aye, aye, courage; but keep away from Kimball's.

### MADELINE MARIE MULDOON.

"Our little systems have their day,  
Some little systems pass away,  
But those of the Winthrop High School here  
Are bound to last for many a year."



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### GEORGE ANDREW MURPHY.

"The boys in this country, they try to advance

By courting the ladies and learning to dance."

George is advancing rapidly, but he is faster at courting and dancing than, we fear, he will ever be at translating Latin.

### RICHARD MURRAY.

"If you've anyone to love,  
Like a blessing from above—  
Love her."

Around the old red schoolhouse this lad is very quiet,

But give him his favorite drum traps and  
"Dick" will start a riot.

### JACK GEORGE NATHANSON.

"'Tis merry a hall, where beards wag all."

Jack don't let his beard wag at a dance, his spats have that little job, and they are some "waggers," even if they compel Jack to relax in the stern educational grind.

### CHARLES SOUTHWORTH NEWMARCH.

"A pretzel, a pretzel, my kingdom for a pretzel."

That "Dinky" is quite noseey  
Is a fact that's widely known;  
For he's always minding business,  
Though it never is his own.

### ALBERT ANDREWS NIELSON.

"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."

You look it. All the wrinkles of worried care upon your broad forehead could be contained on the face of a typewriter key, which, we understand, you can bang quite rapidly.

### DOROTHY PAULA NORRIS.

"I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."

So will the rest of us. Is your favorite song "Slow and Easy"?

### HELEN AGNES O'TOOLE.

"Why should the Devil have all the good times?"

No reason whatsoever. That's why we get some of them. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come, but we know how to expect better things from you.

### ALICE GERALDINE PORTER.

"The skillful nymph reviews her force with care,

'Let spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were."

"Come! wake up, old lady, it's your turn now; trump in on your partner's ace." And eat! She's got some of the boys beaten. It's a different story going home at half past twelve.

### CARL NEWTON PRATT.

"Bright as a cloudless summer sun."

How beautiful are those calm and gentle Geometry periods. Just exactly like the intricate maze of the waltz; but, somehow, we think you prefer the latter. Are we right?

### ARTHUR ALFRED PROMISEL.

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Oh, wild and wicked youth, are you a terror in society? We know you are a student by nature; but what do you know?

### RUTH MABEL RAMSEY.

"Thou art not like the roses,  
However fair they be;  
Their beauty sweet is all too fleet,  
But thine can never flee."

It's funny how she can slip around in this High School. She's faster than an Afternoon Session dodger.

### DOROTHY MAY ROBERTS.

"I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! Beware!"  
Ambition is her middle name,  
The art of vamping is her fame;  
And under this effective guise,  
She ruins many with her eyes.

### MILDRED ROGERS.

"Her jolly whistle was well ywette."  
"Whistling girls and cackling hens  
Always come to some bad ends."

### IRENE RUSSELL.

"I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty."

One would hardly recognize the fact by her silent and swift method of passing in the corridors. It must be wonderful to be quiet and good!

### RALPH RUSSELL.

"Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall!"

"Boozer" must be studying to be a priest, as he pays so much attention to the "Kirk."

### RUTH SAWTELL.

"She has the teacher in her thoughts  
Appears a hero in her eyes."

Why is it that History forms such an important subject in her curriculum? It must be more than History; one would be inclined to believe that the answer is in the warmth of color found in the setting. This must be so, as English holds no charms for her.

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### EVELYN FRANCES SAWYER.

"They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods, they change for worse."

Here is a swift changer. She looks pretty constant, but she knows how to fluctuate. It's rather hard on some of them, but when there is a long lingering regard for the first—that's different.

### ESTHER BELL SEGAL.

"Helter Skelter,  
Hurry Scurry."

And then some. Across the stage, through the halls and in the dressing rooms, your path always resounds with the expected, accustomed and nonsensical laughter. Some call it—giggling.

### THELMA WHITNEY SEIBERT.

"The sweet simplicity of the three per cents."

Acting, reading, dancing and basketball are nothing to her now compared to a new interest in "Bones."

### ALICE JEANETTE SIMPSON.

"Believe me, I have looked, and tell you true  
That naught beyond is half so fair as you."

Honestly, everyone likes her—the boys especially. Slandorous expressions are never near her. What are the reasons? Merely:—1. Her pantry. 2. Her complexion. 3. Her disposition. 4. Her social excellencies.

### HELEN THELMA SIMSON.

"Abnormis sapiens." (Wise without instruction.)

Here is a girl that likes uniforms,—every once in a while she adds another to her collection. They make life interesting, and dancing picturesque.

### HAROLD HYMEN SISSON.

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

We'll say you can go on. You talk forever, provided you are furnished with a subject; but in German, we would imagine, you worry a little. Can it be possible?

### HARRY HOWARD SMITH.

"So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue  
Far in sin to stray."

Well, Smith, you are some boy. Somehow we have the impression that you are hard-boiled. But don't let Miller put anything over on you, because it doesn't pay.

### VIVIAN ELIZABETH SMITH.

"Gay gowns and laces, merry young faces,  
Couples in alcoves, talking quite low."

Say, it must be fine to forever be having a good time, and at someone else's expense; but if "Nicholls" are plentiful you should worry.

### MARJORIE LOUISE SOMERVILLE.

"Who, through long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in her soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."  
Through studies long and lengthy  
And nights with horrible dreams  
Pianos, drums and banjos  
Don't jar her yet, it seems.

### HARRY SPUNT.

"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell  
On a rock or in a cell?"

Have your features been cast in marble? They look it. Through the opaqueness of Solid Geometry it is hard to radiate your intelligence. Well have you been named, "Dumb-bell."

### STANLEY WILTON STEDFAST.

"Brain him with his lady's fan."

When it comes to fans and footballs "Stan" is a heavyweight, but in his studies, it is noticed that this weighty disposition has a tendency to be especially prominent from the neck up. Therefore we recommend him as an object lesson in Solid Geometry.

### IRENE ELIZABETH STEELE.

"But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast  
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?"

Then let the polished reflections of your violin bring forth the brighter sunlight of your face. We must have music, no matter what the cost.

### DORIS ELWYNN STRIEBECK.

"She left us in the bloom of May."

But now she's blooming in Boston with a job to which she can apply herself with her usual assiduity.

### JOHN SANBORN STRONG.

"The race is not to the swift, nor  
The battle to the strong."  
"Rowboat" carries a heavy lunch  
To make him big and Strong,  
Just watch him dive out through the door  
When he hears that dinner gong.

### RUTH ELIZABETH SULLIVAN.

"Speak low if you speak of love."

Harp, Harpist, Harpies,—hold on, that is as far as the train goes, for when it comes to a delicate social situation we doff our hats to this lioness of social delicacy.



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### LEWIS SWETT.

"I saw and loved."

For one look you're surely getting your nickel's worth. Every time the rest of us look we always see you near the door of Room 30, supporting the corridor wall. Later you may have to support more than the wall, but experience counts.

### ALAN PETER TERRILE.

"He ain't no 'pretty soldier boy,'  
So lovely, spick and span."

But can he act like an acrobat, and can he fool like a clown? He'd be just the one to fill out a program for Barnum & Bailey. They'll get him yet.

### HELEN FRANCESCA TEWKSBURY.

"Parent of vapours, and of female wit;  
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit."

And these fits are confined to jitneys. But why? We would suggest that rural atmosphere which has so permeated her former existence. And she still thinks that Maine is better than Massachusetts.

### ELEANOR LORETTA TIERNEY.

"What dire offence from amorous causes  
springs  
What mighty contests rise from trivial  
things."

Oh! those trivial things and the time wasted on them! Here's another one that likes a snap—P. G. course next year.

### IRENE RUTH VERRY.

"This to disclose is all thy guardian can;  
Beware of all, but most beware of man."

We fancy this is rather good advice and we notice that so far you have heeded it well. But remember—the last lap is always the hardest, so use discrimination.

### JOHN CHARLES WAKEFIELD.

"There'll be time enough hereafter  
For dull learnings' dusty lore;  
Now for revel, song and laughter,—  
Youth departed comes no more."

This boy sure hates to debate in History, and at those few necessary periods takes a day off at the Orpheum. But outside of that "Jack" is all right; knows Who's Who in Hoover, and What's So in the Social Committee.

### HAROLD WINTHROP WHEELER.

"With every word (that Ivan says) a reputation dies."

The pen is mightier than the sword (or thumb-tack) especially when wielded by Ivan, the editor of the "Red Flag." He is an authority on burlesque from the front row.

### HYMEN WHITE.

"A man I am, cross'd with adversity."

Is it by this cross that you solve your Algebra examples? Hymen is smart, there is no doubt about. Look at some of those "Tech" classes where he is the main educational wonder and the savior of his fellow-sufferers.

### CAROLYN LOUISE WHITEMORE.

"They say miracles are past."

But we don't say it for here is a weighty and fitting illustration. At Math., etc., excellent, but "lucky at cards, unlucky in love."

### JOHN CALDERWOOD WHORF.

"If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter, soon or late, or here or there."

Well, John, we're glad you're graduating with us. You sure have had your share of hard luck; but perfection in your line is not so very far away.

### IRIS WINGERSKY.

"Studying. Please do not disturb.

Just as well to go away;

She's absorbed in noun and verb  
Not at home to you today."

What a freedom it is to be relieved from the cares of home study. The hour of intense work commences at 8.19 and lasts until the first class. It's a great life if you like it.

### GRAFTON ALEXANDER WOOD.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Football, basketball, baseball and only seventeen. Are you the boy wonder? Keep it up. In school he pays little attention to the opposite sex, but one can never tell.

### PAL O' MINE.

I'm awf'ly lonesome nowadays.

I wonder why!

And if being lonesome pays,

Hear a fellow sigh!

I'm awf'ly lonesome nowadays,

And it doesn't seem quite true,

That the reason for all my loneliness

Is just spelled Y-O-U.

But really, Pal, it is—

Tho small the word may seem;

And how I miss you, Pal o' Mine,

You'd never even dream.

But sometimes when I'm lonesomest

And haven't much to do,

A little thought steals up to me,

And whispers kindly, cheeringly,

That, p'raps you're lonesome, too!

—Henrietta Perkins, '21.



### THE TAMING OF MAJOR BRISTLER.

The trouble was that we were a parcel of dug-outs. When we mustered round the mess-table we looked like a jury of middle-aged pessimists deliberating over a case that had lasted too long.

It was the third year of the war, you see.

Ours was the Yedley Anti-Aircraft Training Depot; commandant, Major Sir Charles Bristler, C. B. We were ten miles from the nearest station, fifty miles from London, and for four months out of the twelve our bungalows were like houseboats moored in a mud-flat.

The staff, of course, was a permanent one, more or less. They were there to instruct drafts of gunners in the special art of aiming at 'planes and Zeppelins. They were all artillery officers, with the exception of the surgeon and the chaplain.

The commandant was an old Indian officer, who had not seen service for thirty years. He had the usual Indian liver. / I admit that some of his staff were the limit, but it was only what might be expected. The sound ones were wanted elsewhere.

We might have shuffled along all right had it not been for the major. Age and lack of experience had not dimmed his desire for that ancient type of military discipline that died gloriously with the "Old Contemptibles" at Mons.

He forgot that that kind of discipline is a ripened product, a slow maturization that began away back in the dimness of time, when regiments were small family gatherings; when the elder sons, in the form of the old soldier, took the younger sons out into the woods behind Aldershot Camp and hammered the fear of the Laird and the pride of the corps into their hearts and bodies. You cannot improvise traditions—and if you could there isn't time to do it in the middle of a big war.

Most of us at Yedley recognized this, but the major wouldn't or couldn't.

"You.....the right of the line?"

"You.....the terror of the world?"

"You.....the pride of the British Army?"

A snort!

"God help you for a lot of flat-footed, herring-trained, fumble-fingered TAILORS!"

I think that every squad formed for training heard this little effort, that started softly and slowly and worked itself up into a bellow.

It was usually about the tenth day it came. The squads were there only for a month at a time, and each squad knew just how the other stood by dating from and to that "right of line" outburst.

Most of them quailed under it. Whatever he might be, Major Sir Charles Bristler, C. B., certainly looked like a fire eater, and he ruled that depot with a rod of iron.

It was the staff that suffered most. The commandant held their fates in the hollow of his hand. He could promote or send away just as his choleric fancy prompted him. Not that we suffered in silence, but our solemn conferences never came to anything, for the simple reason that we lacked a leader. You see a baronet—and a C. B.—is somewhat of a personage, and the old man knew his job.

I don't think there was a camp in all England that paraded as often as we did. There were also minor matters, such as kit inspection every week, medical officer's inspection every three days, and barrack-room inspection every day.

From dawn till dusk the depot hummed like a hive. The commandant, apparently, had no friends and no home ties. He never went on leave, and he had a fixed and rooted objection to granting that little luxury.

"There's a war on, and you're drawing extra-duty pay for extra-duty work. Give you till Saturday night."

From Friday afternoon to Saturday night was his idea of a week-end pass.

The miscellaneous collections of gunners



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who used to come for their training accepted it as a sort of penance, and it did not last too long. Four weeks—and they were out of the torture-chamber again; but the staff had to endure it month after month.

The dark threats that were muttered around would have been fearsome had they not been heard so many times before. That bull-necked, grisly-moustached relic from the old Indian Army waded through it all absolutely unperturbed.

Hope of a change had long died away in the breasts of his subordinates; the end of the war was the only possible solution of the difficulty, it seemed, when—the “Gink” came.

We were sitting in the mess, dozing over newspapers, when the door was swung open with a crash, and there sauntered into the dimly lighted room a lean, long figure in khaki. No one ever entered our mess like that; it was usually a catlike slipping around the corner of a half-opened door and a quick ravishing into an unobtrusive corner. Two strides brought the tall figure well under the lamp, and I think that every eye went to his sleeve.

One star!

One solitary pip—and an entry that only a general would have made.

He was in R. F. C. uniform and wore the neat forage-cap, tilted at an angle over his eye. His hair was fiery red and cropped close. His face was distinctly ugly, freckled, tanned, and with many lines about the eyes and down the long, straight nose.

“Say, gentlemen, can any of you tell me who that gink with the crown and color-chart on his chest might be?”

It was not a bad voice. Indeed, it was distinctly musical—we found later that he could sing rare love-ballads in a fine baritone—but there was the unmistakable nasal in it that marked the Yankee blood.

Topliss, our only full lieutenant, rose to his feet. Topliss had been shell-shocked at Ypres, and was now marked “Home Service only.”

Topliss had a little streak of humor in him that came to the surface then.

“If you would describe the—er—the ‘gink,’” he said, sweetly.

Our tall stranger wheeled to him.

“Fat little fellow, moustache like a played-out shaving brush, and leans on his chin when he talks to you.”

Augustus John could not have drawn that portrait with defter strokes.

“Then that—gink is the commandant here

—Major Sir Charles Bristler—er—C. B.,” said Topliss.

The average British officer would have collapsed, apologised, or fled. The Gink did none of these things.

“Then he’s the man I’ve got to report to,” he said, looking around. “Has anyone got a lonely siphon?”

Four of us jumped to follow the hint. Malcolm tipped over his chess-board and didn’t even stop to pick up the pieces.

“You are joining—us?”

“Sure thing. This is the Anti-Aircraft Depot, I suppose?”

We assured him that it was. His keen, bright eyes seemed to single each one of us out as he drank.

“You must be having a bully time of it here,” he said. “It is some camp! All the paths lined with whitewashed stones; everythin’ neat and pretty. You fellers know how to do yourselves good all right!”

He was actually envying us!

“I’ve been hanging around London for five mortal months, and I’m sick to death of the place. It’s good to be where something is really doing.”

We dared not enlighten him. Who were we to crush the soul and joy out of this young, rampant life that had blown down on us, as a summer wind on a musty group of rooted stumps?

“Hadn’t you better get along and report to the commandant?” Topliss put in, very softly.

The Gink bunched his burberry tighter under his arm.

“Yes, I think I ought to do that. I sort of put my foot in it just now, though, and I shouldn’t be surprised if he’s a bit peeved.”

We dared not let him go then.

“What happened? I asked.

He looked across at me. My three stars were addressed in the correct way.

“Well, sir, I took a short cut—came through the flower beds. I didn’t like to step on the whitewashed stones, they looked so mighty cute. I heard someone holler out behind me, and I had a look round.”

It might have been imagination but did we not see the pointed chin stiffen?

“What made you think he wasn’t addressing you?”

The Gink shifted his pose slightly.

“He was calling someone a ‘flat-footed clodhopper.’”

From the door there came a scrape and the jangle of spurs. There were only two members of that mess who wore spurs con-

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stantly. The crowd around the newcomer melted in a way that they ought to have been ashamed of.

The commandant came into the room, clicking his spurs on the threshold.

"Who is the senior officer here," he barked. I acknowledged the honor.

"Well, sir, I would be glad if you would make it your duty to find a Flying Corps officer who has just arrived here and—"

It was only then that he saw the tall slim figure under the lamp.

The Gink took a step forward, slapped his heels together, and reported himself.

"Second-Lieutenant Gilson Rathmay Fale, —Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, sir. Ordered by War Office to report to commandant, Anti-Aircraft Training Depot, Yedley Camp."

No Grenadier guardsman, rattling off a command, could have delivered that speech in better form.

"Se—second Lieutenant Gilson what's it, what's it," our tyrant repeated in a terrible voice, "might I ask you what the devil you meant by deliberately turning your back on me, sah? Who the blazes do you think you are, sah?"

Bristler came a step nearer to the tall figure. His eyes were starting out of his purple face, and by every law of the gods and prophets Second-Lieutenant G. R. Fale ought to have crumpled up into a little wet weed.

"You heard me, sah. Don't deny it. You heard me."

Our commandant was inclined to trip over his breath when he was really annoyed. He did so now, and gave the Gink (for it was by that name that we knew him forever after) his chance.

I had never really appreciated the cold, icy calm of the real American accent until that moment. It cut the still air like a knife; every word distinct, clean-cut, absolute.

"I heard you calling someone a 'flat-footed clodhopper,' but I did not take that to mean me, I guess."

The tall figure moved easily.

"You see, I was wearing King George's uniform, sir, jest the same as you were, and I reckoned it out that it must be some low-class civilian that you were shoutin' at.

There was nothing in that speech to give offence—the voice was as placid as it was clear; but Topliss, who was behind the major, saw the look in the Gink's eyes.

"You—you thought—"

Again the calm voice interrupted.

"I guess I was mistaken. You meant it for me. You came in just now and spoke about a Flying Corps officer and I guess I'm the only Flying Corps officer here."

The burberry was patted down over the long arm.

"I take it," said the Gink, very slowly, "that you were anxious to find me, to apologize. I guess we all lose our tempers at the best of times, and I ain't the sort to nurse a wrath."

It was becoming really painful. I could hear Ramsy breathing like a wheezy bug, in my ear.

"I'm waiting, sir," said the Gink.

It was eye to eye now, and it was Major Sir Charles Bristler who caved. Kings' Rules and Regulations are woefully out of date, and need drastic revision, but there are in them some little wisdom left; and one of the wisest paragraphs is that dealing with the conduct of a superior to his subordinate. I need not quote chapter and verse; we are all soldiers these days.

It had taken a great deal of courage—although the Gink seemed entirely unaware of that—on the part of the newcomer to leap up to that point, but it took much greater courage on the commandant's part to face it.

But he did.

That purple face suddenly underwent an extraordinary change. It slid into a mass of lines; little puckered grooves around the grizzled moustache. The eyes loaded themselves for a moment, then emerged into the light again.

"By Gad!" said Major Sir Charles Bristler. Then suddenly and swiftly he thrust out his hand, and it hooked itself into the Gink's arm.

"What'll you have to drink, sir?"

"Mine's a whiskey, major."

Someone booted the waiter forward, and as one man the whole mess stood up to watch the ceremony.

Of course, you understand that a superior officer **cannot** apologize to his subordinate—never has, and never will. For a superior officer, to be a superior officer, must always be in the right, just as a subordinate must always be in the wrong.

It was not one or two whiskies that the hurrying waiter measured out; there was a glass in every man's hand when the final scene came.

"Good luck, Mr. Fale!" said the commandant.



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We drank that toast in silence, but with a new and enlarged vista in front of us. Then, when the empty glasses were set down with a thud on the table, the major shook his fist at the Gink.

"Why the devil did you tramp across my flower-bed, you long-legged rascal?"

The Gink smiled the smile of perfect understanding.

"Because I was a flat-footed clod-hopper, sir," said he.

That little episode, I must tell you, brought peace to Yedley. —MARJORIE KITSON, Ex '20.

### A PARTY.

(From a Cynic's Viewpoint.)

I have been to a party. I hope it is my last. Everyone said that the party was a success. I did not—and here is the reason why.

The 'Affair' commenced at eight o'clock. It was a neighborhood party, and as I am dangerously in the neighborhood, I was compelled to carry six chairs, one table, and one dozen and a half plates and spoons to the home of the hostess. I might not have minded this so much if it were not for the fact that there was an abundance of snow upon the ground—hard, slippery snow and, as I found out,—very inconvenient. But then, as I fell down only twelve times—it could have been worse.

At least one hour was necessary to prepare that glowing appearance so common among youths of seventeen. Frequent trips were made in search of collars, socks, etc., and, in the end, father's wardrobe, I fear, was sadly depleted. But the departure of hat, scarf and socks really deserved some comment, adverse or otherwise.

At the party everyone sat around and appeared to be wishing for anything but the immediate present. The older people looked in and playfully remarked, "What a bashful crowd!"

Then the action commenced with some games that had as much point to them as the upper region of a piano leg. Some of the gentlemen looked expectant, and some of them, I thought, looked disgusted. Time passed in this way until ten o'clock and then came the refreshments—of course the inevitable ice cream and cake.

After the refreshments the party began to be more active. Repeated calls were made for "Post Office." It was evident that "Post Office" was much in favor. Numbers and seats were assigned to us and some designing person placed me directly over the

register—going full blast, and I became literally and decidedly hot under the collar. But number thirteen, mine, was called and I escaped from the tortures of Hades.

I walked into a small unlighted hall. A young lady walked into the other room. I called a number and another young, fair and comely maiden walked into the hall.

Said she, "You may go now."

"Oh, of course," I murmured, and walked out. But I said to myself, "I fail to see the reputed possibilities in this game."

I was called upon two more times with, apparently, the same results. But others were not so unfortunate, for numbers six, eighteen and twenty were in constant and lengthy demand. One ambitious youth called three numbers at once. Thereupon ensued a rush for that small, darkened, hall. Every chair, window seat, stair and closet was occupied. Someone said that the party was growing "wild." I believed him, for I was left alone in the outside room.

People began to appear with hats and coats so I went to procure mine. As I opened the closet door the hostess was compelled to reluctantly untwine her arms from a gentleman's neck. Perhaps this act was unfortunate for her, because influenza laid her low the next day. Was the party a success? Oh—certainly!

—L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL, '20.

### DREAMS.

Oh, I builded me a castle,  
In the deep blue sky above;  
Yes, I builded me a castle,  
And its resting stone was love.  
But the gods grew jealous of it  
So a great wind came one day,  
And blew my golden castle  
Into fragments far away.  
Then I builded me a sailboat  
And set it on the sea,  
And filled it full of day dreams,  
Hopes, and fancies, all of thee.  
But a storm arose; 'twas shipwrecked  
On the cruel, piercing rocks—  
And all my dreams were shattered;  
Old Fortune sits and mocks.

But I am still a dreaming,  
'Spite of all they do to me;  
Yes, I am still a dreaming,  
For, Sweetheart, don't you see  
That taking land o'dreams away  
For just one single hour,  
Is more than most impossible,  
And past all mortal power?

—Henrietta Perkins, '21.

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### THE JUGGER JUGGED.

Last summer I spent a week fishing on the Morgan River in southwestern Maine. After several days of fine luck with the game fish, I decided to try "Jugging for catfish." This method of catching these large fish consists merely of stringing up several jugs or the like and letting them float along the river. There is a large hook attached at the bottom of these "floating guides" and when one notices these jugs bobbing up and down it is a signal to go and pull in the victims, for they are caught on the hooks.

Rowing over to Belmont city, about a mile away, I secured some large hooks, strong line, a half dozen large jugs, and some beef liver for bait. I floated down the river a short distance, as I rigged up the jugs; then I placed them on the water all rigged out, each jug being about thirty feet from the others, in the middle of the stream, which was wide at this point; and then I drifted along in the rear, watching for a strike. There was not much current, so the jugs moved down slowly.

After floating along for a few hundred yards the jug at the head of the line began to jump around and then disappeared, popped up again, and started out slowly toward the far bank. I hurried after the jug, soon came alongside and got a hold on the line. After quite a struggle I succeeded in getting a fine fifteen pound catfish safely into the boat.

I had just placed the jug back into line again and dropped in behind the string, when I heard someone yelling from the shore. I paid no attention, but drifted on, watching the row of jugs for another strike. Suddenly I heard the sharp crack of a high-power rifle, and a bullet splashed the water just ahead of the boat. Astounded, I looked up, and on the bank ahead I saw a man looking down the barrel of a perfectly good Winchester.

"Hang on to the oars, Pard," he said, "or I'll perforate you; and head her in this way quick!"

I turned the boat and cut for the bank at my best speed and without any discussion, as I imagined that I could see at least seventeen long bullets in that gun.

As I grounded the boat, I got the order, "Hands up."

You bet they went up, and it was all that I could do to hold my feet down.

"Now get up and come out," said my captor.

I came out with my hands skyward and my knees bumping. As I came up the bank, he fell in behind and slipped a pair of handcuffs on me before I could realize what was going on. Then, taking a trace chain out of his pocket, he locked me to a tree. After that he hurried down to the boat, saying, "Don't worry, I'll be back for you as soon as I gather up the jugs."

He rowed rapidly out and soon had all the jugs in the boat; then he headed for the bank. As soon as he landed he picked up one of the jugs, uncorked it, took a smell, looked a little astonished and tried another and another, until he had smelled them all. After this he looked rather foolish. Finally he began to laugh, and came up to the tree to which I was locked, saying, "I'm a bonehead, and I don't know how to apologize to you for this deal; but I thought I had a cinch. I'm a deputy sheriff of this county, and I've been laying around here for two days to catch a smooth whiskey peddler who floats down here, where it's bone dry, from the wet country in Canada, jugging for catfish with his jugs nearly full of whiskey; and when I saw you drifting along after that line of jugs, I'd bet my head on a sure thing."

—G. GORDON BARRY, '20.

### OUR MORNING TRIALS.

It is quite a distance to the High School from some parts of the town, so the pupils living in these parts are forced to ride at least two or three times a week, if not more.

The train which is due at the Beach Station at about 7.40 is usually from ten to fifteen minutes late, at this time of year especially; but, if we take our time walking to the station, the train is invariably right on time. It is a real pleasure to board the train and hear some "learned" conductor cry out, "Well, **children** (!), of course we like to get the money for the road, but you ought to walk to school these **nice** mornings and get some color in your cheeks. If you'd walk more often, you'd feel better." (We aren't capable judges as to whether we feel able to take that **good, nice** walk of over a mile **twice** a day.)

When we finally get on the train, after listening to these fatherly remarks for quite a few seconds, there is not a seat to be found, and a great many of the working people are asking why the train is so late. Foolish questions! We school "children" are always blamed for everything, so naturally, the



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blame is laid on us. It's a good thing there is somebody to blame—really, I don't know what the Winthrop people would do without us!

One morning recently, there were so many on the train that the conductor had to give up trying to collect the "children's" tickets. When we attempted to get off the train, it was found impossible to do so unless the people would condescendingly let us squeeze by them, a thing which most of them refused to do. As it was a very cold morning and I preferred not to walk back from Ingalls, I very politely asked a man if he would please allow me to pass (he was very large, and took up two-thirds of the narrow aisle); he told me in a very snappy way to wait until those "kids" got out of the way and he could get a seat, and then he would let me out. He was so nice and considerate that I said "thank you," and squeezed out the other door. A sample of a Winthrop gentleman! A good many of them are similar to this one.

When we get out of the train, the pleasant conductor almost always has a parting remark. We go through all these trials on the way home, too, so, if the weather permits, the majority (I for one) prefer to walk.

—*Marjorie L. Somerville, '20.*

### DRESS.

#### 1.

A tunic and a veil,  
Of colors bright or pale;  
The flowing robe, all draped so neat,  
So simple were the sandaled feet.  
And thus the Ancients wore their clothes:  
All other styles from these arose.

#### 2.

High ruffles round the neck,  
And skirts a trifle speck  
Too wide. With long and flowing  
sleeves,—  
The narrow waist no breath space  
leaves.  
And thus the clothes of "Middle Days,"  
That matched their prim and stately ways.

#### 3.

A long and slinky gown  
With neck quite low cut down.  
Short sleeves, and drapery round  
the hips,  
And then a narrow skirt that trips.  
And styles are growing worse and worse;  
They quite deplete the family purse.

—*M. Eleanore Mittelstead, '21.*

### MR. SMART'S STRAWBERRIES.

One Thursday evening, late in April, Mr. Smart appeared home some eighty minutes after the usual dinner hour. Mrs. Smart greeted her husband kindly and pleasantly, without showing the least impatience. She knew, from the eager, flushed face of her husband, that his mind at that very moment was reveling in the prospect of some great venture.

"You are a little late, my dear," said Mrs. Smart sweetly. "I trust you have not been terribly rushed at the office today?"

Mr. Smart deposited on the floor a large bundle, neatly and carefully tied. Then, divesting himself of his hat and coat, answered, "No, my dear, I have not been detained at the office. I read this morning an advertisement in a magazine, which has made a deep impression on my mind and, Mrs. Smart, there is at this very moment a great plan being evolved in my mind. However, my brain would function much better, I judge, if I but had something to satisfy the pangs of my hunger. I will enlighten you further on the subject after we have finished our repast. Please put these catalogues where they won't be thrown out," he finished, "they might prove useful."

Mrs. Smart, as my reader will readily suspect, was bubbling over with curiosity about this new venture, but she did not dare to question her husband further, lest his great scheme, which was still in an extremely delicate condition, might become so deranged as to be beyond repair.

After the table had been cleared of the hearty part of the meal, the cook brought in a strawberry shortcake. It was certainly a sight to make the most delicate stomach heir to a ferocious appetite—whipped cream an inch thick, and strawberries, red and juicy, scattered profusely throughout the whole cake,—certainly an inviting appearance it presented. Mr. Smart's eyes feasted on such a sight.

"My dear," said Mr. Smart, with an exultant note in his voice, "I might as well state now the contents of my thoughts. That advertisement which I read this morning was about the production of strawberries. Mrs. Smart, do you realize the millions of dollars which are being spent annually on this delicious fruit?"

"No," replied his wife meekly, "I have never given the matter much thought. Certainly there must be some money in them, though—I paid seventy-five cents for this basket of berries."

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"During the day," Mr. Smart went on to expound, "I have been mentally active." Hereupon he drew from his pocket a slip of paper. "Read this," he commanded, "look at the immense profits that are to be made. Within three months you shall have that electric coupé that I have so long promised you, and Smart's Berries will be known the world over for their superior quality and strain."

Mrs. Smart eyed with great calmness the slip of paper, which read thus:

2000 plants .....	\$	40.00
Production cost .....		2,000.00

Bearing per season, 40,000 quarts		
@ 75c .....	\$	30,000.00
		2,040.00

Clear profit .....\$27,960.00

"This is all very well, Mr. Smart," said she, "but where do you intend to place these two thousand plants?"

Mr. Smart thought a moment.

"That point I have yet to evolve," he sighed.

—ULRIC H. CHILDRESS, '20.

### JUNIOR VIRTUES.

Should Kismet take from all my friends  
A virtue here and there  
Someone's red lips, someone's blue eyes,  
White teeth or curly hair—

For 'tho each girl is charming  
And in herself so dear,  
The "tout ensemble" is something  
To make all wise men fear—

And should you meet a lassie  
One of these fine spring days,  
With teeth as white as Dot B's (Bicknell)  
And eyes like Ellamae's, (Flynn)

Shaded with heaving lashes  
As long as Billy Bates'; (Wilma Bates)  
A nose like Saint Cecilia's (O'Toole)  
And feet like Zita's mates (Foley)—

Cheeks as pink as Allie's, (Alice Irish)  
And Kitty's lovely hands;  
A heart like small V. Smith has,  
Who can steal any man's—

Sharky in Geom. as Vera, (Hallam)  
As game as Ruthie R.; (Robinson)  
With Miriam's A-1 temper (Howard)  
That naught could ever mar—

As clever as Eleanore Herbert,  
A dancer like Eleanore Mitt; (Mittel-  
stead)

Slender as Eleanore Nazro,  
With lots of Dot Smith's grit—

Curls as gold as Helen's, (Smith)  
A smile like D. M. V.; (Verdi)  
The winsome ways of Ginnie (Flint)—  
Oh what a girl she'd be!

But this is only nonsense,  
Like wishing on a star;  
For all the girlies suit me,  
Each one, just as they are.

—Henrietta Perkins, '21.

### REEL DEATH.

'Twas midnight on the rock-bound cliff,  
The clouds went whirling by.  
Below rushed on the roaring waves,  
Their mournful, wailing sigh  
Foretold of harsh and dread events  
To come that very night.  
Full well the moon behind its wall  
Shut out that dreadful sight,  
For one could see in that black pit  
No particle of light.  
I stood upon the gruesome cliff,  
My face turned toward the sea.  
Behind a resonant whisper came;  
A form crouched;—"Shoot!" said he.  
But every cloud grew much more dark,  
The waves more swiftly rushed.  
And I, upon the rock-bound cliff,  
Was, by the pressure, crushed.  
A shot rang out; up sprang a form—  
I felt a searing pain,  
And, on my coat there quickly spread  
A bright red, scarlet stain.  
I staggered, turned and took one look,  
A Bolshevik was he.  
And, o'er the edge of the rock-bound cliff  
cliff

Down plunged I to the sea.  
My brain was numb—I heard a splash  
As of someone at my side;  
And, in the depths of the roaring waves,  
I felt no more,—and died.

—L. Crawford Churchill, '20.

### THE OYSTER.

The oyster is a funny bird,  
Its songs are seldom found;  
But I have heard an oyster bay—  
It's a queer, Long Island Sound.

—Ex.



# WHO'S WHO

## AMONG THE UNDERGRADUATES

(Editorial note.—We have created this part of the Echo to bring the Senior number into much closer relation with the undergraduates. As we have been compelled to use as little space as possible, and as there are so many undergraduates, we have had to omit very many names, but we assure you that the omissions made very uninteresting reading and as a result we are presenting only the best that we have received. To the following we stand indebted and gratefully acknowledge the work that they have done:—Juniors, Eleanor Herbert, Henrietta Perkins, Dudley Allen, John Kelly; Sophomores, Clara Brown, Mary Lochhead, Louise Murphy, Catherine Devlin, Harold Turner; Freshmen, Elizabeth Doherty, Louise Gearhart, Kaiane Herakier, Carolyn Magee, Elizabeth Greene, Dorothe Barker, Arthur Murray, Samuel Weibel.)

### JUNIORS.

ANNA COUSINS says, "Huh! bet I can't go over that box? Watch me." Anna's some acrobat in the gym. What would ALICE CROSSMAN do if the word "got" wasn't in the dictionary? Say, LILLIAN EPSTEIN, we hope that you have as good a memory for Burke's Conciliation as for oral comps. GENEVIEVE HONAN is some gym ornament. Is this a birch, river, or man—flee, fly, flewed, Gennie? Well, Captain KATHRYN MCCARTHY, next time you play hockey, leave your fingers t'home. HARTLEY MORELAND is one of our football heroes. Why that frightful scowl, Smudge? Some day we expect to hear MARY NORRIS in grand opera. BARBARA SPAULDING is one of the "Ru-Barb" twins. KATHERINE STRONG isn't strong on any one thing in school. FRANCES WORMHOOD is our future librarian. If you wish to know anything about books, ask Frances. EVELYN MACQUARRIE is a member of the orchestra squad. She sure does make those violin strings dance. NELLIE ADROWER is our jolly, smiling little friend with rolling eyes beneath a crown of wavy hair. But beware when she stamps her naughty foot; it portends that trouble is ahead! THEODORE ATCHERLEY needn't fear grey hair from overstudy, but as for making up farces and comedies! You tell them, Ted! All must be acquainted with NANCY BELCHER'S relatives, of whom she is very

proud, for they began and still run the Town of W—. There's SADIE PERLMUTTER, who never finds anything really shocking compared to what she has seen! MINNIE SILVERMAN is one of our friendly, smiling girls, with a wealth of shining, bronzy curls. EVELYN DOANE, you don't believe in exercising your vocal cords to speak above a whisper, do you? Besides, it might widen your mouth, no es verdad? GENEVIEVE KING—there's not a colleen sweeter, in the land where shamrock grows, than our mischievous friend Jennie, she's our wild Irish rose. HARRIET MILLINGTON, whose hobby is not by any means adding up long columns of figures, which cause her a terrible headache; and who would rather keep mum than say anything but good of anyone. If curiosity killed a cat, what would it do to you, FRANCES WOLFSON? How's the weather up there, "DICK WHIPPLE"? We couldn't slam you if we wanted to, ROSA PENDLETON, but take a bit of friendly advice. The next time you make fricassee chicken, use flour rather than baking soda. Isn't it time to take your pony out for an airing, JIMMIE FOOTE? What could we do without you and your witty remarks in our Law Class, MARY HARWOOD? FLORENCE BRUCE is noted for her poems and oral comps, but we don't know about Joan of Arc being "mentally unbalanced." THERESA DELOREY, your bag is always empty, but your brain seems always full. How do you do it, Theresa? Speak when you're spoken to, is WILLIAM FITZGERALD's motto. LINCOLN YOUNG is always ready to argue out a law case. Sometimes we're convinced, but sometimes we're not. If EDWINA REA would cultivate her laugh, it wouldn't be so wild. ROSAMOND WYMAN'S sweet smile is solved now. In Mrs. Totten's candy store. FRANCIS O'MALEY is one of our heroes, who helped win the war in—the M. S. G.! By the way, MARY MCCORD, is the Point car running yet? If not, why walk? Life is too short. DONALD McLEOD is an essay on silence. In silent contemplation, we wonder if the nation realizes that creation possesses such a chap as FRANK ROSS.

The first of our notable and highly esteemed class is the Hon. NOMAN BERTELSEN, ESQ. He comes to school once in a while to pursue his education in this great and wonderful institution. The next in

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order of speaking ability would be JOHN BLAIS. We are sorry to say he is a bit near-sighted and he hardly ever sees the endings of words, especially the "ings." Never mind—what's the diff. as long as you get the meaning? Next is our great big assistant baseball manager, GARDNER BOARDMAN CURRIER. His name is just 2.716 inches longer than he is. Now we come to JOHN DOHERTY (because he won't come to us). He would make a great track man, but John Manter hasn't as yet discovered his great speed and ability. Now, MR. DUNN is another speed king. He goes through the corridors so fast the walls are all scorched about six feet from the floor. HERBERT GERSUMKY is one of our society buds. As soon as he finishes his course here he is going to pursue his education at Harvard. What we know about W. GILLIAM would fill a book. He is a very promising athlete, but has very hard luck—such as almost breaking collar bones. MILTON GINSBERG, otherwise known as "Mike," is another society man. He is just budding. He said he was going to join a circus. ED-DIE GRIFFIN belongs to our select few. He shakes a wicked knee when dancing, but he only dances for exercise. F. HENNESSY is another of our shimmy-shakers. Say, Francis, who taught you how to dance so well? When STEWART PERRY gets up to give an oration, everyone knows what he is going to talk about. He has already talked to Mars and several other planets not yet discovered. REXFORD'S specialty is long speeches. Everyone hopes that he will be called on first, because no one else will have time to speak after he finishes. ROBERT RICKER is our chemistry shark. He is very fast at doing experiments. He made a record the other day, doing five experiments in one laboratory period. SANDERS is our big football star. The fellows that played against him last year are still convalescing in hospitals. RICHARD STAPLES, the history shark of the class, is a very quiet fellow. His specialty is pronouncing foreign languages. DONALD McNEIL, our sailor boy, is another fiend at dancing. He shakes a nimble hoof,—especially in a disguise.

ELEANOR MITTELSTED is the Queen o' Shimmyland. Oh! what a "Steadfast" lass is FLORENCE ROYLE! KATHERINE GOLDSMITH is our "Kitty" without the claws. We'd like to know you, RAY EPSTEIN. JOHN LARKIN, why don't you try peroxide? HAZEL WENTWORTH is the

lovable, dimpled beauty of the Jr. Bus. A., who possesses the admirable qualities of making friends, keeping them and helping them. TED PATTERSON is the great authority on how to stall in French, History, English, or any other subject. THELMA JOHNSON doesn't spend all her time using her verbal powers, but when she does we all sit up and listen. No, no, no, don't get excited, it's only "DOT" BOYSON. EL-EANORE HERBERT, she ain't got no wings, much, hardly. No wonder MIRIAM HOWARD is quiet, four brothers are pretty good silencers. Some might spell VIRGINIA FLINT'S name flirt, but don't blame Ginney, blame those great green eyes. NADINE SOULE is strictly according to Hoyle. MORRIS MARDEN is the master mind. The teachers are always reminding ZITA FOLEY to raise her voice, but if you ever stood near her at a football game, you'd wish you had a tin ear. The Indians had nothing on HELEN SMITH, when it comes to taking scalps. CECELIA O'TOOLE is quiet, too, but oh! how she can Spanish! As for ELLAMAE FLYNN, she would she were a Senior. DOROTHY BICKNELL is everybody's pal. HENRIETTA PERKINS, incorrigible, unsquelchable! but we love her. VERA HALLAM is gifted with polygons and triangles. WILBUR COLBY—"You'd be surprised." That's Wilbur. He stayed out once until 4 a. m. at a dance. These late hours are detrimental to the mind but, as Wilbur says, "Make the best of it while you are young." He'll tell you so. WALTON IVES—"Once there was a little girl and she had a little curl." Wally doesn't look at all romantic, but "you never can tell." He never pays to telephone calls from the Highlands—never. He has a lot of patience. Keep it up, Wally. "Faint heart never won fair lady," you know. RICHARD LECOUR—The movies are Dick's trysting-place. He sits in the back row—all alone. He must be learning. But Dick asks, "How do you know?" AARON ABRAMS—"Eight-nine-ten." "Ki" boxes sometimes. We think he only boxes the compass. He is a good hitter, though, on the team, so that counts. He is also a good chemist—but there are two kinds of good. ELMER HANNAFORD—"Well-er." He has very enlightening ideas—especially in English. His argument is wonderful. He will soon be demonstrating to us the fourth dimension. RAYMOND TEWKSBURY—"I would suggest that Mr. Abrams give us his theory." Raymie is a great suggester. He is a great



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deal like Socrates. Suggestions and questions appear to be his argument, but Mr. Abrams seems to be a veritable Xanthippe for Raymie. HARRY SMITH—"For Macbeth hath murdered sleep." So with Harry. He murders it every night. You'll be a professor yet, Harry. WALTER REESE—"And, though defeated, argued yet." "Reesie" can argue. No doubt about it. He fears no one except the girls. He is an ardent woman-hater. KENNETH REED—Kenneth receives a letter every week from R. H. White's. He has a unique postal system. Ask him about it. He'll tell you. What does she look like, Kennie? MALCOLM TASKER—"I'm a Jazz Baby." "Bud" jizzes every night. Look out, Bud, you can't jazz homework.

### SOPHOMORES.

Does anyone know the fare to Danvers? If so, please communicate with KATHERINE WELTON. Katherine watches very anxiously for letters marked Danvers. FRANK SAVEL shows a decided unwillingness to change his name, despite the fact that several of the boys volunteer to change it to O'BRIEN. About two weeks ago MISS McPHETRES started for New York and landed in Portland, Me. The ship changed her mind, also her course, but we have no doubt Miss McPhetres enjoyed herself just as much seeing all the sights to be seen in Portland as she would have enjoyed lunching at the Knickerbocker. THOMAS FLANNERY, who is WALLY REID'S double in everything except acting, expression, looks and style, has taken to haunting the hall outside Room 26. The "heavy" of our class is ELLEN HALEY, who goes so light on the studying that it is no great wonder she is heavy. Why don't you try and balance it, Ellen? I wonder if you realize why we have had so many dark days recently? Well, it's because FRANK GUNN's hair is dark now. The light from his golden top used to make things cheery, but now, alas, it is no more. As for Miss BLACK, we advise somebody to give SYLVIA a picture album, for she has taken to wearing "HIS" picture on her watch, and it greatly impedes her view of the time. Has anyone noticed anything funny about LILLIAN SEAMAN? You haven't? Why, Lillian has sworn off using powder. Imagine it, girls, if you can. The Ayer of romance for our class is supplied by ROY AYER, whose black hair and olive skin bring to mind pictures of pretty senoritas while his black eyes remind one of rev-

olutions. But looks are deceiving. Roy isn't a bit romantic and if there is anything southern about Roy it is his ease rather than his fire. If Miss FOSTER is going to conduct experiments in Science Club I suggest she learn how to turn off the gas first and not have the members waiting breathlessly for an explosion to blow them to Kingdom Come. As for the inseparables, RUTH WAITT and ESTHER TAIT, Ruth says she cannot make Esther hurry in the morning when she calls for her, and Esther says Ruth is one redhead who has not a quick temper. So there you are. Yet they're good friends. Our English teacher asked us to write a short poem and ANNA NATHANSON came to school with a whole story in poetry. It was nearly as long as the Bible and nearly as good. Miss KING must be a patron of Maxim Silencers, for MAE surely has one on her voice. Maybe there is a method in her madness, however, for when she makes a mistake it is not noticed. FRED MASKELL is always delving into "queer" things, but there is nothing extraordinary about that, for Fred is queer himself. Carpentier wears a cap on his hair to keep it in place. Maskell should wear one to keep his ears in place. There are three M. B.'s in Soph. Bus. B: Martha Boyarsky, Mildred Burke and Mildred Britain. They all have a sentence to write in Spanish and they all sign them M. B., then, when Miss Lemay asks, "Who wrote this sentence?" Mildred Britain takes the sentence that looks best. BEATRICE ABRAMS has fond hopes of getting a diamond shortly after school closes. It was willed to her brother as a graduation gift, but Beatrice thinks she'll get it. I hope you do, Beatrice. At the beginning of the year we used to call HELEN MURJLACHI "the girl with the unpronounceable name." Some teachers call her Moreardi and some Milliearchie, but the correct is Murlyarkee. Last, but not least, we have RAYMOND MONROE, whom we take great pleasure in introducing as the working man of Soph. Bus. B. He's held one job all winter.

CATHERINE DEVLIN is never known to hurry, and still much less to worry. For love of jokes this bonny lass is rated first among her class. MINERVA WHITTIER is one of the clever members of the class. She is well named. ROBERT HAZEL'S vocabulary consists chiefly of words of more than four syllables. RUTH EVANS says that "Variety is the spice of life." RICHARD McCLINTOCK may be "Wee" but he's

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mighty. MARJORIE HALL, well, all cherubs are pink and white. RUTH GARDNER—Her eyes, how they twinkle! Her dimples, how cute! Her cheeks are like roses! No one will dispute. Latin has wasted DOROTHEA SCHUELER away to skin and bones. RICHARD WHIPPLE is long as the day is short. KATHRYN PATTERSON says, "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined." MAISIE BURPEE is so quiet as she slips from class to class that we really have decided we cannot slam this lass. Just a little more pep and less dignity, MARGARET KNIPE. Says MARY LYONS, "I love its gentle warble, I love its gentle flow, I love to wind my tongue up, I love to hear it go." Now take a look at PHILIP RUSKIN, he's a second Kreisler. FRANK PERRONE says, "A sense of humor is the salt of life." ETHEL BROOKS—Still waters run deep. See that good looking fellow over there? That's JOHN BARRY, the leader of our widely known Jazz Band. Says JAMES STOKES, "I simply can't make my hands behave!" ALTON WELLS is a regular "Jack in the Box." First he's on one side, then on the other. He can't keep himself still nor his tongue either. Perhaps a rope would do for the former trouble. Afternoon Sessions have failed. GLADYS JONES is the professional "Jazz Baby" of the sophomore class. As for the piano, the keys fairly rattle. MABEL MITCHELL has all the time in the world. She saunters along without ever a care or a worry whether she's late to class or not. Get a move on, Mabel. FLORENCE PENNIE isn't with us very much as the daily slip shows, but when she is, we hardly know she's there. CARL WHEELER always has a broad grin on, especially if he knows his lessons. That being the case, he'll recite the whole lesson for you. BERNICE SMITH is always neat and can be quite quiet when she wants to. However, she likes a good time and manages to get it, even in school. Did you ever notice her "spit-curl"? We wonder what makes it stay in place. JAMES CORBETT doesn't say very much but when he does he gets it all wrong. Wake up, James! EVELYN INGALLS' tongue hasn't lost its daily exercise yet. What a misfortune it would be if she ever lost her voice! FRANCIS MAHANEY is quite a young man in spite of his short trousers though they say he has long ones. Keep it up, Frank, you may be a selectman some day. MARTIN BOSTROM is commonly called "long-winded." Periods and commas are very

rare, and are rapidly disappearing from his dictionary. GERTRUDE EDNAS is a "professoress" of piano. Some day she will be leaving us to take Paderewski's place. RAE PERLMUTTER certainly beats all of us in Spanish. Her motto is "Irregular Verbs make a Regular Brain." MARIE McCANN, otherwise known as "Bab" is Miss Creedan's idea of a pest. HELEN FRASER has left us for a while and is now answering to the name of "Miss Convalescence." ETHEL SMITH is a firm believer in "Children should be seen and not heard." She is so very quiet that most people don't know that she ever existed. STELLA GALASSI has memorized the book of knowledge, but evidently believes in keeping it to herself. CHARLOTTE TROWBRIDGE, our learned student, has become wiser in the last few months, and now lets the rest of the class do the thinking. MARY MORAN is almost too quiet, but never mind, she is very good at writing and delivering compositions. RUTH ANDERSON is an anti-home-work believer. She tries to prove to us that studying is bad for the brain. CELIA BRANZ is our noted 'Song Bird.' I suppose that some day she will be going abroad to study. Next we have MR. YOUNG, alias "Muggsy, the second." Perhaps you have noticed that Mr. Young has been on the war-path lately. He is also noted for his ability to speak—always something to say, appropriate or not as it may be. Our next is MR. WINTERBOTTOM. Mr. Winterbottom is what we call a "Physics Fiend." Don't ask him what his average is because he is very modest and might not tell you. Our next and honored gentleman is MR. SMITH. Mr. Smith is somewhat noted for his ability to speak. Some people may consider him more or less shy and backward on the platform, but when he gets on his feet he can "deliver the goods." The next of our worthy number is MR. MULLOY, more familiarly known as "Bunk." "Bunk" is a shining light on the gridiron. Now we have a star student in our midst by the name of HOWLAND FREEMAN. "Howie" is noted for many accomplishments, among them, drum solos. He can play any tune on any kind of a drum. Another thing, did you ever notice what a fine-looking fellow he is? If you never did, take a look now. Of course he blushes a little when you look at him, but that is to be expected. Then there is brother HAYDEN, better known as "Breeze." He is late of the United States Marines, and has many interesting stories to tell. Have you ever noticed his muscle?



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Just see the way the sleeves of his coat bulge out. Of course we cannot forget little BENSON, called by his admiring friends, "Peanut." "Peanut" is the coming athlete of our school and we have heard that he is going to try for fullback on the 1920 football team. To further our list we have our contemporary, STAVREDES, otherwise known as "Napoleon. Have heard from reliable sources that he is to play drawback on this year's team. Good luck to you, "Nap," but don't let the applause of the admiring spectators turn your head. Next, as a worthy addition to this learned group is little "FREDDIE" CAMPBELL. We believe, as we do of Smith, that Campbell aspires to the speakers' platform. That is an aspiration worthy of your steel, "Freddie." Next, as a worthy representative of American manhood, is ERWIN, who on a glance appears to be very modest and retiring, some might say bashful. However, do not let that fool you. He can be just as wild and reckless as the rest of us. We next have to deal with PETERSON. It has been said that he has a mania for lighting matches in the Geometry class but we do not know exactly. Finally we arrive at "PETE," sometimes called FOLEY, but only by his teachers. He is that boy smiling in the front seat. "Pete" can see a humorous side to every question. His teachers do not always see the humor though. I saw him yesterday wearing a green necktie. You'd really think that he was Irish from that.

### FRESHMEN.

FRED CHRISTOPHER has a peculiar desire to correct his own papers in arithmetic. We wonder why. LEONA FORD has good times dancing at Fort Banks. No wonder her lessons are usually incomplete. We pity her when the reports come out. BERNARD BASCH'S industrial streak turns up during the twenty-minute period when he delivers ink, though most of it is delivered on the floor. He says the direct cause of it is the "ill health" of his eyes. ETHEL BAL-LEM is the "class giggler." Say, Ethel, was there ever a time when you gave an oral composition without receiving a zero in exchange for a giggle? EDWINA BEARS is a great dancer. Never a recess passes that we don't see her in the gym. If she went at her studies the way she goes at dancing, she'd crack the High Honor Roll. TINA FINKLE is a helpful soul. On Wednesdays she puts the spelling on the board, but sometimes we can't read it. JOE GREELY has

a grin stretching from one ear to the other. And whisper! whisper! Miss Ritchie says he needs a muzzle, but Joe says, 'I don't bite.' Maybe TEDDY LEWIS will be an inventor some day. He talks on electricity and wireless, but most of his talks are based on Tin Lizzies and it makes us think he will keep a garage—"second-hand Tin Lizzies for rent." WILLIAM McDOWELL has a funny habit of forgetting his English assignment and during study periods he bothers his neighbors to prostration asking for it. GRACE NICKERSON is a good girl when she wants to be, but sometimes her pockets are fat with afternoon session slips. MARY PERRY'S good luck is beginning to turn. Misfortune tumbled her down stairs some-time ago. CLIFFORD RAMSEY has self-control enough to hide the mischief he is up to. But the teachers are used to his ways. GRACE PINGREE is greatly interested in mouse traps and Mr. Clark, stepping in one morning, found two in her desk. HELEN McDONOUGH is a good sport and ready to hand out something funny at any time. Helen is known by her class as an expert in oral composition. ESTHER PETERSON is our athlete and we are proud to state one of the best little "freshy" basket-ball players. GERTRUDE WINTER is our little cracker-jack in English. She can learn a current event or a poem in no time and gives it in "Apple Pie order." CLEMENT HIGGINS is a bright scholar and is succeeding in his Freshman year. In English he is a little bit shakey, but "He should worry." KATHERINE DONOVAN is our expert whistler. She can do this without a soul detecting it. EDMUND BARRY usually has his work done, or at least half done, when he comes to class. As long as it is done it doesn't matter much with him whether it is right or not. REBECCA BRANZ is not noted for being bashful. As for talking, she always has something to say in the affairs of the class; and she is also ready to ask questions. CHARLOTTE KATZ usually gives her per cent as "absent" when it comes to arithmetic and the per cents are called for. IRENE CURRAN is not pretty, not homely, but just in between. She is not a bit bashful. But she never does her home work until coming to school to do it. She usually gets it done before school begins. ELIZABETH DOHERTY is a very quiet girl but when she gets going she is very funny. GEORGE GALLAGHER is quite popular with the Freshman girls. I suppose it is mostly on account of his looks.

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(Don't blush, George.) GEORGIANNA GEARHART is a very nice girl and has lots of friends. She is a prima donna opera singer. You ought to hear her sing. She loves to play basketball and football. CAMILLE HINES is good at giving excuses. Her main excuses are "I was absent," and, "I will miss the bus to Point Shirley." You're a clever girl, Camille. VIVIAN MOORE is the most popular one in the class. It is nothing for her to get four or five afternoon sessions or to be made to sit directly in front of the teacher's desk. Just leave it to Vivian, she will have the teachers writing them all the time while she is around. ALICE LIND has beautiful hair, but she doesn't like to have anyone touch it. Put a sign on it, Alice, "Do not handle." EARL MORTON must like Mr. Ronan very much because he talks in order to be kept after school in Room 7. We have to stand on a step ladder to look over HOPE KINNECOM'S head. It's too bad we can't see through her. THOMAS ABELY is our big man. He is always ready to tell what happened when he was young. RUTH AMES is the class vamp. ABELY hasn't succumbed to her charms as yet. Ruth is some speller, so we hear. DORIS PORTER is known as "Musical Comedy." She usually demonstrated her nickname during lunch period. Don't ever try to argue with REGINA BRADLEY or you will soon be in hot water. REGINA is a shark in algebra. MARGARET SAWYER'S greatest fault is that she has none. She was never known to fail in class. ALICE DONOVAN is quite an actress but acting doesn't help her Latin. RUTH ANTHONY aspires to the position of guard on the Evereadys but she doesn't aspire to Latin. One of her favorite words is "er." MARJORIE ANDERSON is usually to be seen with her sleeves rolled up. She is probably going to wrestle with her Latin. ROLAND WENTWORTH is known in "College A" as a masculine vamp. MORTON JENNINGS has a mania for asking foolish questions. Mutt gets high marks without trying. Miss Gilliland offered to give him private lessons in manners. FRED SOLOMON is another class comedian. Fred is a great collector of those little slips that are handed into the afternoon session teacher. Just call Fred "Willy" and see what happens. Say, LILLIAN GAFFNEY, whom do you stick your tongue out at when you recite? It can't be the teacher. JOHN LAW "thinks out loud" sometimes. EDNA MULDOON is like a Jack-in-the-box,—always jumping out of her

seat when she knows the answer to a question. She must think that it isn't enough to raise one hand, because she is always waving both hands in the air. OLIVE FORD once told us in an English composition that if we looked carefully we might "see a robin sitting on a fence with a red breast." ANGELINE GOODALL hates anything that is the least bit horrible or bloodthirsty, such as many of the scenes in "Treasure Island." I wonder what effect a mouse would have. LOUISE BOYLAN has a strong sense of humor, especially when nothing is funny. No, he is not a girl, though that curl on his forehead is rather misleading; his name is JOHN CUSHING and otherwise he is a good fellow. Unless we miss our guess "Jack" has the makings of an electrical engineer in him. Opposite him is WATSON WILLIAMS, who is usually conspicuous by his absence. Even if he never makes a perfect recitation it isn't his fault. How about it, Williams? We have now with us a young lady known as "Sis" Cronin. "Sis" has what is in plain English called a temper—ament which she frequently exercises. We should like to know how "Sis" gets out of these P. M. sessions so often. Perhaps she'll tell us. Here's hoping! As a class we claim distinction to the gentleman who out-solomons Solomon for wisdom. We refer to CHARLES JACKSON. There is no argument that can dismay him and no one else's ideas are as good as his. At least that is Jackson's impression. The dark path of knowledge is illumined by HARRY BAKER'S flaming torch. Baker's grin just can't be resisted, it's true, but he never was cut out for anything in the literary line. MARY COCHRANE'S future is already determined for she has started a manicure parlor in Room 26. Before many years we expect to see the classic profile of JERROL VICKERSON on the screen, for a better actor we have yet to meet. PHYLLIS IRISH, in direct defiance of the last part of her name, is a mild young lady, though we believe once in a while she almost loses her temper. MAXINE TUCKER is our youngest member, and, though she is also the smallest, we give her credit for being a smart youngster. She's another one of those **silence is golden** girls. Alas, far too few!

EDDIE FLINT is the best reader and spell-er in the class. The only trouble with his reading is he runs in high speed and no one can keep up with him. MR. McKENNY is a new arrival. He was immediately taken



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under the wing of Sheinsohn and so got into trouble. WALTER HART'S worldly aim is to get a perpetual ticket to the big-league ball game. BILL MARTIN may not shine in his studies, but we'll have to admit that he can tell us something about "wireless." ALBERT NEVERS ought to be able to give us an interesting speech on Ancient History or Prohibition in Egypt. SIDNEY BIRMBaum's scowl is upon all those who stoop so low as to study. JOHN FULHAM, our class President, is quite popular with the fair sex of this institution. FRED WHITE, commonly called "Mickey," can do almost anything but translate French and do an "about face." ELMER SHATTUCK has undoubtedly solved one of the labor-saving problems by working out his Algebra on three slips. GEORGE PLAKIAS is a healthy looking individual, who seems to be always busy—during the lunch periods. TOM TIERNEY is the boy who comes in before the bell stops ringing; some day the bell will ring a minute or so ahead, and then—. CHARLES RUSSELL is fortunate enough to have a sister who has had all of these studies, but he doesn't seem to take advantage of it. TRUMAN HUE has been one of our star scholars, but seems to be slowing down day by day. HERBERT SWAN, don't you know that "Little boys should be seen but not heard"? It looks as if you got the words twisted. JAMES STANSBURY, or "Jim," has a great liking for poetry (so our worthy teacher thinks and who else should know) and high-class literature, such as "the Alger Series," etc. ROGER BROWN is another one of our studious assembly. He is among the foremost of the class. If GORDAN DOUGLAS used some of his "Jazz" talent on his studies he could be among the first in the class. JOHN HAYES is the "smartest of them all"; sometimes he studies, but—well—sometimes.

ROY ANDERSON recently appeared in long trousers. They make him look very much taller. He wears them only on state occasions, though. RUTH ANDERSON and ROY are the twins of our class. They stay mighty close together. ANITA BATES, or BABY BATES. Why is she called that? Won't someone explain? ANITA FRANKLIN is sometimes called Peter. She is the blonde of our class. Has anyone noticed Anita is generally provided with a ruler for Algebra class? Wonder what she does with it, except rule. Who has ever seen ELISIE JONES without a smile on her face? She's

a regular sunshine girl. We wonder where RUTH INGALLS got that black eye that she appeared with a short time ago. Does she tell? Not she.—RUTH HENDERSON is so overcome when called upon in Latin that she needs the support of her chair to stand up. STANLEY ROBINSON always has an answer for every question asked. He doesn't care whether it's right or not. Wonder if he can always answer a certain person in Freshman College A? CHASE has the electrical bug. He can't keep away from it long enough to give an oral theme. Wonder why he always drums on his desk? Does he think he's working a wireless? GORDON McNEIL is one of the musicians of our class. We almost have an orchestra of our own. Gordon is in the school orchestra. He plays the violin. Does he do it well? How about it, class? CHESTER DUNCAN is another one of our musicians. He plays the cornet. He is also quite a Latin shark. ELIZABETH SHEEHAN, sometimes called Libby, has an exciting time biting her pencil in English. Oh! Why does Miss Merrill have us write it? HAROLD DUNCAN is small, but O, my! Harold is another musician, or, shall we say, noise-maker, because Herald plays the drum. The Duncans are quite a musical family. Almost up to the O'Tooles. HAZEL IVES was our pianist last year, a very good one, too. Hazel is also clever in Algebra. If she can't do a problem it can't be done. HAROLD SHEINSOHN, or Fat, as he prefers to be called, supplies the fun in class. He also has poetic aspirations. MALCOLM JONES and HAROLD DUNCAN could almost pass for twins. Malcolm is always in mischief. How do you get away with it, Malcolm?

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### Related to Both.

"Jack" Herbert was sitting in a street car, and by his side he had a little dog.

An Irishman on the other side of him was very much interested in the dog, and several times essayed to start a conversation with its owner.

"That's a fine dog you have there," he hazarded.

Jack said nothing.

The Irishman repeated his question and, receiving no response, asked: "What kind of a dog is he?"

"Half Irish and half monkey," replied Jack, crossly.

"So," smiled back the son of Erin. "Then he is related to both of us, is he?"

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### HIS ALL FOR ENGLAND.

"Twas during the third year of the great World War, on a beautiful, clear, crisp, autumn day. It was just one hour before sunset, and the sky blossomed out in the majestic brilliance of color common to the sunsets of sunny France; relieving the ghostly atmosphere which one felt when looking o'er the landscape with its shell-blasted ground and shattered stumps of trees, with the dark, gloomy mountain ranges in the background.

"Twas on a former battlefield near Ypres, where the armies had met in many a fierce and bloody combat, and had fought over every inch of ground, until the ground was soaked with human blood, where the bravest of the brave had fought, immortalizing their names in the memory and history of the world.

This "veritable hell" of destruction and devastation, and the wave of carnage and slaughter, were now many miles north of Ypres, and the battlefield was changed into a rest camp for the trench worn and convalescent allied heroes.

On a large level field to the right, a throng of soldiers was gathered. On approaching the throng I noticed a human square of soldiers in the center, with soldiers of England, France, Belgium and Italy forming one side each. These soldiers were of the finest in the allied armies, powerfully built and of even height. They were motionless and stood at attention, masters of discipline. Each side was dressed in the uniform of its respective nation's army, with the bright colors, glistening braids and decorations common to the uniforms of European armies. About this square many other soldiers, including many convalescents, eagerly crowded.

In the center of the square stood a tall, handsome, well built English sergeant of the 3rd Expeditionary Force.

Upon inquiring as to his name and the occasion for this gathering, I was informed that his comrades knew him only as George, and that, while they were in the trenches a few weeks before, their battalion had charged "over the top," their captain had been struck by a shell and badly wounded some distance from the newly captured trench; George had rushed out of his trench, into the storm and hail of machine gun fire and shrapnel, picked up their captain, and brought him safely back to their trenches. They also told me that, during

the preceding week, George had captured a machine gun and its crew single handed. Their regiment had but recently arrived at this rest camp, and now George was to be rewarded by decoration for his bravery.

A brilliant looking, finely uniformed British general, whom I recognized as Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the British Armies, walked toward George, escorted by a color bearer and a member of his staff. Amid a din of cheers and shouts the staff officer unfolded a paper bearing the Seal of Great Britain and, as the noise quieted down to an almost breathless silence, he read as follows:—

"In appreciation of the bravery, sacrifice and coolness under fire on the battlefields of Flanders, fearlessly and brilliantly displayed while fighting for his native land, England, through Gen. Douglas Haig, now presents to Sergt. George A. Roberts, Co. A, 32nd Rgt., 3rd British Expeditionary Force, this day, Sept. 23, 1917, the Victoria Cross."

Then, amidst a deafening thunder of cheers and shouts of praise, Field Marshal Haig pinned the beautiful cross on the left breast of the uniform of the deserving soldier. Then, taking the hero's hand with his right, and placing his left hand on the soldier's shoulder, Gen. Haig said, "Well earned, my lad; you more than deserved it."

The field rang and reechoed with the cheers of George's comrades, who picked him up, put him on their shoulders, and carried him all through the camp, cheering and praising their hero.

Two nights later, as I was passing George's tent, I looked through an opening in the canvas, and a heart-breaking scene met my gaze. In the little tent, which was lighted by the somber glow of a small paraffine candle, George was seated on a soap box, his elbows resting on a small table before him; tears trickled down his hardened cheeks. In one hand George held a photo, in the other a pen. On the rude table under the pen was a tear-spotted letter, to his right was the slow-burning candle and the unstopped bottle of ink.

The photo which he held was one of his gray-haired, widowed mother who, when asked to allow him (all she had left in the world to confide in) to enlist in the English Army, readily consented, and who, after he had been sent to France, went to work in a munition factory in order to help supply her son and his comrades with sufficient ammunition. It was the picture of his mother,



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who had struggled so hard to bring him up, and who so readily gave him to his native land; the same mother who had given him a parting kiss at the wharf of debarkation at Dover, and had taken his hand and, looking him in the eyes, said, "George, you are a fine boy and I expect much of you."

These were her last words to him before he sailed across the channel to France.

Since then George had worked hard to fulfill his mother's expectations. He had now accomplished most of his aims and thought to himself, "Oh! if mother could only have seen me receive that medal! I know that she would have been the proudest mother in the world."

He wiped his eyes and, dipping his pen in the ink, began to finish the story of the previous week and the decoration he had received, concluding the body of his letter with the sentence:—

"Mother, next week my battalion is going back to the trenches in preparation for a drive. I may not come out alive, so I am sending you this beautiful cross and citation, by which you may remember me, and which may be the last gift that I shall be able to send you."

When the letter with the cross and citation reached his home in England, no adjectives could express the joys that his good mother felt. She had made many sacrifices; these joys were well earned.

About two months later a letter came to her from the Minister of War, stating that:

"George A. Roberts, while rescuing his native standard, the flag of Great Britain, from the hands of the enemy, had been mortally wounded and had died three hours later. His last words were, 'Take good care of my mother for me.'"

His mother's heart was filled with sorrow, but afterwards, as she gazed at the gold star in her service flag, she was, "in a way," happy and contented, for she had brought up, for her country, a son who had received England's highest award and who had died a hero, fighting for England, his native land.

No nation or mother could expect more of a son.

—JOHN C. WAKEFIELD, '20.

An eighth grader was studying geography and was told by his teacher that the Mississippi was called by the Indians the "Father of Waters."

"That's funny," said he; "if it was the 'Father of Waters,' why wouldn't it be Mister Sippi?"

## MISTAKES WILL ALWAYS HAPPEN.

John Thornly was a very superstitious sort of an individual. He lived in Greenville, a small but progressive town. The country surrounding it was like a huge forest, while the main highway was nothing but a barren road in the woods. The nearest city was two miles away, and the majority of Greenville's inhabitants walked to the city, where they earned their living by working in the factories.

As a clerk in the office of a large shoe factory, John walked to work every morning in the companionship of his fellow workmen. These pedestrians used the main highway to and from their work, and so it was no unusual thing to see large groups of them.

One evening in autumn John came home from work, very much excited, and carrying the Greenville Weekly, a small newspaper, under his arm. He opened to the front page and gave it to his wife to read. In large letters was the story of "Social Jim," the most daring thief ever heard of in that section, who boldly robbed six of Greenville's prominent citizens on the main highway.

The morning following the day of the robbery, John bade good-bye to his wife and, knowing that the robber was still at large, carried his revolver with him. The main subject, going to work that morning, was the robber.

John worried a great deal during the day, and, when it came to closing time, he found to his sorrow that he would have to work overtime. When he was released it was ten p. m., and the wind, which was howling through the trees, sent a shiver up his back. "Walking through the woods!" cried John, to himself, "I know I'll get robbed."

However, he started home by himself and was making good progress along the highway when, in the distance, he saw a man light a cigarette. Of course John became nervous and thought that this man might be "Social Jim."

The man neared John, walking slowly. His coat collar was turned up, and his face obscured. As he passed John he brushed slightly against him. The man passed on, and John put his hand in his pocket.

"What!" cried he to himself, "my roll that I carried to work with me this morning is gone." Then he noticed that his beautiful diamond ring was not on his second finger, where he generally wore it.

"He is the crook," said John to himself,

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as he pulled out his revolver and ran back in the direction of the supposed robber.

John got about five feet from him and then cried, "Hands up!" The man turned sharply around and threw his hands up into the air.

"I've got you," cried John, as he went through the pockets of the crook. The man was terribly frightened as John pointed the revolver pointblank at his heart.

After a few seconds of searching, John found what he thought was his own roll and diamond ring. He was very nervous and was afraid the crook might get the best of him, so he decided to let him go.

"Beat it out of town or I'll fill you full of lead!" cried John, after his decision.

The supposed crook ran as fast as he could for the city, while John hurried for home.

On arriving home he found his wife there to greet him. He was pale and felt decidedly ill, but he assumed an air of bravery. His wife opened the conversation by saying in a low, gentle voice, "John, do you know that you left your roll and diamond ring on my bureau?"

John will recover.

—CHARLES H. HARRIS, '20.

### CHARACTER PLAYS.

Mr. Clarke.....	The Man of the Hour
Room 29.....	Up in Mabel's Room
Miss Ackley.....	Dere Mabel
John Cotter.....	Eternal Light
"Pete" Simpson.....	Honey Girl
Glee Club.....	Magic Melody
When we were Freshies.....	Not So Long Ago
"Jack" Cronin.....	No More Blondes
Since 1916.....	Happy Days
Helen Curtis.....	The Wanderer
John Clayton.....	A Prince There Was
"B" Carro.....	She's a Good Fellow
After the Social.....	Tumble In
Graduation.....	Some Night
Muriel Dorr.....	You're In Love
Miss Mansur.....	Here Comes the Bride
Elizabeth Allen.....	Betty, Be Good
"Donnie" White.....	The Man Who Came Back
Vivian Smith.....	Little Simplicity
Irene Steele.....	As You Were
The Senior Entertainment.....	
.....	The Frivolities of 1920
The Freshman.....	Upstairs and Down
"Jack" Flynn.....	Polly With a Past
Harold Sisson.....	Keep It to Yourself
Eleanor Abely.....	The Quaker Girl
Ruth Sullivan.....	Lightnin'
Alan Terrile.....	The Imp

### TO WINE.

1.

Oh glorious, sparkling, crimson wine,  
To thee I sadly sing!  
What thoughts, and hints of thoughts divine,  
What memories you bring!

2.

Yes, bubbling, effervescing wine,  
On you there lies the blame  
Of other days, and other ways,  
No longer still the same;

3.

When we went circling down the street,  
With undulating motion,  
Well seasoned with that gently sweet,  
All ills-relieving lotion.

4.

When we kept vigil all night long,  
Without a single care;  
And wine, and women, love and song,  
Were plenty, and to spare.

5.

But that is ancient history now,  
And these are troublous times;  
For "kick" is censored everywhere,  
And only put in rhymes.

6.

But to thee, wine, I've bid adieu,  
And tho perhaps I sigh,  
There's naught to do but think of you,  
And dream of days gone by.

—Henrietta Perkins, '19.

### THIS IS THE LIFE.

Oh, come, my love, the jitney waits,  
The nickel's in my purse;  
The spark plug snaps at all the Fates,  
For better or for worse.  
Let's jit in joy while life's in June,  
Five coppers pay the bill;  
So come along and jitney 'neath the moon,  
Along the low-grade hill.  
While all the world is smooth as glass,  
While all our tires are spry,  
There's bliss in every quart of gas,  
Let's hit life on the high.  
So come and be my jitney queen,  
A "nick" is all my hoard,  
Who cares for grief or gasoline?  
Come, honey, get aboard.

—Helen F. Tewksbury, '20.



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### EYES.

Gray eyes, go 'way eyes,  
And please don't look at me.  
I love you and I hate you  
Tho why, I cannot see.

Brown eyes, look down eyes,  
I am afraid of you.  
You break my heart or make it  
Till I don't know what to do.

Green eyes are "keen eyes."  
They seem to "Tickle" one.  
They seize you and they tease you,  
Till you wonder what they've  
done.

But—blue eyes are true eyes,  
Sweet eyes and fair.  
**Dear eyes, come here eyes,**  
**You haunt me everywhere.**  
—Henrietta Perkins, '21

### SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

Ruth Gardner, What Do You Want to  
Make Those Eyes at Me For?

Ruth Ramsey, When You Look in the  
Heart of a Rose.

Lewis Swett, When You're in Right with  
the Right Little Girl.

"Boozer" Russell, Along Came Ruth.

"Bones" Dean, Sweet Siamese.

"Lill" Barry, Everybody Calls Me Honey.

"Polly" Broad, Oh! How She Can Sing!

Class Day, A Perfect Day.

Class Reunion, Till We Meet Again.

Final Exams., The Worst is Yet to Come.

1.45 P. M., Liberty Bell.

Our Four Years, Memories.

Mildred Rogers, I Might be Your Once in a  
While!

Helen O'Toole, They're Wearing Them  
Higher in Hawaii.

Dean Freeman, When My Baby Smiles at  
Me.

Anna Lynch, Red, Red, as a Rose.

Lewis Hill, Who Played Poker with Po-  
cohontas?

"Jack" Lewis, I'll See You In C-U-B-A.

Arthur Brown, Eyes of Youth.

Clifford Channell, Along Came Another  
Little Girl.

Myrtle Jenks, If You Knock the "L" Out  
of Kelly?

"Jack" Herbert, Lorraine.

"Tickle" Curran, They're All Sweeties.

Ralph Baker, K-K-Katy.

"Bub" Donovan, The Time, the Place and  
the Girl.

"Bert" Evans, What You Don't Know  
Won't Hurt You.

"Bobby" Nichols, Take Your Girlie to the  
Movies.

"Bunny" Kemp, Jazz Baby.

Crawford Churchill, How Do You Get That  
Way?

June 24, It's All Over Now.

Thelma Seibert, There's a Little Bit of  
Bad in Every Good Little Girl.

"Dot" Roberts, Wonderful Pal.

"Jinx" Moore, Every Dark Cloud Has a  
Silver Lining.

"Fitter" Jones, Freckles was His Name.

Carl Pratt, Long Boy.

"Lill" Chatterton, Oh! What a Pal was  
Mary.

Harold Lindergreen, He's a Nine O'clock  
Boy in a Twelve O'clock Town.

"Sammy" Strong, He's a Devil in His  
Own Home Town.

"Eddie" Jenkins, Give Me the Moonlight,  
Give Me the Girl.

"Midge" Somerville, Don't Take Advan-  
tage of My Good Nature.

Hazel McLeod, Eyes.

G. Berridge, Hello Central! Give Me No  
Man's Land.

"Bob" Bell, Take Me to the Land of Jazz.

### WHEN THE WORLD SEEMS WRONG.

I heard a blue bird singing,

In the treetops just at dawn;

I heard children's merry voices,

All the sunlit summer's morn;

I heard the crickets chirping,

In the nearby grassy lane;

And once more life seemed worth living,

And my heart forgot its pain.

Then before I scarce had noticed,

My lips burst into song;

And I thought—God's in his heaven,

So the world can't be all wrong.

—Arthur L. Brown, '20

### UN QUESTION.

Avez-vous a girlie?

Intellegis the kind,

Lips douce y hair curly,

Cutest on peut find;

Les dents white et pearly,

Les yeux deepest blue?

Si! cause sans a girlie

Qué would un homme do?









## EDITORIALS

Well, here we are, face to face with another summer, and hundreds of Massachusetts school boys are looking around for work. Our government, at the same time, is endeavoring to solve the very difficult problem of raising sufficient food to supply our people next winter.

With the daylight saving plan in force in most all of the Eastern States, and the machine shops and shipyards paying greatly increased wages to men of all classes, the farmer has been literally robbed of all his help, and so, of necessity, is obliged to cut down his production to just enough to meet his own requirements.

In order to cope with this very distressing and dangerous situation, and to help save ourselves from want next winter, the State of Massachusetts has organized a Farm Service Movement, which plans to enlist as many young men as possible, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, form them into units of about twenty-five and place them on nearby farms.

It is the honest opinion of many that work on one of these farm camps is the best job

that a Massachusetts schoolboy could secure. You ask why? Well, did you ever stop to think that a young man, after a hard winter's work over his books, needs a change of surroundings in the summer,—in short, a vacation? By a vacation I mean a change of work, for there is not one of us in these progressive days that can afford to do any "loafing." A job with the Working Reserve on one of its farm camps this summer, would better a young man in a financial way, as well as affording him a summer's vacation. When a fellow is earning anywhere from three to four dollars a day, he doesn't have to be "a piker" and line his pockets with fish-hooks, in order to save a hundred dollars. What is more, if he wants to work real hard and save every penny, he can easily save close on to two hundred dollars.

The physical benefits derived by the young men who undertake this most patriotic work are great. Just examine one of the young men on his return from the farm in the fall and you will be convinced that he is in excellent condition to make any



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football team. The manual labor, although in many cases new and a "wee bit" tedious, develops him mentally and physically and makes a "two-fisted," "red-blooded" man of him.

After the day's work is done, which in the majority of cases lasts only nine hours, and our "embryo farmer" has tucked his third good square beneath his belt, his mind naturally turns to recreation.

Recreation in the farm camps is provided by the Y. M. C. A., and nothing is left undone that can administer to the comforts of the boys. Baseball games, boxing and wrestling bouts, moving pictures, phonographs, pianos, libraries, all are provided free gratis; dancing and movies are also provided by the inhabitants of the town where the camp is stationed.

There is no doubt that after a summer spent in the Working Reserve a young man, if normally constructed, should feel very much gratified with his healthy condition, his fat bank account, and with his new friends and varied experiences. N. B.—See your local Enrolling Officer at once, there's one in our own school.

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Did you ever stop to think of the education that "good old Winthrop High" offers you beside its regular course of study? An education thought by some to be of almost equal value with any course in its curriculum, a social education. We have in our school many clubs and societies, such as The Latin Club, The Science Club, The High School Congress, The Glee Club.

Unless a person intends to be a real out and out grind or a complete slacker, he should apply for membership in one of these many organizations.

Our school activities give us ample opportunity to meet people, to choose friends and to learn; they give us the opportunity to enjoy every-day pleasures and finally to choose and make lasting, beneficial friendships; in short, they offer us a complete course in human nature, especially if we are affiliated with athletics or debating.

Everyone should associate himself with some form of school activity and thereby get more than a mere "book education." If you are not a member of some club or organization, go back to school next fall with the determination to join one or more organizations and take an active part in its workings.

School spirit. "Ah, old stuff!" you'll say; "we've got plenty of it. What does he want to talk to us about that for." I'll admit we've got fine school spirit in our school; that is, of one kind—the kind that goes out upon the athletic field, roots, hollers and supports our teams to the limit. As far as that goes, Winthrop High has undoubtedly the best spirit, for a school of its size, in the State.

But did you ever stop to think that school spirit means vastly more than merely getting out on the athletic field and helping your team to victory? Real true school spirit means **Co-operation**, and co-operation means **Support**. Now, are you supporting the school as you should? Are you co-operating with your teachers?

Many are the young men and young women today who will find it impossible to enter college next fall simply because **they failed** to rightly co-operate with their instructors. You will say that this statement is not true, but, deep, deep down, you know it is true; and, what is more, you have already begun to realize it.

Now you, who are members of the class of Nineteen-Twenty-One, come back to the good school next fall with this resolve highly in mind: to co-operate with your instructors and fellow classmen to bring Winthrop High back to her old position among the finest; and, above all, **to throttle the first man** (no matter who he is) who utters a word of destructive criticism of your school; and remember that **it is yours**, for if it were not for you there would be no school. Nineteen-Twenty-One, Nineteen-Twenty bequeaths to you a great burden; would that she could help you carry it, but such is not to be.

"CARRY ON" and "COME UP SMILING."

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### Looking Forward.

New surroundings; new friends; new occupations; in short, "New worlds to conquer." The opportunities, the newness and the zest of it are intoxicating.

### In Retrospection.

Our petty trials and tribulations of four years become our bosom friends; the companionship of dear old Winthrop still remains, we have suffered no loss. Ours are the riches of Experience and MEMORY.

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"Tide's in—let's go for a swim."

—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



### SCIENCE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Science Club was held in Room 20, Sept. 25, 1919. The following officers were elected: President, Robert I. Johonnot; Vice President, Arthur L. Brown; Sec.-Treas., Louis J. Peltier. The Executive Committee consisted of Robert I. Johonnot, Arthur L. Brown, L. Crawford Churchill, Gardner B. Currier, Edward King, Gertrude Hallam and Stewart S. Perry. The following program was then taken up:

1. Gunpowder—Arthur L. Brown.
2. Limestone Caves—Robert I. Johonnot.
3. Fire Extinguisher—L. Crawford Churchill.
4. Sympathetic Inks—Carl Newmarch.
5. Geissler Tubes—Arthur L. Brown.

The second meeting was held in Room 21, Oct. 28, 1919. After an important business meeting the chair was turned over to Mr. Perry, who presented the following program:

1. Principles of Electricity—Louis J. Peltier.
2. Charge and Discharge of Condensers—Ernest Harvey.
3. Motors and Generators—Stewart S. Perry.
4. Arc Lights—W. Robertson White.
5. Solutions—Arthur L. Brown.

The third meeting was held in Room 20, Nov. 18, 1919. Mr. Brown presented the following program:

1. Gas in Modern Warfare—L. Crawford Churchill.
2. Carbon Dioxide—John A. Blais.
3. Iodine—Gardner B. Currier.

On Jan. 13, 1920, President Johonnot delivered a stereopticon lecture in the hall. His subject was "The Manufacture of the Welsbach Gas Mantle."

The fourth regular meeting was held in Room 20, Jan. 20, 1920. Vice President Brown presided. The revised constitution was read and accepted by the club.

On Feb. 24, 1920, the fifth meeting was held in the Chemical Laboratory. Mr. Gardner presented the following program:

- 1 Explosives—Arthur L. Brown.

2. Thermit—Louis J. Peltier.
3. French-American Shells—Gardner B. Currier.
4. Electricity—Miss Greenwood.

The sixth regular meeting was held in Room 21, May 5, 1920. Miss Greenwood presented the following program:

1. Remarkable Machines—Mr. Wile.
2. Musical Tumblers—Mr. Ruskin.
3. Alcoholism—Miss Greenwood.
4. Tests for Silk and Wool—Miss Foster.
5. Tornado—Miss Tuohey.
6. Peculiarities in Plants—Miss Kenrick.

On June 2, 1920, the last meeting of the Science Club took place in Osborne Hall. The lectures and experiments on "Wireless Telegraphy" were in charge of Mr. Perry. The following program was presented:

- 1 Discovery of Wireless Telegraphy—Prof. H. E. H. Greenleaf.
2. Development of Wireless Telegraphy—Stewart S. Perry.
3. The Radio Compass—William Erwin.
4. Wireless in the U. S. Navy—Donald J. McNeil.

After the close of the meeting the members of the club listened to several wireless messages through instruments set up on the stage.

Next year the Science Club will enter the fifth year of its existence, and it is hoped that many more students will avail themselves of this wonderful organization.

ARTHUR L. BROWN,  
*Secretary Pro Tem.*

Heard when two Commercial Seniors were studying their English lesson:

First: "I never can get my verbs straight. Would you say a hen sits or sets?"

Second: "Oh, it doesn't matter whether she sits or sets; the question is, when she cackles, has she laid or is she lying?"

### Parlor Magic.

This type is black. But the moment you've finished perusing this paragraph, it's read.





## SENIOR PLAY

The first social event on the school calendar was the Senior Play, "The Prince Chap," presented in Osborne Hall Friday and Saturday evenings, December 12 and 13. On both evenings the hall was filled and the play was considered a great success. The cast of characters was as follows:

Wm. Peyton, an American sculptor.....  
 .....J. Clayton  
 Jack Rodney, Earl of Huntington.....R. Curran  
 Marcus Runion, an English serving man  
 .....J. Cronin  
 Ballington, Yadder, Fritz (artists in the  
 building)—D. Freeman, A. Terrile, J.  
 Wakefield.  
 Truckman.....J. Herbert  
 Claudia.....Thelma Siebert  
 Mrs. Arrington, Claudia's mother.....  
 .....Pauline Broad  
 Phoebe Puckers, maid in studio building.  
 .....Esther Segal  
 Alice Travers, American fiancée of  
 Peyton.....Dorothy Roberts

J. Clayton, as a poor sculptor, climbing slowly up the ladder to fame, played his part well, the only way he knows how. R. Curran, as Peyton's friend, added much life and fun to the play. J. Cronin was a very "English" butler. Freeman, Terrile and Wakefield added to the merrymaking on

Christmas Eve. Thelma Siebert, as Claudia, a sweet child in the first two acts, an attractive young lady in the last, gave happiness to all members of the household, including Phoebe Puckers, played by Esther Segal,—a hard part and well done. Dorothy Roberts made an attractive, haughty fiancée; Pauline Broad, as Claudia's mother, gave a touch of sadness to the play; and last, but not least, J. Herbert added his bit of humor.

The play was directed, as in former years, by Miss Spence, who deserves a great deal of credit and appreciation.

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### SHIP OF STATE.

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There she swings against the tide,  
 Riding in majestic pride;  
 Sailed on all seas, far and wide,  
 With the stars in heav'n her guide.

O ship of state! let praises ring  
 Throughout the land; let people sing  
 Of triumphant voyage now past,  
 The harbor safely cleared at last.

—Arthur L. Brown, '20.

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Mr. Greenleaf (in Geometry): "Ives, what is a reflex angle?"

Ives: "That's what I was wondering."

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### CONTIO LATINA.

The first meeting of the Latin Club was held in the hall December 19, 1919. New members were initiated and several interesting papers were read.

On October 6 a business meeting had been held in Room 10 and the following officers and committees elected:

Duo Consules—Henrietta Perkins, Virginia Flint.

Scriba—Dorothy Smith.

Quaestor—Thelma Johnson.

#### Standing Committees.

Membership—Dorothy Bicknell, Dorothy Donovan, Ruth Gardner.

Program—Eleanor Herbert, Doris Enos, Katherine Patterson.

Custodii—Richard McClintock, Ruth Robinson.

#### Special Committees.

Constitution—Mary Lockhead, Lydia Galassi, Alice Irish, Eleanor Mittlestead, Marjorie Hall.

Songs and Cheer—Henrietta Perkins, Louise Murphy, Ellamae Flynn.

### HIGH SCHOOL CLUBS.

When Addison said that man was a social animal, he little realized that, in less than three centuries, equal suffrage would be in force, and his saying would also be true of women. Women have proved, through their activities during the war, that they are worthy of leadership in almost everything. In recognition of this merit, therefore, the writer opens this treatise on High School Clubs by first mentioning the clubs entirely composed of members of that sex.

On certain Thursday afternoons, a group of young ladies, called the Girls' Choral Club, assembles in Osborne Hall. Under the direction of an experienced gentleman, they "shout and sing," and raise their voices to each of the nine Muses, whose aid they seek, to appease their musical dispositions.

In the Latin Club, also, the feminine sex reigns. The two presiding officers here are female consuls, dressed in Roman togas, alias sheets. They are assisted by a similarly dressed pair, who, during the meetings, lean against columns, evidently to substitute their presence for the presence of those ancient and honorable gentlemen whose busts have been previously removed from the pillars.

Caesar's famous saying, "Scientia atque

usu," (or, to speak "United States," "Theoretical Knowledge and Practical Use") is carefully observed in the Science Club. Having quickly passed over the deliberative portion of the meeting, the seven wise men, or the executive board, call upon some member to deliver a lecture on some assigned subject, and to accompany it with experiments. The unfortunate writer must confess at this moment that he has already imposed upon himself the honor of listening to several treatises by our premature scientists on subjects ranging from "Why water is wet" to the clamorous explosive of "Tri-notutolluene-noluene."

Writers have always dealt more leniently and kindly with persons and things which have passed away previous to the time of writing; so, the writer, in order to follow custom, will employ an imperfect tense and laconism in speaking of the High School Congress, which lies now in the condition of temporary disbandment. The society was in its times influential and powerful. It did not hesitate to enact the bills which Legislatures perchance rejected; nor did it hesitate to re-enact that which Legislatures had already passed. By order of this remarkable organization prohibition was a reality long before the alcoholic fiend ever dreamed such would be the case. Our community had a new townhouse built again and again; for why should these boys worry about expense, since it cost nothing to speak and to order: and, furthermore, who was to prevent them from building castles in the air?

In conclusion the writer applies to clubs a quotation from Cicero: "They strengthen the youth" (the freshmen), "they delight the aged" (the seniors), "they provide prosperity" (for they are free for all); "they provide refuge and solace to the unfortunate" (for if you are a participant of these clubs you have a good excuse for unprepared lessons); "they delight at home and do not hinder outside" (that is, in the pretense of going to a meeting you can get out at night); "they stay with us at night" (rather, we stay with them at night); "they sojourn with us in a strange land and country" (Ancient Rome).

MORRIS MARDEN, 21.

Miss Lemay was having some French letters written on the board. Clayton had finished his and returned to his seat. On looking over his letter he said: "I was writing to a glue factory for a job." (Pause.) "When I get the job I'll stick."





## DEBATING

On Friday evening, April 9, 1920, Lynn Classical High School and Winthrop High held an interscholastic dual debate. The question for debate was: "Resolved that the United States should refrain from entering into any alliance which involves military obligation with any foreign power." Winthrop sent an affirmative team to Lynn, while Winthrop's negative team opposed a Lynn affirmative team in Osborne Hall. The debate in Winthrop was given by the following teams:

Speakers for Lynn	Speakers for Winthrop
Raymond Tucker	Morris Marden
Fred Miller	Ernest Harvey
Harry Swett	Crawford Churchill
Alternate—Clinton Conway	

Rebuttal by	
Raymond Tucker	Crawford Churchill
Judges.	

Mr. W. B. Alexander, Boston.  
Principal George P. Campbell, Marblehead.  
Principal W. D. Sprague, Melrose.

There were six ten-minute speeches to present the opposing arguments, a ten-minute intermission, during which the High School orchestra gave several selections, and two ten-minute rebuttals. At the close of the debate each judge handed in his separate decision, and the result was announced by Mr. Clarke as chairman. By a vote of two

to one the debate was declared won by Winthrop High School. An unanimous decision for the best individual speaker was given to Crawford Churchill, who was awarded the prize of five dollars in gold.

Winthrop's affirmative team—Frank W. Hallam, Arthur L. Brown and Robert I. Johannot, with Gardner B. Currier, alternate, which debated at Lynn, lost both debate and prize money; as the judges, Mr. Peterson, Principal of Wakefield High; Mr. Bashart, Principal of Salem High, and Atty. Francis W. Hill of Saugus, decided in favor of Lynn Classical. Edward W. Raye of Lynn was chosen best individual speaker, receiving two votes to one for Frank W. Hallam.

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Miss Lemay—There is no sentence without a verb.

Clayton: How about writing a telegram, "Home tomorrow"?

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Andrews (in French class): A mesure qu'elle improvisait sa figure. (Meaning) As she improved her figure.

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Spunt: What is a printing house?

Harris: A place where they do printing. (Laughter.)

Harris: That's what I thought it was.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

On Friday evening, December 19, 1919, the Senior Prom. was held in the gymnasium. Very attractive were the decorations, consisting of many different kinds of evergreen, red and green crepe paper, artificial snow and colored lights. Somerville's orchestra, whose music was enjoyed very much, was on the floor instead of in the balcony. The favors were various kinds of paper hats. The following committee was in charge of the evening: Jeannette Simpson, Chairman, H. Dean, J. Cronin, Ruth Kirk, Vivian Smith, Pauline Broad, T. Donovan.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Junior Prom. was held in the "gym" Saturday evening, February 14, 1920. Many pink hearts and streamers transformed the gym into a very pretty hall. The Legion orchestra furnished the music, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The favors were bands of pink festoons for the girls and hats for the boys. The committee in charge consisted of F. Ross, Chairman, Wm. Gilliam, J. Kelley, Helen Smith, Barbara Spaulding, Eleanor Mittlestead, N. Bertleson.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday evening, March 26, 1920, the Sophomores held their prom in the "gym." The decorations, consisting of fiery dragons, serpents, queer writing on the walls, and black and orange paper, lent a real oriental atmosphere. A novel idea was the arrangement of the dance order, the most practical one ever used since the abolishing of individual dance orders. Somerville's orchestra played, and the favors were small parasols for the girls and whistles for the boys. Those on the committee were: R. Sullivan, Chairman, Dorothy Donavan, J. Barry, Marjorie Hall, Mary White, Doris Enos, Ruth Evans, J. Gore, K. Sawin, H. Freeman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Freshman Social was held in the High School "gym" on Friday evening, May 7th. The hall was decorated with streamers in dainty pastel shades, stretching to all parts of the balcony from a canopy suspended from the center of the hall. The streamers, together with large maybaskets and butterflies, made the hall very attractive. Anderson's orchestra furnished the music, which was enjoyed by all. The elimination prizes were awarded to Clara M. Brown of the Sophomore class and Walter Hartt of the Freshman class. The girl's prize was a kewpie dressed in pink, and the boy's a pair of cuff links. Boutonnieres of

real roses were the favors of the evening. The social committee consisted of: J. Haynes, Chairman, Miss Gilliland, M. Anderson, E. Green, M. Sawyer, G. Gearhart, L. Gearhart, H. Segal, J. Fulham, N. Wells, R. Wentworth, G. Gallagher and M. Jennings.

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### THE EIGHTH GRADE SOCIAL.

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On the evening of May 21, 1920, if one happened to be walking past the High School, he would have seen the lights of the gym gleaming out through the mist and rain.

Inside much excitement prevailed. The balconies were crowded with adults, who were just as excited as were the groups of young people below.

The gymnasium had been completely transformed into a Japanese garden. Overhead were Japanese lanterns and parasols of every description. The balconies were trimmed with cherry blossoms, bringing to the minds of the people who saw them the faraway country of sunshine. At each end of the garden were lovely pagodas, around which hung many fancy colored lanterns. Underneath were wicker chairs, surrounded by palm trees, the chairs having been placed there for the convenience of the faculty. At one end of the room were panels, upon which were mounted various types of Japanese pictures. Lattice work interwoven with many Japanese flowers was placed at one side of the garden, making a very pretty appearance. We all felt that the decoration committee deserved many thanks.

The first event of the evening was a delightful program of reading, dancing and singing, which showed that the entertainment committee had done some hard work. Then followed the grand march. As the couples marched down the gym they received brightly colored caps, which added to the beauty of the grand march. After that there were various dances, and then intermission. Everybody enjoyed the delicious ice cream and homemade cake. Then followed the Virginia Reel, which was enjoyed to the utmost by everybody.

All were sorry to have the good time come to an end. Many guests commended it as the best Eighth Grade Social they had ever attended.

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He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.



# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

## MASS MEETING.

One of the most interesting and enthusiastic affairs of the year was the mass meeting held in the Winthrop Theatre on Wednesday, November 28. Everyone in school was able to attend, even the eighth grades, an event which has never been made possible before, as we have never been able to seat the entire school in the High School Hall.

To begin with, everyone sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and a very interesting and delightful program followed:

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation,  
by John K. Herbert.

Thanksgiving Day (Henry Ward Beecher),  
by Arthur A. Moore.

Musical Selection by School Orchestra.

Night (James Russell Lowell), by Margaret  
Knipe.

Cornet Solo, by Helen O'Toole.

America, by the School.

Short but very interesting speeches followed by: Major Joseph McCabe, U. S. A., Mr. Fred G. Curtis, Lieut. Mosely Taylor, Mr. Albert R. Stedfast, Mr. Fred W. Woodcock, Mr. Frank F. Cook, Mr. John L. Hurley.

Poem (D. Boyson), by Helen T. Smith.

Mr. Manter spoke a few words, which were right to the point, and then we adjourned, after a most delightful meeting.

The Editorial Staff is indebted to Carl N. Pratt '20 and Frank W. Hallam '20 for their art contributions; to the former for our cartoons, and to the latter for our new cover design.

John Whorf, Dean Freeman and Carl Pratt, so the story goes, were trying to see who had made the most realistic sketch.

"Why, I painted a picture of Abraham Lincoln which was so lifelike that I had to shave it every day," said the first.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the second. "I once painted a picture of a piece of marble which was so like one that when I threw it in some water it splashed like real marble and sank."

"Why, that's nothing," said the third. "I painted a picture of a hen and, thinking it no good, threw it in the waste-basket, and it laid there."

Senior French translation: The door of the hall entered.

Kemp considers "dactylic lines snappier."

## POLITICAL RALLIES.

As everyone is interested in the election of a new President, and as many pupils have but little opportunity to form an opinion as to which party and what man they are for, Miss Gilliland introduced the idea of holding political rallies in connection with Senior American History.

The first was a Hoover rally, held in Osbourne Hall, April 20. The rally opened with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. The introductory speech was given by Jack Herbert; the second speech, touching upon the foreign experience of Mr. Hoover, was given by Ruth Gordan, followed by a selection on the Victrola. The third speech, touching upon capital and labor, was given by Arthur Moore; the fourth speech by John Wakefield, and the last speech by Eva Band, after which another musical selection was played.

The floor was then open for discussion and several took advantage of the opportunity.

The second rally, for Johnson, was held in Osbourne Hall, Tuesday, April 27. The meeting opened with the Star Spangled Banner played by Barry's orchestra.

The first speaker was Crawford Churchill, the second William Erwin, and the third John Clayton. Between speeches the orchestra played selections. Following the debate there was a heated discussion between the Johnson supporters and a party of Hoover men who attended the rally.

## FRIDAY DANCING.

Friday afternoon dancing has been enjoyed this year as during former years and, perhaps, even more, because the music has been excellent. Mr. Clarke and the teachers seem to enjoy themselves almost as much as do the pupils. The fact that Mr. Clarke, together with the teachers and their friends, enjoy themselves at the proms, makes the evenings far more pleasant. Because of the increased number of pupils in the school the Freshmen have not been allowed to attend the upper class dances. We don't wish to offend anyone,—but, **Freshmen**, you must admit that you are small.

To those members of our faculty who are severing connections with W. H. S. this year: please accept Nineteen Twenty's tribute. May you always have your full share of the good things of life, and may success be your side-partner.

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### GEMS FROM FRESHMAN THEMES.

- (1) "Although he was a school teacher, he was very jolly."
- (2) "Freckles was a poor orphan boy who had his arm cut off and left on the steps of an orphan asylum."
- (3) "The movies also give a fellow a chance to love up his girl which he may not be able in the house."
- (4) "A kernel is a house a dog lives in."
- (5) "Argument is when two or more people disagree."
- (6) "Exposition is a thing that works."
- (7) Formal Invitation to dinner—"Mr. and Mrs. Blank request the presents of Mrs. Jones to dine with them at their home on Monday, February 2nd, 1920, if no other engagement prevails them."
- (8) "They went to the door of the doctor covered with mud."
- (9) "He later died sitting in his chair of apoplexy."
- (10) "A colon is used as a salutation in letter writing."
- (11) "A man came by with two ladies on each arm."
- (12) "In the center of the room is a large table, on which are many kinds of books and comfortable chairs."
- (13) "The boy had his head cropped up with pillows."
- (14) "Panic means to fry."
- (15) "Boycott means not to make any friends with relatives."
- (17) "He was deceased in his head."
- (16) "Salary is a garden vegetable."
- (18) "He was formally his wife."
- (19) "He was the doctor that saved Billy Bones from dying the first time."

### Examples of Phonetic Spelling.

Scair	Slambled
Insylum	Arubtly
Disobed	Lynergites
Depts.	Billzard
Rehearcell	Carm
Floure	Cweer
Limersoine	Inent
Coudent	Ruff

To say that the Senior Vaudeville Entertainment was a success would be to put it too mildly. The array of talent was nothing short of marvelous, and the affair lacked nothing in variety; for there was a movie film that would be worthy of any director's efforts; elocution that even made Webster turn in his grave; comedy that would shake the sides of the wooden horse of Troy; and

jazz! Man, "was jazz a dewdrop, these acts were Niagara Falls!" Between the acts and following them was staged what is known as a battle of music for the dancers' benefit, the contestants being Barry's renowned note knockers and the famous Pop's orchestra.

The annual School play was presented in Osborne Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 30 and May 1, with a good attendance both evenings. Music was furnished by the High School orchestra. The cast of characters was as follows:

The Hon. Geoffery Myrtleton, Congressman from the ninth district.....  
 .....John A. Fulham  
 Silas Jervis, Elisha Bassett, Myrtleton's constituents from Rambletown.....  
 .....Dudley C. Allen, James H. Corbett  
 Ensign Jack Meredith, acting under sealed orders.....John Kelly  
 Pinkerton Case, an amateur detective.....  
 .....Hayden Freeman  
 Vera Lee, an amateur actor and author of "The Fatal Shot".....  
 .....Raymond J. Sullivan  
 Jasper, the butler at Bachelor Hall.....  
 .....Amos N. Johonnot  
 O'Rourke, a policeman.....John M. Foley  
 Betty Vance, Myrtleton's ward.....  
 .....Helen T. Smith  
 Polly Reynolds, an amateur actress.....  
 .....Hazel E. Wentworth  
 Mrs. Van Styne, who has dramatic aspirations.....Eleanor E. Herbert  
 Claire, her daughter, who has not.....  
 .....Celia Branz

The Seniors held their "Farewell Prom" in the "gym" on Friday evening, June 4, 1920. The color scheme of the entire affair was black and white; the decorations, dance orders, favors and elimination prizes,—the latter, a kewpie, dressed in black and white, won by Barbara Spaulding, and a pair of silk sox, won by M. Tasker. A "black and white novelty dance" and the faculty dance were two features of the evening. The favors were small kewpies for the girls and toy guns for the boys. Music was furnished by Somerville's orchestra, and, through the kind consent of Mr. Clarke, dancing was enjoyed until eleven-thirty. The committee in charge consisted of: John Cotter, Chairman, Ruth Kirk, Vivian Smith, Mildred Rogers, Stanley Stedfast, Richard Murry, Jeannette Simpson and Harold Lindergreen.





### FOOTBALL.

Shortly after school opened Coach Manter called for football candidates. He got much promising material. For two full weeks they worked hard;—then came the first game.

**Sept. 20. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.**

Lynn Classical 6, Winthrop 0.

Well, although in the opinion of many outclassed by Winthrop, Classical got away

Our opponents may have had marble heads, but they certainly had no marble line.

**Oct. 18. Peabody at Peabody.**

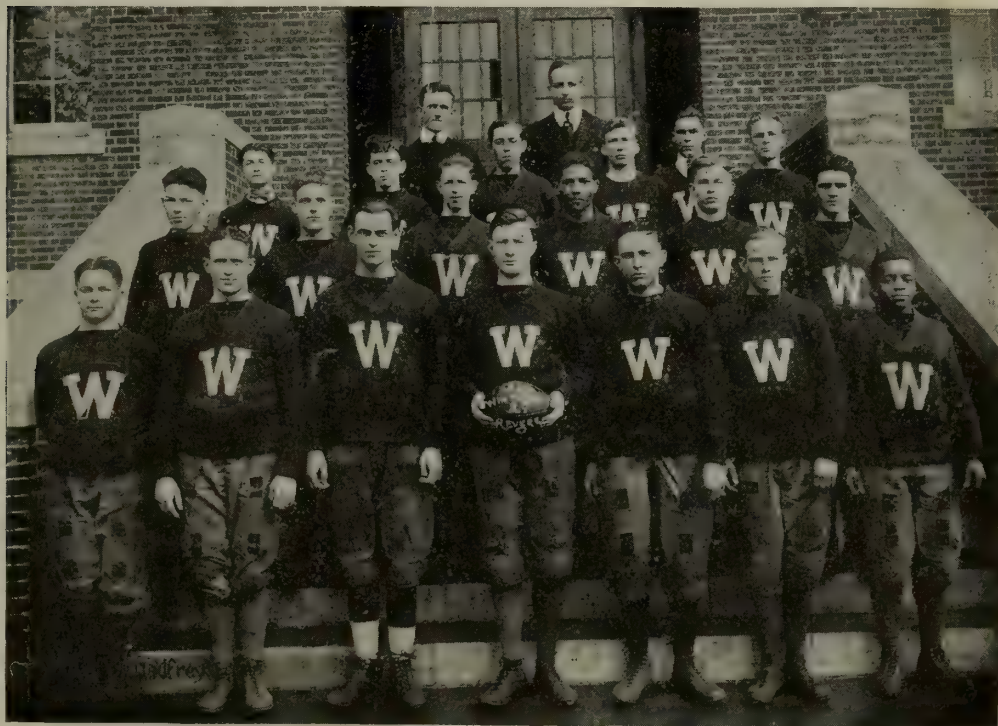
Peabody 26, Winthrop 6.

Talk about Waterloo. The visiting team outplayed us but—Oi, Oi, what police!

**Oct. 25. Swampscott at Winthrop.**

Swampscott 7, Winthrop 19.

We certainly dumped the visiting team in the swamp. Tres bien.



for a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal.

**Sept. 27. Brookline at Brookline.**

Brookline 0, Winthrop 0.

We held the strong team of the wealthy city to a scoreless tie.

**Oct. 4. Norwood at Norwood.**

Norwood 0, Winthrop 19.

The Norwood team certainly had to gnaw wood after that game.

**Oct. 13. Marblehead at Winthrop.**

Marblehead 0, Winthrop 35.

**Nov. 8. Lynn English at Lynn.**

Lynn English 0, Winthrop 14.

We scored two touchdowns against English's nil.

**Nov. 11. Natick at Winthrop.**

Natick 0, Winthrop 20.

They were a husky bunch but lacked the pep and speed of two of their former players, Murray and Casey.

**Nov. 15. Gloucester at Gloucester.**

Gloucester 0, Winthrop 10.

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They say "fish makes brains," but we doubt it in this case.

### **Nov. 21. Melrose at Winthrop.**

Melrose 0, Winthrop 31.

We must admit our second team played a fine game against Melrose.

### **Nov. 27. Revere at Winthrop.**

Revere 0, Winthrop 27.

Poor Revere! This job seems to be getting an annual one for us. Not a chance even to cheer (thanks to our band) did she have.

### **Spotlights on the "Grid" Team.**

Capt. Cotter and "Jinx" Moore, the ends, proved very formidable to all teams. Cotter is a big boy and Moore, although small in stature, made the visiting teams sit up and take notice. Barry and Moreland are two big men, whose offensive power seemed invincible, and on defensive they adopted for their motto, "They shall not pass." Doherty, Stedfast and Swett, our guards, along with Kelly, combined to form an excellent center section. At quarterback, "Boozer" Russell, proved to be a real "grid" general. Our scrappy halfbacks were the sensations of the year. "Bones" is a wonderful punter and a clever open field runner. "Bunk" Molloy has the aerial game down to a science and his line plunges meant much in every game. Saunders, our stocky fullback, is a powerful man and sure did break the line hard. Our "letter" men, Thomas, Colby, Flynn, Cronin, and Gersumky, deserve much credit as substitutes. Our assistant manager, "Dick" Lecour, deserves a lot of praise for his daily appearance at the locker room. The position of manager was very ably filled by Arthur Brown.

This year the students and townspeople gave wonderful support to the football team. Our cheer leaders, "Jack" Herbert, "Tickle" Curran and "Johnny" Clayton, were right on the job all the time. The school and the team wish to thank our cheer leaders most heartily, through the Echo.

But when we produce such a team as represented our school this year we must not forget the "man behind the gun"; for Coach John W. Manter works night and day training and perfecting plans to put Winthrop High on the map.

Captain-elect Molloy and Coach Manter have our best wishes for a champion team.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council the following were awarded football sweaters:

Cotter, Capt.	Moreland
Brown, Mgr.	Allen
Dean	Doherty

Bunnell

Saunders

The following were awarded only W's:

Flynn

Colby

Cronin

Gersumky

Thomas

The following were awarded gold footballs:

Barry

Stedfast

Dean

Jenkins

Swett

Moore

John W. Manter, Coach.

## BASKETBALL.

The first basketball game of the season was played with the Y. M. C. A. of Boston. Owing to the fact that our boys were not able to practice much on account of lack of heat in the school, they were swamped 24 to 7. However, this was only a trial game, and the team certainly made up for it later.

### **Nov. 7. Wellesley at Winthrop.**

On Nov. 7 we handed Wellesley a little surprise to the tune of 11 to 4. The star performer for Winthrop was Eddie Jenkins, while Wellesley could claim no shining lights.

### **Nov. 11. Winthrop at Worcester.**

Nov. 11 Worcester smothered us 21 to 8, nevertheless the boys put up a fine game, making Worcester work for every point. Of course the boys were somewhat outclassed, as Worcester Academy is a Prep. School and had some former High School players on her team.

### **Jan. 13. Winthrop at Watertown.**

The first game after Christmas the boys came back strong, serving Watertown a 7 to 5 defeat. The game was hotly contested from beginning to end, but Manter's quintette succeeded in "bringing home the bacon."

### **Jan. 16. Arlington at Winthrop.**

On Jan. 16 we sent Arlington home with very little more than their carfare. Not only did we lick them 25 to 8, but nearly every man on the squad got in the game some time before the whistle blew. Jenkins scored 11 points and Donovan came a close second with 10 points.

### **Jan. 20. Winthrop at Winchester.**

In a very close game on Jan. 20 Winthrop pulled an 11 to 10 victory over Winchester. This was quite a surprise to the home team, as they fully expected to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

### **Jan. 23. Natick at Winthrop.**

Jan. 23 Winthrop gave Natick all that was coming to them, and a whole lot more than





they expected. Our boys were not satisfied with winning, but decided to run up a score, whitewashing Natick 29 to 10.

**Jan. 27. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

On Jan. 27 the boys seemed to lose some of their former "pep" and let Chelsea go home with a 14 to 5 victory to their credit. However, it was a very interesting game to the spectators, if not for the players.

**Jan. 31. Winthrop at Exeter.**

On Jan. 31 Winthrop met its Waterloo. Exeter Academy handed us an overwhelming defeat of 40 to 8. ('Nuff said.)

**Feb. 4. Norwood at Winthrop.**

Feb. 4 we came back to our old style. After losing two successive games, Manter's boys trimmed Norwood 22 to 14 in a real snappy game on the home floor.

**Feb. 13. Winchester at Winthrop.**

On Feb. 13 Winchester hoped to even up for her former defeat, but the Winthrop quintette played to true form, dealing Winchester a second defeat, the score being 20 to 13.

**Feb. 16. Winthrop at Arlington.**

On Feb. 16 a very exciting game was played at Arlington. When the final whistle blew the score was tied, but rather than split even both teams agreed to play five minutes overtime, which resulted in a victory for Arlington by three points, the score being 22 to 19.

**Feb. 20. Winthrop at Wellesley.**

On Feb. 20 Winthrop handed Wellesley a

second defeat, beating them 12 to 7 on Wellesley's floor. Jenkins scored the majority of the points for Winthrop, while Brennan netted five out of Wellesley's seven points.

**Feb. 25. Watertown at Winthrop.**

Watertown played its return game at Winthrop. They certainly came back full of pep, and evened up for the former defeat they received at our hands by a victory of 18 to 7.

**Mar. 12. Winthrop at Chelsea.**

Winthrop again suffered a defeat at the hands of Chelsea. It was a very interesting game and our team took a large crowd of followers with them, who, however, came home somewhat disappointed, as Chelsea won a victory of 15 to 8.

**Mar. 17. Winthrop at Natick.**

On March 17 Natick succeeded in paying off old scores by defeating us 19 to 15. Donovan starred for Winthrop, while Hickey pulled down 13 of Natick's points.

**Mar. 19. Brockton at Winthrop.**

**Mar. 23. Winthrop at Brockton.**

Much to the distress of Winthrop fans, Brockton finished up the season strong. On Feb. 19 Brockton soaked us 17 to 13 on our own floor, and on the 23rd we suffered a second defeat at Brockton, being deluged by a score of 24 to 12.

Our second team made even a better showing than the first team, coming through the season with but a single defeat chalked

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up against them. They always played a fine, snappy game, and every member of the team deserves great credit.

The games and scores were as follows:

Winthrop 20	Wellesley 3
Winthrop 11	Watertown 9
Winthrop 23	Arlington 2
Winthrop 9	Winchester 8
Winthrop 28	Natick 2
Winthrop 12	Chelsea 3
Winthrop 23	Norwood 7
Winthrop 23	Winchester 1
Winthrop 27	Arlington 11
Winthrop 26	Wellesley 2
Winthrop 24	Watertown 8
Winthrop 14	Chelsea 17
Winthrop 37	Natick 6
Winthrop 21	Brockton 20
Winthrop 21	Brockton 13
Winthrop 15	Chelsea 11

The single defeat was received at the hands of the Chelsea team. This, however, was compensated for when Winthrop defeated Chelsea in the last game of the season, played for the second team championship.

Taken as a whole, the basketball season was a very successful one, and great praise is due to all the players, who upheld the high standards of Winthrop High School. The following members of the team received their letters: Donovan, Russell, Kelley, Jenkins, Wood, Dean, Cotter and Murphy.

### TRACK.

Although track was not taken up extensively this year, it was much more successful than last year. Mr. Ronan, our popular young teacher, served as a coach for the team.

In the first meet, held at the Huntington School, our senior relay team, consisting of Kelly, Moore, Harvey and Clayton, defeated the South Boston team in one of the most exciting interscholastic contests ever witnessed. Clayton was also able to get into the semi-finals of the 40yd. dash.

In the relay carnival, held at the East Armory, Winthrop High was represented by three teams, junior, intermediate and senior. The junior team consisted of Walsh, Ross, Howard and Stockwell; the intermediate of Colby, Ramsey, Gore and LeCour; the senior of Kelly, Harvey, Clayton and Williams. The senior team sprang a surprise by reaching the semi-finals. If you consider the calibre of the teams they were up against and the facilities for training that the other teams had, such as indoor tracks, etc., you

will certainly agree that Winthrop High made a creditable showing.

Now, what would have happened if our team had had the proper facilities? In our opinion the track team of Winthrop High would have said, "Excuse my dust," to all competitors.

In the next State meet Kelly was able to reach the semi-finals of the 60yd. dash, an effort achieved not by proper training but by pure merit. In the longer runs of this meet the lack of training out-balanced the merits of the runners, so that they were not able to finish well.

At the present writing plans are being made for an informal meet with Ft. Banks.

At a meet held at Harvard Stadium May 29, 1920, Winthrop High was well represented. John Kelly came in third in both the 220yd. and the 100yd. dashes, Exeter Academy winning first place and Worcester Academy second place. Kelly received two bronze medals for his remarkable showing against all academies. Among the schools represented were Exeter, Andover and Worcester Academies and Huntington School.

In track everybody has an equal chance to show his worth, whereas on a football team only eleven men may play; on a basketball team only five men may play; on a hockey team only seven men may play; and on a baseball team only nine men may play.

It is a recognized fact that no other sport demands the grit and courage that track does.

Track offers equal opportunities for the heavy and the slim fellows. In track there is no handicap in physical size, and in track the number of contestants is unlimited.

When track was made a sport at Winthrop High it aroused great enthusiasm, which has gradually died down for want of training facilities. Come, student body, show us that this good old sport will never die in Winthrop High.

### FIELD HOCKEY.

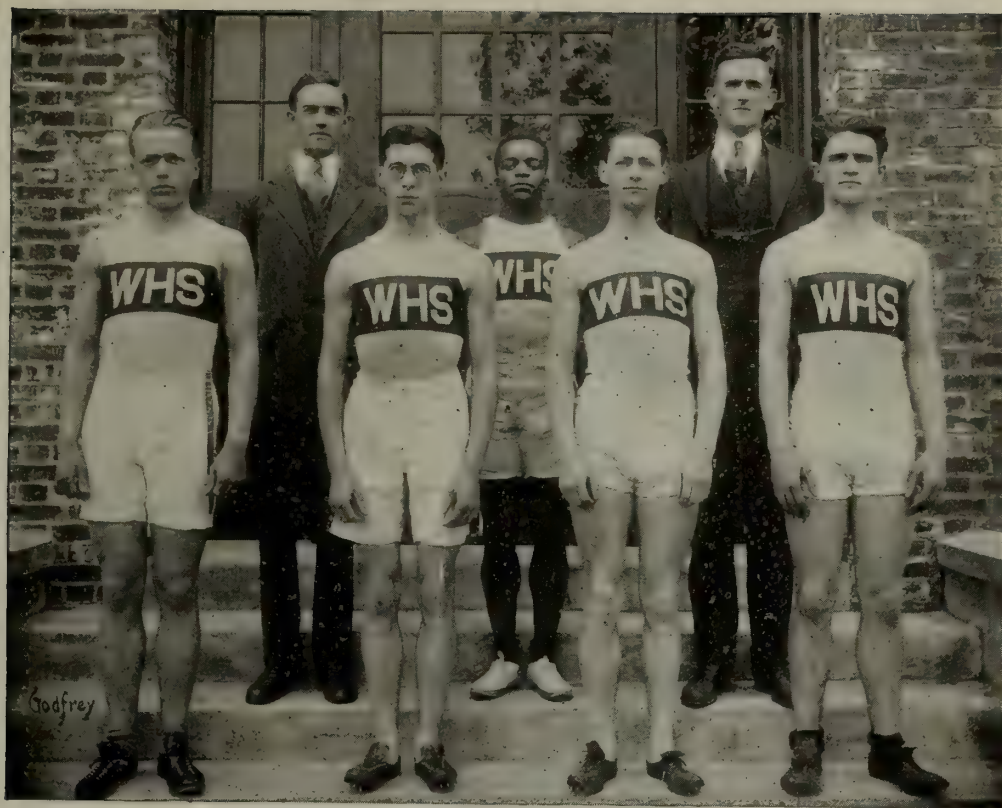
The "Equal Suffrage Movement" has made great strides in Winthrop High School during the last year, resulting in the admission of the Field Hockey Team to the Athletic Association.

The season opened under the leadership of Dorothy Curtis, Captain; Dorothy Ball, Manager, and Miss Casebeer, Coach.

The games were as follows:

Winthrop 1	Lexington 1
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Winthrop 4	Winchester 0
Winthrop 0	Arlington 9
Winthrop 2	Lexington 1
Winthrop 1	Arlington 3
Winthrop 2	Winchester 0
Winthrop 1	Sargent 7

Without a doubt, Mary Lockhead was the star player of the season, making 6 of the 11 points scored by the home team; Katherine McCarthy and Doris Enos each scored 2, and Dorothy Curtis 1.

On November 14, during the game with Lexington, "Kip" McCarthy broke her finger and was unable to play again during the rest of the season. Her place in the line-up was taken by Kathryn Patterson.

The line-up was as follows:

K. McCarthy, C.	G. Honan, L.H.
M. Muldoon, R.I.	T. Delorey, R.H.
M. Lockhead, L.I.	E. Gordon, L.F.
D. Curtis, R.W.	T. Johnson, R.F.
D. Enos, L.W.	D. Ball, G.
R. Evans, C.H.	K. Patterson, C.

As field hockey is now under the direction of the Athletic Association, all members of the team are entitled to sweaters.

A word for the "subs." They made a good showing, and stand more than a chance of making the team next year. They

are: D. Smith, I.; C. Magee, H.B.; E. Peterson, W.; and R. Henderson, F.B.

"Kip" McCarthy was elected Captain for the year 1920, and "Dot" Ball as Manager.

Best wishes for a "champ" team in 1920.

#### BASEBALL.

This year Harry Dean captains our team, while George Kemp fills the position of manager. Coach Manter has hopes of winning a few more games, although the first few produced rather a dampening effect. Woods, Bell, R. Russell, Littleton, Epstein, Molloy, Dean, Donovan, Lewis, Murphy, Moore, Johnson, W. Russell and Ramsey are the men most likely to uphold Winthrop High in the remaining games of the season.

#### Apr. 19. Gloucester at Winthrop.

Gloucester 13, Winthrop 3.

Gloucester administered a stinging defeat to Winthrop, thereby retaliating for our great triumph over their football team. The game, the first of the season, was loosely played by our opponents as well as by Winthrop.

#### May 1. Lynn English at Winthrop.

Lynn English 15, Winthrop 6.

Alas! another school returning her "grid" defeat. The home team lost the game be-



cause of the errors made by each member of the team.

**May 4. Marblehead at Marblehead.**

Marblehead 5, Winthrop 4.

Although we lost the game, we showed much improvement over former games. It took Marblehead ten innings to beat us, however. With Johnson, our regular pitcher, back on the job, we showed the pep of last year's team.

**May 12. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.**

Lynn Classical 14, Winthrop 8.

Winthrop started finely, but in the unlucky seventh the team got rattled and threw up the game. Johnson, Dean and Epstein all tried in vain to check the onrushing forces of our opponents.

**May 15. Boston English at Winthrop.**

Boston English 5, Winthrop 2.

Our team was somewhat rattled in the first inning and let in four runs, but later saw that they had an equal chance to win. The team put up a good fight against one of the strongest teams of Greater Boston, but the four runs proved too much for Winthrop.

**May 18. Lynn Classical at Lynn.**

Lynn Classical 4, Winthrop 3.

We almost turned the tables on Classical, but a scene somewhat similar to an amateur game let in the fourth run.

**May 19. Swampscott at Swampscott.**

Swampscott 8, Winthrop 13.

Our team seemed to take stock in the old saying, "A thing worth getting is worth waiting for." The team is now in real form and showing the kind of ball Winthrop High is famous for.

Although the first part of the season seemed somewhat like a burlesque of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," the members of the team are working like Trojans to spell Victory on the banner of Winthrop High in the remaining games of the season.

Below appears a schedule for the remaining games of the season:

May 26 Peabody at Winthrop.

May 29 Revere at Revere.

June 5 Revere at Winthrop.

June 12 Gloucester at Gloucester.

June 15 Marblehead at Winthrop.

**Postponed Games.**

Swampscott at Winthrop.

Lynn English at Lynn.

Peabody at Peabody.

The second team has played two games to date:

**May 5. Lynn English at Winthrop.**

Lynn English 8, Winthrop 9.

Well, it took our second team to start the ball a-rolling. Epstein pitched a "corking" game and was given wonderful support by his teammates. All hail the future stars of Winthrop High!



## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

### May 20. Revere at Revere.

Revere 14, Winthrop 8.

Our second team seemed to play "second hand low," for they failed to come across in this game.

### BOXING.

Boxing and wrestling are two sports which have survived for ages. The ancient Greeks developed these two sports to a state of perfection.

During the recent war a committee was appointed to supervise athletic training in our army and navy. This committee reported that they considered boxing an ideal sport, one in which nearly all the muscles of the body were brought into action. Therefore they introduced it in our training camps and resting billets, and it met with the greatest of success.

Since the war many colleges have taken up boxing as a regular major sport. Among these are Princeton, Holy Cross, Yale and Boston College. Many high schools also have introduced boxing as a sport.

In boxing, as in track, every fellow has an equal show. Boxing develops many more muscles of the body than any other sport does, and is less dangerous than any other major sport.

The School Committee would make a fine move in authorizing the progressive sport, boxing, to be taken up in Winthrop High.

### '20's LETTER MEN.

During our four years in High School many of the boys of the class of 1920 earned W's. Below appears a list of all of our classmates who were awarded W's by the Athletic Council:

#### Football.

Cotter	Clayton
Moore	Flynn
Stedfast	Cronin
Swett	Russell
Barry	Dean
Lavoix	Brown

#### Basketball.

Jenkins	Russell
Donovan	Dean
Wood	Cotter

#### Murphy

#### Track.

Russell	Clayton
Cotter	

#### Baseball.

Dean	Littleton
Russell	Moore

### Gold Footballs.

Cotter	Dean
Moore	Barry
Swett	Stedfast
Jenkins	

Mr. Greenleaf (in spelling class): "Pratt, read the definition of deciduous."

Pratt: "It's missing."

Mr. G.: "Well, then, give it yourself."

Pratt: "I don't know it."

Mr. G.: "Missing again."

Miss Gilliland (in Senior History class): "Herbert, name the border states in the Civil War."

Herbert: "Maryland, Delaware, Arkansas, Texas."

Miss G.: "Texas a border state?"

Voice from rear: "Mexican border."

Miss Downes: "Who was the Roman general noted for his clemency?"

Bright Pupil: "Sulla."

Curran: "What about Attic?"

Herbert (discussing the cheapness of swaying an Indian): "All you have to do to sway a foreigner is to shake a bill under his nose, but to sway an Indian one has only to shake a bottle under his nose." (Nowadays more than the Indians could be swayed in this way.)

Teacher—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Pupil—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Duty is what we expect from others.

### No Tact.

Miss Jones flung herself into an easy chair with a dejected air. "I don't wonder that Professor Kidd is unpopular!" she remarked. "He has no tact!"

"How so, dear?" inquired her friend sympathetically.

"He asked me," replied the other acidly, "to buy a ticket for his lecture on 'Fools,' and when I bought it the ticket was marked, 'Admit One!'"

Heard in Room 20:

Mr. P.: What is temporary hard water?

Student (with brilliant thought): Ice.

Teacher: What is a polygon?

Pupil: A dead parrot.

# ALUMNI

Helen Elword '14 is still performing pedagogical duties at the Beach Grammar School.

Norman Foran '18 is gaining more athletic laurels in track and baseball at Catholic Univ., Washington, D. C.

"Ed" Curran '16, who recently returned from diplomatic service in Sweden, is attending Harvard Law School.

"Phil" Segal '19 has been burning the "midnight oil" up at Dartmouth this year.

Myrtle Curtin '19 is employed in the Winthrop Savings Bank. A good place to be in these times, "Myrt."

Mary Tierney '17 is acting forewoman of the Gilmour-Rothery Ins. Co., Secretarial Dept.

Catherine Murray '18 and Carolyn Metcalf '18 are both at Smith College this year.

John Fielding '15 is printing our "Echo" for us at the Mass. Linotyping Corp.

Marjorie Nazro '18 has spent a very profitable year at Mt. Holyoke College.

Louis Sheehan '16 is assisting his brother in the automobile battery business.

Norma Patrick '17 is one of our active working librarians in the Winthrop Public Library.

Dawn Gleason '18 is the proud mother of 1918's Class baby.

"Dot" Cousins '19 is employed in the Winthrop Trust Co.

Claire Fulham '19 is taking advanced business courses at the Sacred Heart Academy.

Eugene Cronin '19 has been a studious student at Chauncy Hall this past year in preparation for "Tech."

James F. Howell '19 will enter Annapolis this fall.

D. Nichols, R. Nichols, F. Hutchinson, C. McClintock and B. Keenan, all '19, have been taking a P. G. course at Winthrop High in preparation for various colleges.

Florence Cullinane '19 has recently been appointed private secretary to Vice Pres. Morgan of the John Hancock Co.

Mary Reade '19 is specializing in dancing and music.

"Gerra" Murray '17 is interested in the insurance business.

Ruth Tobey '17 is retaining her popularity at B. U. B. A.

Ernest Epstein '17 is drawing cartoons for a New York motion picture company.

Sherry O'Brien '14 is in the oil business down in Texas and is doing very well.

"Bill" Spunt '13, who recently graduated from Tufts, is now married and is making a tour of Europe, combining business with pleasure.

Kenneth Donald '16 recently won a scholarship at Harvard, where he is quite ostentatiously displaying his mental ability.

"Dick" Pike '19 has been attending Boston College this year.

"Doc" Holmes '12, who played on the Legion basketball team, is again practising dentistry, having quite recently returned from service overseas.

John Keenan '18 has been making successful strides in the banking course at B. U. this year.

"Donnie" White '19, who has been "finishing" up at W. H. S. this year, intends to enter Amherst this fall.

Violet Hagman, Elizabeth Gilbert and Marion Crocker, all '19, are employed as stenographers in the John Hancock Co.

Miss Howatt '13 is the typewriting teacher in Winthrop High and is very popular among the student body.

"Art" Verney '17 is now connected with the Hood Rubber Co. and is succeeding excellently.

"Joe" Spinney '17 is working for a Boston security house.

Thelma Vickerson '18 and "Dot" Sewall '18 are employed by the John Hancock Ins. Co.

Charles Burke '17 is working for "Pa" in the Burke and Hays tailoring concern.

"Ed" Cousins '17 is employed by the Boston Leather Heel Co.

Barbar Johnson '17 is training to be a nurse and is incidentally exceedingly popular at the Sargent School.

"Gwen" Bloomfield '19 is also active in the college life.

Dorothy Spinney '15 is the head paying teller at the Federal Reserve Bank.

Anna Butler '15 is still teaching in the Pauline-street grammar school.

"Bill" Talcott '17, who played football for the Legion this year, is working for the Talcott Wool Co.

"Howie" Jenkins '17 is working for the Hudson Motor Car Co.

"Tom" Griffiths '18 is in the contracting business.

Roger Walker '18 is working for a woolen concern.



## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

James Cody '17 is working in a wholesale grocery store.

Elsie Chamberlain '18 is employed in a security bonding house in Boston.

"Pete" Le Cour '18 played on the football team of the training ship "Ranger" this year.

"Bus" Sullivan '18 has been making quite a name for himself in athletics this year at Bates College.

Henry Carstenson '18 is connected with a plumbing concern in Boston; also he plays ball now and then.

"Ed" Wilson '15 is working for a prominent woolen concern in Boston.

"Dot" Locke '19 is employed by Wells & Co., brokers.

"Jimmie" James '17 has been keeping up her lively record at Lasell this year.

Joseph Burke '18 has an excellent position with a Boston cotton concern.

Marion Pingree '17 has become a matrimonial maniac.

E. Patrick '17 has entered the business world.

M. Jennison '17 is working for the Durant Insurance Co.

Doris Nichols '19 is a typist and is now connected with the Gilmour-Rothery Co.

Marion Benson '18 is attending a private business school in Boston.

Alice Barry '19 is taking a business course at Burdette.

"Dan" O'Brien '16 is taking a financial course at Harvard College.

Earle Hannaford '17 is now attending Huntington School and intends to matriculate at "Tech" this fall.

"Dick" Anthony has a very good position with a prominent woolen concern.

Ralph Ferdinand '17, who was in the recent "Tech" show, has also been quite prominent in other activities there.

Helen Murphy '17 was Captain of the Junior basketball team at B. U. L. A. this year.

Flora O'Toole '19 had a prominent part in the play recently produced by the B. U. B. A. Dramatic Club.

Agnes Sands '19 had the honor of being the Secretary of the first organized class at Boston University Secretarial School.

—G. GORDON BARRY, '20.

Miss Gilliland (speaking of Moore's failure to report for an afternoon session): "I didn't see you Friday."

Moore: "Yes, you did."

Miss G.: "When?"

Moore: "When I went out."

Mr. Greenleaf (dictating spelling words): "Woman."

Wheeler: "Plural?"

Mr. Greenleaf: "One's enough."

### What's In a Name?

She was a young missionary in China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers.

The manager of a Boston firm advertised for an assistant. Melvin Epstein answered the advertisement. The manager said:

"Yes, I require an assistant. I want a man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter."

### Encouragement.

"Curran, every time your automobile breaks down I notice you examine your state license."

"I do that for encouragement. The license says I'm competent to operate the machine."

Harvey, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station, inquired:

"Must I—er—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No, you can travel as an ordinary person," was the reply.

### Changed Attitude to Landlords.

We can remember the days when we used to call up the landlord and tell him that if he didn't paper the front room and kalso-mine all the ceilings and put in a new furnace before winter came, and paint the old house and repair all the plumbing and enamel the bathroom and fix the leaks in the roof, we'd move. Now, if the house was on fire we wouldn't call up the landlord for fear he'd raise the rent for the extra heat we were getting.

1st Pupil: Who were the Harpies?

2nd Pupil: Ladies who played on the harp.



Arthur L. Brown, Editor.

The Echo acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

1. "The Echo," Canton High School. February number.
2. "The Beacon," Boston University. March and April numbers.
3. "The Gale," Revere High School. February, March and April numbers.
4. "The Argus," Gardner High School. March and April numbers.
5. "The Monitor," Wellesley High School. February number.
6. "About St. Agnes," Albany, N. Y. December number.
7. "Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary. December and January numbers.
8. "The Bulletin," Lawrence High School. June number.
9. "The News," East Orange High School. April and May numbers.

**"The Echo," Canton High.**

Your literary department is good. Your school notes could be very much enlarged. Your joke department is excellent and original. Don't you think that a cartoon or two would put some pep into the magazine? Where is your alumni department?

**"The Beacon," Boston University.**

As usual, your stories are excellent. "Mush versus Mush" is a very amusing story, while "Black Magic" is a "corker," too. Would not an exchange department add to your paper?

**"The Gale," Revere High.**

Your editorials are excellent. Don't you think your other departments should have cuts? Your stories are good but there are not enough of them. Your joke department could be worked up, too.

**"The Argus," Gardner High.**

Your stories are excellent. Your departments are arranged very neatly. Your cover design is plain but effective. Why do you mix up your ads with your stories?

**"The Monitor," Wellesley High.**

Your stories are very good, especially

"Germany after the War." Where is your joke column? We like your idea of having a special department for Junior High notes.

**"About St. Agnes," St. Agnes' School.**

Your paper is good, although small. A few more stories would undoubtedly give a better appearance to your paper. If you had a cut for your department notes it would greatly add to this department. We missed your joke column. Doesn't anything funny ever happen at your school?

**"Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary.**

Lasell Leaves is one of the best exchanges we have received. The cuts at the head of each department are cleverly drawn. Would not something in the line of a cartoon help to brighten up the paper?

**"The Bulletin," Lawrence High.**

Your Class Hymn and Valedictory Address are excellent. We failed to see any exchange or joke department. Would not a few stories and a table of contents present a better appearance to your paper?

**"The News," East Orange, N. J.**

A very newsy and interesting paper. Your exchanges are well written. Would not a few stories help your paper? Come again.

---

Sisson (in a speech before Congress): My former colleague has shown you that sugar is a due necessity to children from one month to eighteen months. The loss of sugar would decrease their age.

---

Mr. Greenleaf: What is the meaning of taxidermy?

Wakefield: A ride in a jitney.

---

Heard in Room 11:

Student: Can a woman become President of the U. S.?

Mr. Grierson: Yes, if she admits her age.



# COMMENCEMENT

## CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

March.....Class Marshal—Richard Curran  
 Song.....Class of 1920  
 Address of Welcome.....  
 .....Class President—John K. Herbert  
 Class Oration.....John Clayton  
 Song.....Class of 1920

### "The First Flag."

Scene: A work room behind the upholstery shop of Mrs. Betsy Ross on Arch St., Philadelphia, June, 1776.

George Washington.....John Clayton  
 Robert Morris.....Richard Curran  
 Colonel Ross.....Dean Freeman  
 Betsy Ross.....Dorothy Roberts  
 Sarah, a Quaker maid.....Thelma Siebert  
 Martha Washington.....Mildred Rogers  
 Song.....Class of 1920  
 Class History.....Frank Hallam  
 Class Prophecy.....Dorothy Roberts  
 Presenting Class Gifts.....  
 .....Class Day Committee  
 Song.....Class of 1920  
 Music by the High School Orchestra.

## A HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920, W. H. S.

Long years ago, when we were boys in knickerbockers, and when the girls still relied on short skirts and the customary pig-tail, and,—we still paid our nickels on the "Narrow Gauge," and,—the "Great White Way" was not lit up as yet, and,—digging clams still had precedence over back-yard gardening, there came a hot, dry summer's day in June, 1916.

After we had lifted up our voices in song, after the painful recitations of our eloquent classmates, and,—after having heard the ironclad remarks of the School Committee, one hundred and ninety-eight expectant and eager children were duly presented with the much-cherished sheepskins, neatly tied with red ribbon.

We spent an entertaining and lively summer at Winthrop Beach, and at its close, on returning to the High School, we met a breezy reception on the part of the august conductor of our destinies.

Having procured a literal translation of our program cards, we commenced to explore the mazes of the lately completed Annex and the intricate system of the lunch room, presided over by honest Seniors.

(Marvelous to say, they are still honest, after a fashion.) But outside of a few occasional slurring remarks of upper classmen and frequent admonitions by the faculty concerning our mental condition, our Freshman trials were very light. After a beautiful exhibition of basquetry for our Class Social (they were cutting down expenses that year and for decorations had one basket at every post in the gym and nothing more) some of us completed the first and last year of our High School careers. We then endeavored to discover the mysterious charm of a summer at Winthrop Beach.

Our entrance to school this year was on time and the introductory monologue was attentively listened to by all. This year we mastered the great American characteristic—Bluff, and saw instituted the ever-famed female honor roll. The battle of faculty versus pupils waged long and hazardously, and many pupils were wounded with Afternoon Session slips. During this battle a long formation of Sophomores could always be seen lined up before the office door, waiting for suitable punishment. A source of diversion was offered by the marriage of the Chemistry teacher. Pecuniary difficulties commenced with the Class Social, for which the dues of many respectable classmates are now long in arrears. Having bothered our principal as little as possible with our scholastic affairs, which were rather low because of a heedless regard for lessons, we passed in our books and gave ourselves up to a long sleep on the clam beds. Some of us were more ambitious and signed the payroll of the "Narrow Gauge," while others patriotically labored on the farms.

Tanned by the sun and hardened by the laborious work of summer, we regretfully returned to school and the usual reception. This year the girls lost all interest in the male members of our class by preference of the Pythagoras of Room 32, ex-aluminum peddler and soldier of misfortune, whose original method of roofing barns and hen-houses was known the world over. An additional vacation was tendered us by the Spanish Influenza epidemic. We dispensed the inevitable Social and its completely Japanese decorations; the only non-Nipponese effects being in the absence of clean collars and laundry checks. Because of the stu-

## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

dents' unappreciative hilarity and the need of quiet conferences with the principal, the reception room was installed. Vivacious magazines like the Atlantic Monthly, Geographical Survey, and the ever-interesting Telephone Directory made this secluded nook a favorite with our class. Many of our classmates expressed a desire for an illustrated Telephone Directory. The Constitution of the United States became very popular with the pupils. Our school play, "Nathan Hale," was a dramatic and financial success. But the realistic touch of the "final clinch" brought fond tears of memory to the spectators' eyes. In June some of us took the College Entrance Exams, and some didn't. We regret to note that some of us had to be "held up" for athletic dues. However, we passed through the hazy uncertainty of studies to the end of the year, when some base deserters forsook the favorite beach pursuits for the pleasures of inland scenery.

Gamboling like lambs at play we, as eager Seniors, were again depressed by the sight of the High School and its inmates. Because of the youthful features of many of the faculty it was very hard for us to distinguish them from the pupils; but all members of the faculty gave us their best wishes for a speedy graduation. During this time many of us failed to recognize the line of demarcation between legitimate persiflage and "objectionable familiarity," and so, at an early stage in the year, we commenced to wear out the carpet in the reception room. Our comic-tragedy, "The Prince Chap," passed away as a dramatic and financial success—so did one of the cast. The Senior Social, with its wintry, cold atmosphere and participants, was a howling success. The only adverse howl came from the Freshmen, who were excluded. Owing to a rather serious illness, our principal was unable to occupy his customary chair, but this did not prevent many of our number from being sent to the office, where the sub-master dealt very efficiently with all cases of misdemeanor. In a vain endeavor to convert the school into a dumb institution the famous phrase, "five at a lick," was coined, a phrase which had a gruesome effect on the effeminate members of our organization, but which did not daunt the subscribers of the "Red Flag." Many of our classmates participated in the Senior Vaudeville Entertainment. Some gave acts, while others gave applause. In either case the participation was appreciated. The next

event of importance was the girls' and boys' gym exhibition; the girls held theirs inside the gym, while the boys had theirs inside and out. On the return of the headmaster conferences were started as to whether we would or whether we wouldn't, and finally it was decided that we would if we could. We tendered a farewell dance to faculty and pupils, which was so thoroughly enjoyed that, through the courtesy of the headmaster, the dance was extended to half past eleven, quite an unusual event.

We congratulate our classmates upon their forbearance in listening to this History. We know they must have suffered, for we suffered in composing it and are suffering still.

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We cannot close this History without referring to the sad death of three of our beloved classmates, who passed away during their High School career. Of Bently Swift, Myra Taylor and Sumner Young we speak with the full appreciation of their noble qualities and the associations formed in the school years previous to their going. Their departure has left a gap in the ranks which seems more apparent today than ever before, and we wish to express our appreciation of them and our sympathy to their bereaved parents.

L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL,  
JOHN K. HERBERT,  
FRANK W. HALLAM.

### AMERICA.

---

America, land of the free,  
Prosperity abide with thee!  
Let thy people's praise proclaim  
To nations wide thy stainless name.

O greatest land of all the world!  
Whose flag when to the breeze unfurled  
Spells freedom, hope, protection—all—  
Responding aye to Justice's call.  
—Arthur L. Brown, '20.

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Curran (in Latin): Eryx was the half brother of Aeneas and a mountain in Sicily.

### A COMMENCEMENT SONG, AS SOME HONEST GRADS WOULD SING IT.

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(Editorial Note.—We print this merely to express the opinion prevalent among our classmates.)

My high school, 'tis from thee.  
I am about to flee,



## THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO

And so I sing.  
School of my parents' pride,  
School where I almost died,  
As soon as I'm outside  
Let freedom ring.

Thy themes of English lit,  
Caused me to throw a fit  
And bored me much.  
Geom. and other math.  
Choked me with rage and wrath;  
For less love no man hath  
Than I for such.

Almost old Caesar's Gaul,  
Hygiene and Physiol.  
Made me expire.  
Almost old lab. and chem.  
So long I slaved at them,  
Won me a diadem.  
In heaven's choir.

My dear old high school prin.  
Forgive my gladsome grin;  
From you I fly.  
For now I have my dip  
And I'm prepared to skip;  
Hark to my joyous yip!  
Old high! good-bye!

(Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

*Taken from the Boston Evening Record.*

### CLASS PROPHECY, 1920.

The rain had come at last. I was driven from necessity into a neighboring doorway, where was proclaimed: "Madame X., Preceptress of the Past, Present or Future, Room 13."

"What fortune is mine?" I exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I go up and find out what has become of the old guard of 1920? Surely I can while away a little time and perhaps learn something to my advantage."

I went slowly upstairs and knocked on the door of Room 13. An attendant silently admitted me into an anteroom filled with tawdry hangings, covered with cabalistic signs. I was led across this false pretence of sorcery and suddenly shown into a small room black as the shades of night.

The walls were covered with black velvet hangings. In the center of the room was a square black table, upon which, resting on a black velvet mat, lay a small crystal, gleaming wickedly in the reflection of the light from the single droplamp above the table.

I seated myself before the crystal and al-

most immediately an old crone, dressed in the expected weird and fantastic costume, appeared before me.

"You wish to know—?" she questioned.

"That's it exactly," I replied, "something about the old guard of 1920 in Winthrop High School."

She seated herself before the crystal, concentrated her gaze upon it, and in low guttural tone began as follows:—

"Listen, for I can see a street corner in New York. On the corner is a cigar store with fumes of smoke coming through the doorway. "Bob" Daw is using up the contents of his stock. Here comes an Ancient History Professor, walking with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. It is "Bill" Irwin. Ah! He has met George Kemp, salesman of Life Savers, who is just on his way home, after having conducted a famous cloak model, Dorothy Grant, from the "Midnight Follies" and other pleasures. They are talking; George has just met "Sheeny" Littleton on his way to the dock to go on shipboard, bound for Africa to collect ivory for Harry Spunt to manufacture into dice. Each pair of dice is tested by expert "Jack" Lewis. Carl Pratt has fox-trotted to the cigar store window and is washing it by means of water and solid geometry. In its (almost) clear reflection he is looking at the other side of the street. There goes Alice Porter leading two of her thoroughbred Pekinese. She's raising them now. A few paces behind her, with his stealthy implements of office, goes Dog Catcher "Jack" Herbert. "Jack" can chase any kind of dog; but the "hot" ones suit him best. Closely behind Herbert is Ruth Kirk, an elderly spinster from "up state," who is accompanied by Charlie Holthaus, a famous New York confidence man, smoothly assuring her of the 100% value of his gilt-edge securities. A New York policeman, Walter Morrison, the strongest on the force because of work in his onion garden, is briskly coming near. "Charlie" has disappeared. Before an unfinished building, Albert Neilson, on a soap box, has collected quite a crowd of laborers and is stentoriously demonstrating the benefits resulting from the Soviet form of government. In the crowd are "Jack" Wakefield, resting on his hod for a minute, "Charlie" Lavoix, who has stopped his banana cart; Alan Terrile with his plumbing outfit, supposedly on his way to a gas repair job, wasting the usual plumber's time; Lewis Swett, just descending from the seat of his garbage remover; and Helen

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Garbutt and Elinor Doherty, cook and social secretary, respectively, from a neighboring house. The crowd is thickening. Here comes Harold Lindergreen, Bohemian de luxe, who is now specializing in painting conventional designs on the backs of ladies in full evening dress. Arthur Brown is attracted by the speaker. "Brownie" is now using up his surplus gas by taking a course on Gas Engine Operating. Two other notables are also present; Ralph Baker, a nearby barber, and Harry Smith, safe-cracker and denizen of the underworld. But Harold Sisson, bell-boy of the nearby Hotel Costly Pleasure, has just run out and is yelling "Fire!" at the top of his well-known lungs. Pauline Broad, with her extensive knowledge of machinery (i. e. the typewriter) has rung in the alarm. Vast volumes of smoke and fierce tongues of flame are leaping from all parts of the hotel. Frantic figures have appeared at the windows and are calling for help. The fastest fire-fighters of New York, under the direction of Irene Verry, are on the job; and the life net is spread for the fire's victims to jump. First comes Gordon Berridge, still holding the telephone and talking volubly. More good and fluent English is heard upon the arrival of Karl Von Betzen. Then Elizabeth Allen hits the net, still holding on to her harp and pet Persian kitten. A tongue of flame reaches down for the net. The crowd surges back; but it is only the arrival of Anna Lynch. Marguerite Fitzpatrick is fitting on a dancing pump and arranging her evening dress on the way down, for she has just got in from the "night before." Muriel Dorr, in order to advertise her favorite place and person, is shrieking "St. Louis" (Lewis) at the top of her voice. Doris Striebeck, erstwhile toe dancer at the Winter Garden, has just landed upon the net. The scene is broken.

Now I can see an author's annual banquet. At the end of the room, nearest the stage, is a small table with quite a collection of literary notables. Anna Hartt is giving valuable recitations from her book, "The Proper Use of Oral Composition." Ruth Gardner is also brilliantly illustrating her book, "The Correct Method of Using the Eyes." There sits "Jack" Cronin, noted for "Short Cuts Towards Learning The Constitutions," or "My Experiences With the Higher Law." Opposite him is Thelma Seibert, author of "Why 'Bones' are a good Fertilizer"; and Grafton Wood, present because of "Simplified Spelling Without Profanity." The rest of the table is occupied by Carl Newmarch,

author of "Why Teachers are so Obstinate"; and Irene Steele, "The Scientific Application of Paint to Inanimate Objects." At the same table are the press representatives, Beatrice Carro, stage critic, and Myrtle Jenks, editor of a Beatrice Fairfax column, both guests of the evening. "Bones" Dean, famous psychologist, delaying a few hours a trip on the "Wing" to New Rochelle; and Frank Hallam, conning the notes of his famous speech, "Why Hairpins Sold by 'Pat' Foote are a Medium for The Increase of Heat in Africa." Other entertainment is: first, a lecture by Margaret Ahern on "A Review of the Vegetables I Gathered on the Concert Stage"; second, a short and lively recital of old and stirring music, by the Syncopation Sisters, Bernice Gatter, Lillian Millington, and Ruth Sullivan; and last, but not least, an interpretation of classic dancing, by two rushing dancers, late of the Russian Ballet, Robert Jononnot with his partner, Ruth Gordon. Such are the attractions of the entertainment; however, John Clayton has consented to give a performance of his world-famous "Punch and Judy" show. But the audience still refuses to leave, so Mary Ferrins is rushed upon the stage to give "Original Interpretations of Egyptian and Hawaiian Dancing." Mary has stubbed her toe and landed upon the stage so heavily that both audience and scene have departed.

The still, clear light of morning shows the honest and hard-working clam-digger, Stanley Stedfast, leaning on his clam hoe while he watches John Whorf lay (with much artistic temperament and many cigarette stubs) a bright coat of gleaming and glorious Kelly green paint on "Billy" Burke's "Barbering Establishment." In the big bay window of the "Establishment" "Becky" Miller is seated at his manicuring table, watching the passersby. Before the window have wandered Helen Gray and "Eddie" Jenkins, now Matron and Chaplain, respectively, of Deer Island. Clifford Channel, piloting his ash cart, has rumbled slowly by and is followed by Gordon Barry, President of the Point Shirley R. R., in his private car. Across the street is "Nathanson's Haberdashery," with a sideline of Spat Specialties. Outside the door, with a bomb in his pocket, is a Bolshevik, disguised as a clothing dummy—"Chick" Harris, waiting to free his brother Bolshevik, "Dopey" Wheeler, at present imprisoned in Deer Island for attempting to blow up the Custom House. "Chick" is watching Louise Whittemore swim by on the way to shatter the Boston



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Light Swim record. Arthur Promisel, a world renowned bacteriologist, has just bought a pair of moss-green spats. He has let fall the information that Harvard has just paid him five thousand dollars for the examination of his head after death. The second floor above Nathanson's is a busy honeycomb of offices. Norman Ford, elevator operator, has come out for air. The front windows tell interesting tales! "Hazel McLeod, the Painless Dentist"; "Helen Dervan's Alarm Clocks Keep You On Time"; "Dorothy Muldoon, My Brass Makes the Best Door-Knobs"; "Jenny Simpson and Irene Russell, Inventors"; "Tickle and Worry Eradicators." Next to Nathanson's is Hillberg's grocery. "Bub" Donovan on the delivery cart, after one last long and lingering glance at the cashier, Phyllis Carpenter, has departed to slam baskets of groceries at the customer's back doors. Eleanor Abely, head of the "Snake Island Deaf and Dumb Asylum"; "Jinx" Moore, head of the Language Department, and Eva Band, teacher of hygiene, have entered the store to purchase supplies for their institution. Many signs give utterance to: "Take Home a Couple of Elizabeth Gordon's 'Knock 'Em Dead' Cabbages," "Have Sam Strong's 'Strong Rat Poison' Demonstrated"; and "My Prune Sauce Takes the Cake! Sarah Larkin." At the end of the main street is Hyman White's Point Shirley Pier. Regular evening patrons are Helen Tewksbury, New York artist's model on a vacation; Eleanor Tierney, a merry, moneyed, grass widow, also from the "Big Town"; and Iris Wingersky, now taking a little well-deserved rest from her Matrimonial Bureau. Vivian Smith, after using some of her "Nickel" Polish, is bringing to light the fact that the evening's entertainment will consist of: Esther Segal and Her Dancing Bear; the Roller Skate Twins, Madeline Muldoon and Helen Simson; and (under the management of George Murphy) Dean Freeman and His Walla Walla Girls, among whom are Margaret Flannery, Grace Gillespie and Evelyn Sawyer.

Once more I look and see a hot, boiling side street in Constantinople. The latticed windows of a neighboring house presage a harem. In fact it is so, for it is the town house of the Sultan of Shedjaz, "Tickle" Curran; and at present it contains his seventy-three wives. A beautiful pair of eyes belonging to wife No. 23, Elizabeth Blandford, is gazing longingly upon the lithographic delights of an opposite moving picture theatre. There is displayed—Mildred Rogers in

"Heartbreakers," and Albert Evans in "Jaw-breakers," two splendid educational films. For a line of high-class vaudeville there are Mary Barter and Margarita Furniss in a special contortionist act; Ulric Childress, the Whirling Dervish; and the famous "Merry Rounders Burlesque," featuring "Jack" Flynn, Lillian Barry, Ruth Sawtell, Dorothy Norris, and Ruth Ramsey. "Dick" Murray, though performing at the drums, directs this show and is assisted musically by "Midge" Somerville, Sadie Liberman and Helen O'Toole. But the four o'clock hubbub in Curran's harem has commenced with the opening scandal by wife No. 13, Ruth Epstein. A nearby fire-alarm marker, John Cotter, is awakened by the noise and has wandered into Robert Bell's "Asiatic Drug Store," where Gordon Jones is dishing ice cream to many Oriental ladies. At one of the tables there are seated Lewis Hill, now selling snowshoes with the usual salesman's stories; Helen Curtis, with a line of telescopes and basket-balls; Charles Kiley, at present teaching prize fighting in a well-known gymnasium; Francis Galassi, demonstration toy pianos; and Ralph Russell, American buyer of Turkish cigarettes. The smoke from Russell's cigarette has covered the view. It is gone.

The old crone straightened in her chair and said, "Now I'm done."

"Oh yes, to be sure," I murmured, "Bessie Dunn."

I handed her the fee and walked down to the street floor. The rain was over. I went home.

DOROTHY M. ROBERTS,  
LILLIAN I. CHATTERTON,  
L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL.

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### THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

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The Handwriting on the Wall! This is a title, beneath which one could conceal almost any subject. It is a title from which an audience could expect anything, and at the same time it displays an ominous prophecy—a harsh and bold presage of catastrophes to people, and, yes, to nations. This subject could be summed up in the words, "The High Cost of Living."

"The High Cost of Living!" How trite a phrase that simple combination of words has become—yet how significant. Now, for at least five weary years, we have been hearing about the High Cost of Living. It has entered as the most important factor in our conversations and discussions. Our friends

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joke about it; our parents endeavor to guard against it; our assemblies create laws against it; but it is still here. Yes, it is still here, and if some drastic step is not soon taken it will be here forever. Apparently the golden rule has been forgotten among the people of this nation, for, at present, the universal cry is similar to, "Boost the price high; make all you can; then place the blame on the man below you!"

America has been referred to as a "Robbers' Roost," and that characterization is not far from the truth. The man who made that statement could have called the United States a den of thieves and still have retained his truthful integrity. We are a den of thieves. We are ready to steal the clothes from a person's back. We are already stealing them according to the present clothing prices of this nation. The person, able to buy a suit of clothes today for less than \$40.00 and get some kind of quality, may consider himself very fortunate. Clothing prices have advanced 53% in the past year, or a total of 177% since 1914, according to figures prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board.

Here are a few facts from the New York Times about excess profiteering during the pre-war years, 1916 through 1918: "The combined corporations of the country earned \$4,800,000,000.00 more per year than in any former three-year period; 2,030 corporations earned in net profits more than one hundred per cent per year on their capital stock during the three war years; and, in the iron, steel, and coal industries, there was a net profit of \$2,000,000,000.00 in excess of any three-year average. These are not the sole examples. There are many others."

Now, let us regard the sugar situation. During the war the government created a Sugar Equalization Board which performed the miracle of establishing and retaining a price on sugar of eleven cents per pound. A sugar shortage occurred. You can remember that shortage. You can recall the joyful reception of one pound of sugar after a very long wait, the sugar ration cards, and the long conferences on brown sugar as a substitute. I hope you can remember those petty profiteers, the so-called "patriotic Americans," who endangered a critical situation by their needless hoarding. Brown sugar jumped in price; white sugar almost disappeared; then—the war ended. The Sugar Equalization Board was dissolved; the government price on sugar was lifted, and sugar immediately rose to seventeen cents a pound.

Then there was plenty of sugar. The profiteers unlocked their stored supply and let out just enough to keep the price around seventeen cents. But still there was a cry for more plunder in sugar. Sugar became scarce again. We faced another crisis. We heard the explanatory cry, Shortage! As if in contradiction to this cry the National City Bank of New York has published figures which prove that the sugar importation for the year ending June 30th will be the largest in our history. Sugar has gone to twenty-two cents and is gaily heading for thirty.

Profiteering! The cry of the hour! The angry and reproachful accusation of an overburdened people! Take the bread from their mouths, the money from their purses; and then wonder at the increasing economic disturbances. We cannot live in such a troublous period and refuse to acknowledge the increase of such radicalism as Bolshevism. The "red terror" is gradually obtaining a foothold in this country and present conditions will foster that foothold until its presence will be too ominous to be denied.

Our high wages and high prices cannot last forever. We can only pay up to a limit and then,—something will happen. Foreign nations are soon going to stop buying; they will be anxious to sell. If we cannot obtain high selling prices, then we will see a hasty regulation and reduction of prices at a much lower figure. But we cannot wait for the foreign situation to develop. Affairs here are at a crisis. We can talk of governmental action; it has worked; it could work—and with the necessary co-operation—successfully. However, we do need a universal attempt at reducing the "High Cost of Living;" a price slashing, in which everyone could honestly partake. Don't wait for your neighbor to start the ball rolling. You'll never get results that way. Get out yourself; do your bit, and advertise it. Don't necessarily stop buying. If you look around there will probably be plenty of bargains yet. But, first of all, and above all, let's cut down that "High Cost of Living."

—L. CRAWFORD CHURCHILL, '20.

### THE MOBILIZATION OF THE SCIENTISTS.

Forth from the field and farm they come,  
Office and shop and factory's hum,  
Millions they pass—and a million more  
Into the melting pot of war.

When the historian of the future touches his pen to the page of the Great War, will he be able to bring back the full glory and



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thrill which we have known? Can written word picture truly the splendor of that mobilization and the eager answer of young America to the world's need? It will be a glorious story to stir the pulse of generations to come, a wonderful document of valor and sacrifice and triumph. And we have lived in it—watched it—surrendered to it—and heard the great triumphant blasts which marked the fall of the walls of autocracy and the victory of democracy.

Where, then, shall we place the laurels of memory—where erect the monuments of deathless thought and love? The world cannot lightly remember nor readily forget the march of American youth into the horror of war, nor the courage of those who braved the menace of the seas; and to them will be given praise without stint, the plaudits of an admiring world, and a tear for the supreme sacrifices entailed. No less shall be forgotten the work of America's men of science in the World War.

When peace filled the land, scattered over our broad dominion were thousands of laboratories and scientific students, each striving endlessly and separately to achieve the goal of men's mental and physical perfection; when the trumpets of war sounded and the need arose, the individual became a unit, the unit a banded force and ultimately an army of scientific skill which swept on, shoulder to shoulder, with the warrior. In cantonments, where men faced the first strangeness of war, were also the doctors, the dentists, the psychologists, the personnel officers, caring for the needs of the fighting men and looking to their comfort and well being; where trenches stretched away into menacing dusk, there also were the surgeons and the specialists of food, equipment, clothing and munitions, meeting each new problem, combating each new danger, striving without end and without glory to make the soldier a perfection of offensive and defensive warfare. In every department of the game of war the scientists labored—trench and billet, convoy and mine sweeper, aerodrome, hospital and rest camp—wherever a new soldiery labored and fought, suffered, laughed and experienced death.

The American doughboy did not fight alone. In the loneliness of cantonments, in the menace of the fight overseas, in the grim reality of trench warfare, under the friendliness of community huts or beneath the glare of gunfire, by his side was the scientist, battling with the invisible foes

and banishing the lurking dangers. Until there came the glad day when the guns of the world were silent and peace returned—and tired buddy and spent scientist were one in calm security.

The mobilization of American science, the result of emergency conscription, brought to the attention of the government the need of a bureau of scientific endeavor, and led to the establishment of what we now know as The National Research Council. It is this body which holds the effort of each individual scientist to bring about mental and physical betterment; whose sworn purpose is to raise the body of man above the menace of disease, and the mentality superior to the menace of future warfare.

It is this body and these men of science who, having achieved nobly and worthily in the days of war, still labor on in unified effort in America, and, stretching a friendly hand to nations overseas, link themselves with similar organizations in the other countries for the betterment of men, the wise development of national resources and the fulfillment of our natural purpose—to live wisely and at peace with all men.

—DOROTHY M. ROBERTS, '20.

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### HOUSING THE PEOPLE.

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One of the most important questions of the present day is how to house the people properly, with the increasing cost of labor and materials. These have already doubled in the last five years, since the beginning of the World War in 1914. The first real cause of the housing problem, as we all know, was the uncertain length of the war. The second cause is the destruction by fire, which is high in the United States. A third cause is the annual loss in wearing out, for houses wear out as do other things when they are badly and cheaply built. The final cause, and, perhaps, the largest single factor in the situation, is the decline of building. Everyone expected that prices, which had started upward as soon as the war began, would suddenly drop, leaving the owner or builder with a high-cost house on his hands.

As our boys entered the war there was only a reasonable demand for new houses; so the building of houses was curtailed. Many of the cheap laborers were called home by their respective governments, to enter the war. The unusual demand for war materials from the different European countries offered them better opportunities for

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steady work in the factories. Finally the Government stopped all building which was not considered as a help in winning the war. This condition covered a period of five years, and for two years of this time almost no house-building was done.

As soon as the men began to come back the demand for houses became real; vacant houses were quickly occupied; and rents advanced tremendously in some towns and cities. People bought houses as never before, many being obliged to do so in order to afford shelter for their families. The demand became so great that many people sold their houses at a profit which they could not resist. Later they found that they had made a mistake, for when they looked for another house they were obliged to pay all the profit they had received. This process is going on and will continue to go on until the people can be properly housed.

It is estimated by the United States Housing Commission that we are one million houses short in this country today. But how are we to solve this perplexing question, with the cost of building houses increasing, as I have stated, and the banks of the country without funds to take care of the demand for mortgages necessary to build these needed houses?

It would seem as if some families will have to double up; that is, two will have to live in a house formerly occupied by one, each family to pay part of the rent. This arrangement will make living less expensive, but not as satisfactory or comfortable.

A falling market is a bad one, and if prices get on a downward trend, like the tide, they may go as low as they have now gone high. This will throw many people out of employment in all lines of business; finally they will drift back to cutting lumber from the stump, hauling it to the mills, working in the saw-mills instead of in the factories, and at last back to building houses again with the cost lower all along the line.

The only remedy for the high cost of building must come from hard times or a business depression, as labor is always unwilling to take less pay for its services than it has been receiving.

These conditions will probably be treated in much the same way as those which existed after the Civil War.

Labor has always been cheaper in the European countries, a fact which is the cause of so many foreigners coming to our country. They have already started to come

again, but not in such large numbers as before the war.

This year we elect a new President, and probably there will be a change in politics, a change which may be very beneficial to the northern part of the United States, as our present administration has been very partial to the south. As there is already a downward tendency in the prices of certain merchandise, with a good business administration, this lowering of prices might extend to building materials and the cost of labor.

The housing problem is certainly a national affair. We have scientific agencies working in behalf of the farmer, the manufacturer, the coal-miner; in fact, almost everyone can turn to the government for information. The house-dweller is the one exception, and this condition is a great mistake, for good housing and good health go hand in hand.

—C. LOUISE WHITEMORE, '20.

To those members of the faculty who are to remain with us for succeeding years: We of Nineteen-Twenty are glad of this opportunity to extend to you our sincere gratitude for the work which you have done for us during the past year. We sincerely hope that you will continue to be as happy here in the future as you have been in the past; and we wish you to remain with us for the benefit of succeeding classes.

### 1920.

We're leaving school today, boys,  
We're leaving Winthrop High.  
We'll ne'er come back again, boys,  
As the years go quickly by.  
Remember us as Freshmen?  
We came so gleefully in.  
The school was dead without us,  
And we couldn't help but grin.  
As Sophomores we were learned—  
Or at least we tried to be;  
And I know of several classmates  
Who received no less than E.  
As Juniors we played football;  
All sports we played right hard,  
We fought for places on the team,  
From half-back down to guard.  
Now as Seniors nonchalantly,  
Dancing skilfully with grace,  
We start to think of next year  
When we'll have the world to face.  
Some may go to college  
And strive their mark to make;  
Others seek the world's great marts



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And work there for work's sake;  
Some may fare to western plains,  
Some may cross the seas;  
Some may lead dull lives of toil,  
Others, lives of ease.  
May all of twenty's boys and girls  
Bring fame as years go by  
To 1920, grand old class!  
And to dear old Winthrop High!

—John L. Clayton, '20.

### INTERIOR DECORATION APPLIED TO THE MODERN HOME.

What is "Interior Decoration"? It is not a science, but the application of "enlightened common sense." As the word is used nowadays we immediately think of period furnishings, tapestries, brocades and, in fact, everything except our own kind of furnishings. The beautiful homes of the wealthy and some of our clubhouses are really elegant, but they are only the results of the simple rules which we may apply in our own homes, thereby making even an attic room interesting and artistic.

The lines of the room must be good and simple. By that I mean there must be no ill-placed windows, not too many doors, and, in the case of the living room, a well placed and well built fireplace; for with all the draping and arranging these defects can be only lessened.

Thus, with a well spaced room to start with, we must decide upon a color scheme. There is no exact formula to follow, but nature furnishes us many combinations, such as in her butterflies and flowers. But notice that the color is well balanced as regards quantity of light and dark value. There is, however, a color chart, which may prove helpful in deciding. By arranging the six colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, in a circle, we may obtain a harmony by using opposites, such as blue and orange, which produce a very striking effect; while neighbors, such as green and blue, or green and yellow, give a more restful combination.

The color scheme decided upon, we next think of the woodwork or "trim" in a room. White is the safest to use, but so hard to keep clean that a cream or, better, a grey may be used. Stained woods, oak and mahogany may be used, according to the type of the room.

Then comes the wall covering, which is the key to the room. Naturally we think first of wall paper and its endless number

of designs, some of which must be carefully avoided. In selecting the paper, question yourself:

1. Is it beautiful in itself?
2. Would it "lay back" on the wall?
3. Is it suitable for the room?
4. Would it harmonize with the furnishings?
5. What is the exposure of the room?

Needless to say, plain, soft colors are the best, for they allow a greater variety in the room. The warmer colors, such as yellow and brown, should be used for a northern exposure, while the colder colors, such as blue and violet, fit the southern exposure. Some people prefer to have their walls painted and panelled, a very sanitary idea. But with all this there must be harmony between the rooms which open into each other.

Next come the draperies. Although cretonne is handsome and fashionable, don't buy a whole bolt and proceed to cover all the chairs and pillows, as well as using it at the windows; for when the room is finished it will look as though it had broken out with the measles. Cretonne is very unsuccessful with figured papers. A better policy for the latter is to use plain colored material.

Narrow windows may be made to look broader by letting the overdraperies cover part of the wall on each side of the window. A valance at the top tends to shorten the window somewhat.

Just a word about pictures. They need not be expensive, for prints and even post cards will do; yet let them be interesting. The frame need not be large, but it should be as dark as the darkest spot in the picture. Always have them opposite the eye and not tilted.

Then we must select a rug, keeping in mind that the floor must be the darkest part of the room, as it is the foundation upon which all the furniture must rest. With a light wood on the floor the rug or rugs must have enough dark color to balance. Plain rugs find the most favor as they do not detract from the furniture. Small repeat patterns are good for small apartments where a large patterned rug is not so adaptable, as it requires too much space for the special arrangement of the furniture to show the pattern.

If your rooms are small, mirrors, which come in any size, brighten up the room and make it more interesting by reflecting some gay flowers or the soft folds of some drapery.

When we search about for lights we find all sorts, good and bad. There are, however, beautiful table lamps now, for either electricity or oil, also fine wall brackets and inverted bowls. Wax candles, with or without shades, cast a bewitching glow over the well worn carpet or faded sofa, making their defects unnoticeable and bringing out the soft shadows.

Turning to our furniture. A chair is infinitely more than a mere wooden affair to sit on. It bears a certain relation to the owner and your character; and when you arrange it, ask yourself if it is suitable for the gathering you wish. If it is convenient, place it with a little reading table near a window. For a thing ceases to be beautiful in a room where it is not suitable. There are many ways of securing a balanced effect; one is to place two objects, apparently of the same size and weight, at equal distances from the center point; the other is the law of balance; that is, to place the heavier object nearer the center point. It is not so simple to place desks and such objects diagonally across the corner of the room, as the triangular space behind is objectionable; while a tea table placed thus, with a chair behind, seems to fill the space.

If there is a good fireplace in the room, a table placed to one side and a sofa and other make a hospitable arrangement. Two small, comfortable chairs, each with its own little reading lamp, may be used. The idea is to create a liveable and beautiful arrangement around the hearth.

Nevertheless all these separate things should bear a relation to each other and to the larger group, the room; which in turn should form a part of the perfect whole house or your home.

Remember that good results come from the application of "enlightened common sense."

—HAROLD FREDERICK LINDERGREEN,

#### VALEDICTORY.

Friends and Classmates: This is the last time that we of 1920 shall assemble as

class. To-night we are to receive our diplomas, the prize for which we have striven during four years of High School. Yet the attainment of this reward is due not entirely to our own efforts, but rather to the many helpful suggestions and timely aids of our teachers, to whom we extend our hearty public thanks. From now on each of us will specialize in that branch of work for which he is best adapted; but, wherever our paths may lead us, may we never show ourselves unworthy of the teachings which we have received, and may we, through them, contribute our small part toward the betterment of the world.

—HAROLD F. LINDERGREEN.

#### FAREWELL.

1.

We've met again dear classmates all,  
To sing a parting song;  
Yet mem'ry takes us back again  
To school days, sweet but long.

2.

We look about on life's broad ways  
Where we will quickly go;  
But e'er we part we'll sing a song  
Of memories long ago.

3.

We go to take our place in life  
Like soldiers gone before.  
Some will succeed—while others fail,  
In spite of books and lore.

4.

But we must give a helping hand  
To those we meet thru life;  
While some may have an easy load,  
Some may be bent with strife.

5.

So classmates let us not neglect  
To do each glorious day  
Some little acts of Charity  
To smooth the roughest way.

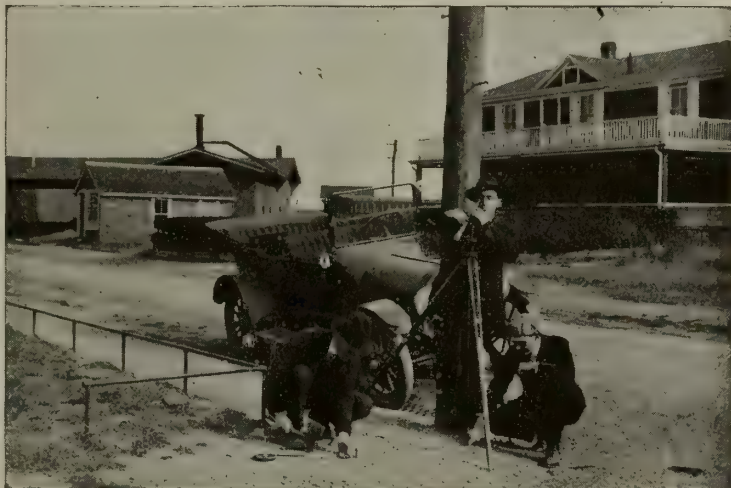
—C. Louise Whittemore, '20.

1920



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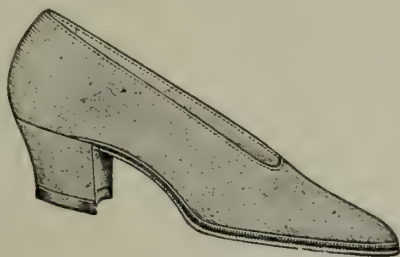
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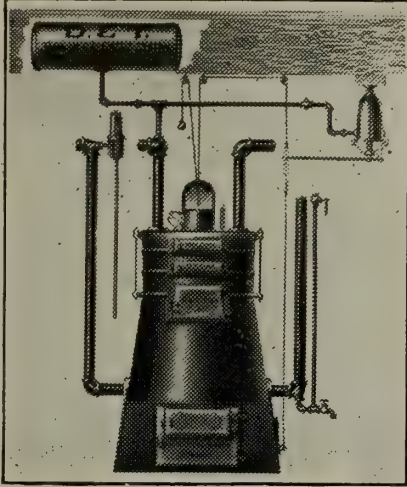
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WINTHROP, MASS.

Condition at Close of Business May 19, 1920

RESOURCES		ASSETS	
Time Loans .....	\$ 386,180.72	Capital .....	\$ 100,000.00
Demand Loans .....	84,594.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits .....	39,184.59
United States Bonds .....	85,582.66	Acceptances .....	8,650.00
Investments .....	350,439.50	Reserved for Taxes .....	2,028.25
Bank Building and Vault.....	17,821.94	Bills Payable secured by United States Bonds .....	51,500.00
Acceptances .....	13,650.00	Deposits .....	872,462.55
Cash and due from Banks .....	135,556.57		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	\$1,073,825.39		\$1,073,825.39

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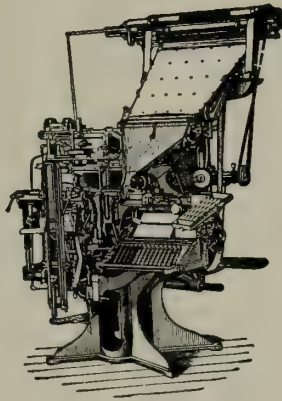


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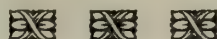
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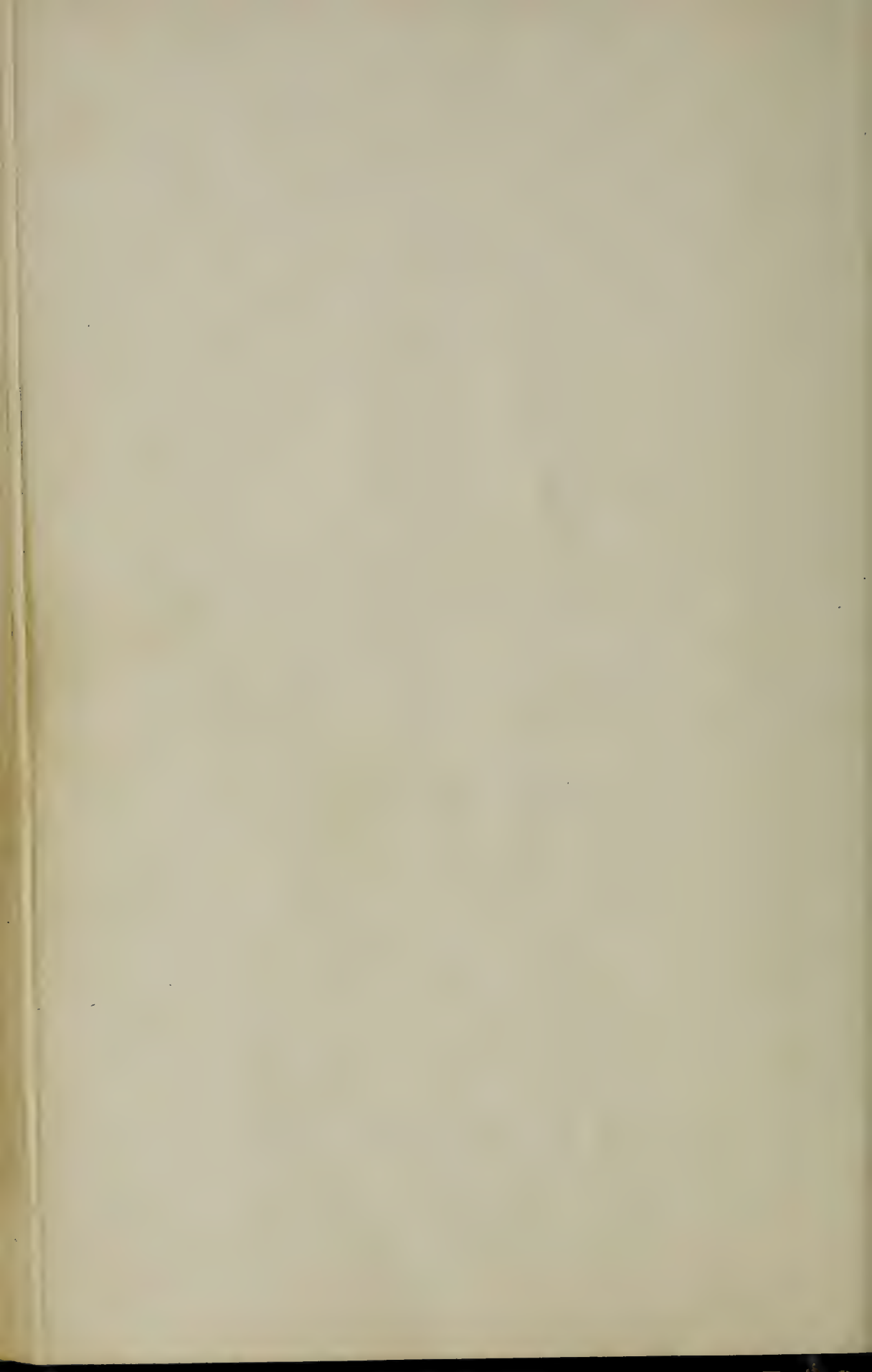
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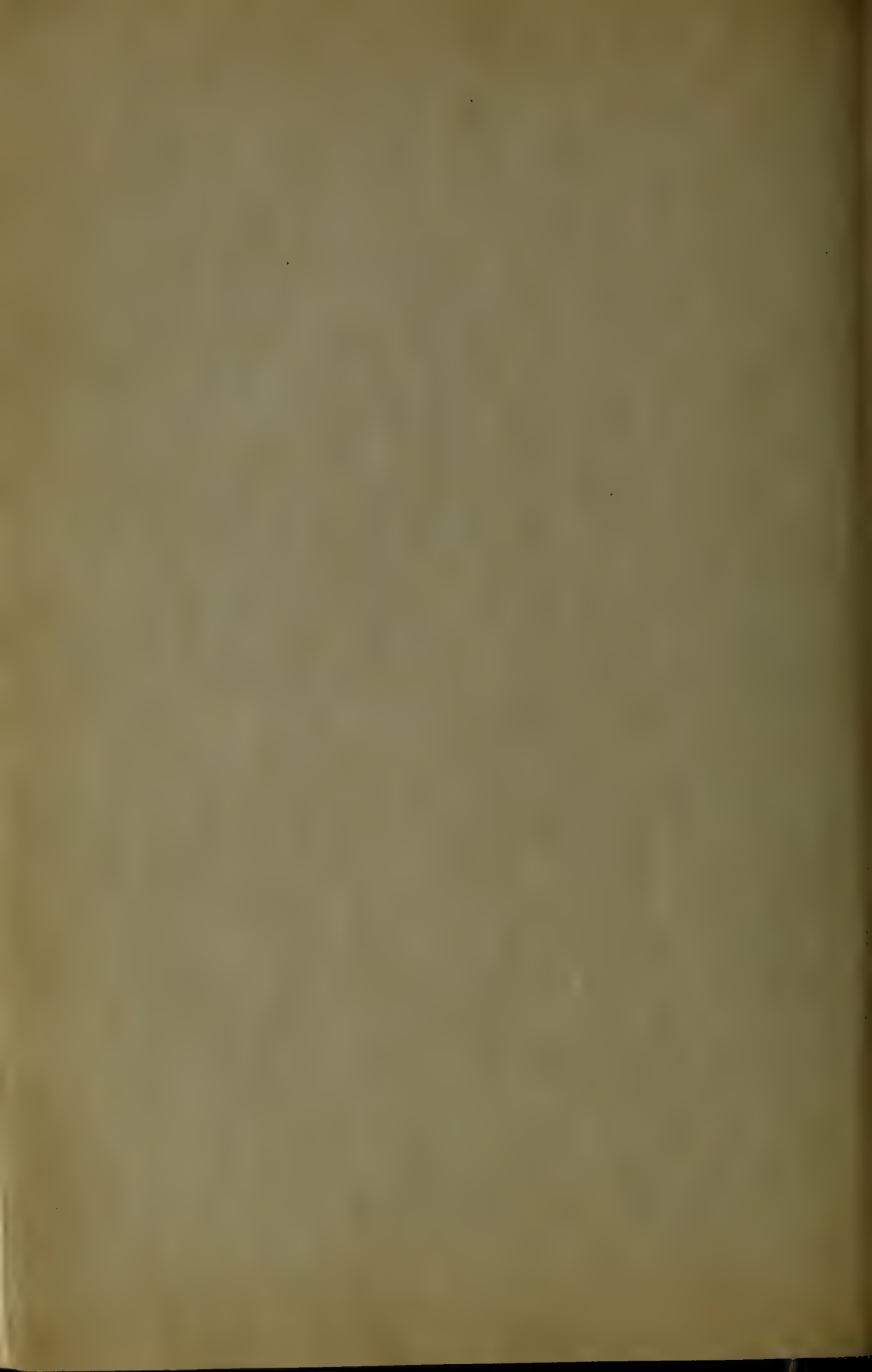




WHS  
JUNE, 1921

E. S. Kent '24









# THE ECHO



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**Superintendent of Schools**—Frank A. Douglas.

**School Physician**—Raymond J. Parker.

## The Faculty

**Principal**—Edward R. Clarke; Sub-master, Louis J. Peltier; Head of Preparatory Dept., N. Elliot Willis; Secretary, Dorothy Cousins.

**Assistants**—Commercial Department, J. Clifford Ronan, Catherine E. Creedan, Anna M. Pfannenstiel; Science and Mathematics, Herrick E. H. Greenleaf, Vodisa E. Greenwood, George D. Grierson, Beatrice Blaisdell; Modern Languages, Mabel M. Ackley, Mabel Felton, Victoria Weeks, Alma Blaisdell; Latin, C. Grace Ayres, Clare E. Longley; English, Lucy A. Drew, Ilga E. Herrick, Gladys A. Merrill, Madeline Foster; History, Helen A. Gilliland; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Drawing and Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Elocution, Clara M. Spence; Domestic Science, Ruth E. Tisdale, Esther French; Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, Eber I. Wells, Herbert G. Banham; Physical Training, F. Theresa Key, John W. Manter; Music, George H. Dockham; Supervisor of Drawing in Grades, Bernice Peavey; Grade VIII, Bernice M. Moore, Alice M. Angevine, Laura M. Burrill, Ethel B. Crosby, Marion S. Hanson.

## Athletic Association

**Andrew Molloy '21**, President; **Richard McClintock '22**, Vice-President; **Alfonso Saunders '21**, Secretary; **Edward R. Clarke**, Treasurer.

**Basketball**—**John Gore '22**, Captain; **Sidney Stevenson '22**, Manager.

**Baseball**—**Kenneth Johnson '22**, Captain; **Gardner Currier '21**, Manager; **Frank Mahaney '22**, Ass't Manager.

**Field Hockey**—**Mary Lockhead '22**, Captain; **Louise Murphy '22**, Manager.

**Football**—**Richard McClintock '22**, Captain; **Arthur Davis '22**, Manager; **Carl Wheeler '23**, Ass't Manager.

**Track**—**John Kelly '21**, Capt.; **William Morrison '22**, Manager.

## Athletic Council

**Edward R. Clarke**, **Andrew Molloy**, **Frank A. Douglas**, **Albert R. Steadfast**, **Martin V. B. Sullivan**, **John W. Manter**.

## The Class Officers

**Senior**—**Dudley Allen**, President; **Barbara Spaulding**, Vice-President; **Ruth How**, Secretary; **Miss Howatt**, Treasurer; **Donald McNeil**, Marshal.

**Junior**—**Howland Freeman**, President; **Richard McClintock**, Vice-President; **Ruth Gardner**, Secretary; **Mr. Ronan**, Treasurer; **John Barry**, Marshal.

**Sophomore**—**Morton Jennings**, President; **Samuel Weibel**, Vice-President; **Elizabeth Greene**, Secretary; **Mr. Grierson**, Treasurer.

**Freshman**—**Richard Johnson**, President; **Ina Minto**, Vice-President; **Elizabeth Kent**, Secretary; **Miss Gilliland**, Treasurer; **Theodore Stockwell**, Marshal.

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**1st Violins**—**Evelyn McQuarrie**, **Philip Ruskin**, **Hymen Silverstein**, **Elbert Sinatra**, **George Geisser**.

**2nd Violins**—**Beulah Barkley**, **Fannie Berliner**, **Helen Goldsmith**, **Vincent Petrucci**, **John Moriarty**, **Max Gosule**, **Andrea Wyman**, **Fred Martel**.

**1st Cornet**—**Newall Perry**, **Chester Duncan**.

**2nd Cornet**—**John Campbell**, **Clinton Reed**, **George Moore**, **Rufus Madison**.

**Cello**—**Virginia Crooker**, **Dora Barkley**.

**Clarinet**—**Harry Smith**.

**Trombone**—**Mr. Herrick E. H. Greenleaf**.

**Drums**—**Harold Duncan**, **Walter O'Toole**, **Richard Murray**.

**Piano**—**Raymond Sinatra**, **Martha Young**.



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Ruth E. How .....	Secretary
Miss Mabel M. Howatt .....	Treasurer
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Edna Brumby	Julius Katziff	*Minnie Florence Silverman
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Wilbur Otis Colby	Kathryn Cecelia McCarthy	Dorothy Snook
Alice Crossman	Mary Elizabeth McCarthy	*Gladys Florence Sobey
Eleanor Dean Cullinane	*Mary Henrietta McCord	Nadene Louise Soule
*Gardner Boardman Currier	Donald Scott McLeod	*Barbara Louise Spaulding
*Dorothy Curtis	Donald James McNeil, Jr.	*Ruth Sperber
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*Ruth Amelia Henderson	*Martha Rabinowitz	

\*Honor Students

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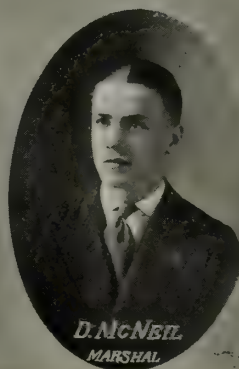


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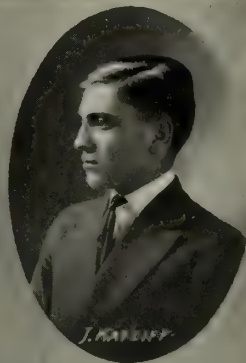
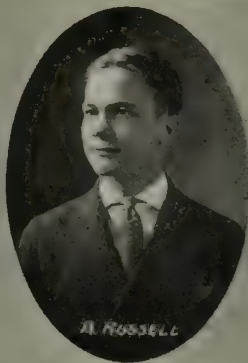


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FAVOR



L. PATRICK

**AARON ABRAMS.**

"The dice of Ki falls ever luckily."

Maybe, and maybe not; for in shorthand and typewriting the lucky "sevens an' elevens" fail to appear.

**NELLIE ADROWER.**

"Romantic, dark-eyed Nellie."

Wait until she gets to Italy, where those gallant young men come serenading 'neath one's window. We fear "Juliet" won't get much sleep.

**DUDLEY ALLEN.**

"Big Chief."

Football, basketball, stage, politics, groceries, and lunch counter; Dud has tried them all; but not until this year did Dudley ever try the game of love.

**VALENTINE ANDREWS.**

"Golden Locks."

Now comes the question: will they always be golden, or will they change?

**DOROTHY BALL.**

"Still waters run deep."

Queer, we never hear much from this person. There must be a terrible undercurrent.

**WILMA BATES.**

"You tell 'em, Billy; you've got the 'Dope.'"

The way one small, insignificant girl can indirectly control the affairs of the Senior Class is remarkable. What else could you expect, though, when the lady in question has such bewitching curls?

**NANCY BELCHER.**

"Our little cheer leader."

It's awfully trying not to be able to boss the whole, isn't it? They really don't know who is efficient, do they? Perhaps some day you'll have your chance. In the meanwhile, push on.

**NORMAN BERTELSEN.**

"Lily, lily of the valley."

It does seem a shame that one of such "high ideals" as you should have to pursue your education in a small town.

**DOROTHY BICKNELL.**

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."

We don't want to be insinuating, but it's always best not to rely too much on those very quiet people's being awfully calm.

**JOHN BLAIS.**

"Johnny had a wave, 'tis said,  
Down the middle of his head."

How do you do it? For such a little boy to have such a big wave is scandalous. Evidently you use those "Western Electrics" you got at the party.

**FLORENCE BRUCE.**

"Locks kissed by the sun."

We read in books of hair "kissed by the morning dew," or falling over "milady's shoulder."

**EDNA BRUMBY.**

"The girl with a thousand faces."

Do be careful! Suppose your face should freeze that way? We'd be awfully scared of you then. Doesn't the one God gave you satisfy?

**PHYLLIS CARPENTER.**

"Buxom, blithe and debonair."

This year's record certainly speaks well for your ambition and grit. A little bird told us you were even touching on "aesthetic" dancing.

**HELEN CHRISTOPHER.**

"Sweets to the sweet."

Now, wouldn't one naturally believe that daily handling of "sweets" would bring about a happy disposition? Does it, Helen?

**BERYL COFFIN.**

"A little Quaker maiden."

You better be careful! You're not living up to your reputation. But, then, we s'pose you just can't refuse his invitations.

**WILBUR COLBY.**

"Ignorance is bliss."

Maybe, but Wilbur doesn't believe in being ignorant in respect to solid geometry, and algebra n' history n' ev'rythin'. Did you ever hear his questions? If so, you understand.

**ALICE CROSSMAN.**

"Love me, love my horse."

Any day between two and six will find Alice out on her nag on dress parade, when she ought to be getting in some needed studying. The nearest you can get to the horse is being allowed to look at it.

**ELEANOR CULLINANE.**

"A penny for your thoughts."

You'd get a good many pennies, as you're always thinking and gazing into space. Who or what do you think of? Guess we know. Then, too, it's nice to have one girl in school who wears gloves all the time. Big Secret:—It keeps your hands nice, you know,—the kind you love to touch."

**GARDNER B. CURRIER.**

"Children should be seen and not heard."

Evidently you have this twisted, for although we can't see you, we frequently hear you spouting a terrible volume for one of your size

**DOROTHY CURTIS.**

"Nobody but me."

That's something not many of us can say.



How did you ever train him so well? Probably you do deserve a little relaxation and change of scenery each winter.

**THERESA DELOREY.**

"Leggo my arm, I want to throw."

Throw what? Only the Business Class knows. Anyway, one thing is certain; no wonder she's a good writer, she has practice.

**EVELYN DOANE.**

"Go slow and easy if you want to get along with me."

It's just too much trouble to talk, isn't it?

**JOHN DOHERTY.**

"Gasoline Gus."

John certainly believes in starting at the bottom of the ladder. Well, never mind; perhaps some day you'll have your own "Stutz" for somebody else to clean.

**JOHN DUNN.**

"Freckles was his name."

We recommend peroxide. Please don't be offended; for although your hair may slightly dazzle us, we haven't found the fatal temper as yet. Do you keep it for home use?

**LILLIAN EPSTEIN.**

"Silence is golden."

Maybe, but it grows exceedingly monotonous. All these unobtrusive people must have something startling under that outer coat of calm. Most of them do.

**RAE EPSTEIN.**

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

When you hear a great buzzing don't get excited. It's only Rae expounding her theory on some poor unfortunate.

**VIRGINIA FLINT.**

Ginnie Flint has a nose,

A fact we must believe, I s'pose;

But Ginnie's nose is out of sight,

It's covered up with powder white.

But—look out a "Breeze" doesn't waft it off.

**ELLAMAE FLYNN.**

"It's terrible to be in love."

We all sympathize with you, my dear. However, we can't understand how anyone can resist your tinkling, silvery laugh

**ZITA FOLEY.**

"A monstrous small voice."

Don't ever say Zita doesn't talk loud enough. At any kind of a game she shrieks worse than the fireboat whistle.

**HELENA P. GAFFNEY.**

"Little 'Fraid Lady."

Poets speak of voices as if wafted on the breezes, or like the rippling meadow brook. Now here's a new one—the squeak of a tiny mouse.

**LYDIA GALASSI.**

"Meek and lowly, pure and holy."

It's good that we have one in school who is proper enough to chaperon College A. But for you—"facilis descensus Averno."

**HERBERT GERSUMKY.**

"Of all my father's family, I love myself the best."

Such self-love may get you in good with the opposite sex, but it doesn't help to boost your marks. Why not try studying?

**WILLIAM GILLIAM.**

"Curtain! Curtain! The farce is done!"

You really have a queer system of amusement. It works wonderfully, as it gets you friends (and maybe enemies), and what's more—a blonde!

**MILTON GINSBERG.**

We must tell the truth, no matter now painful it may be. Then, of course, there's the question of "quantity, not quality"; and, judging by your size—draw your own conclusions.

**KATHERINE GOLDSMITH.**

"Nothing unusual."

You couldn't possibly be anything but your own sweet self, Kitty. Why not make an exception and partake of the wicked doings of College A, instead of being the audience?

**EDWIN GRIFFIN.**

"If she be not fair to me,

What care I how fair she be?"

Poor Eddie! You do seem to be having a hard time. Perhaps if you tried to grow a little you would have better luck.

**GERTRUDE HALLAM.**

"My head's all 'angles.'"

We thought you were a jack of all trades, too, but we realized our mistake when we found you met a daily "Waterloo" in French.

**ERNEST HARVEY.**

He "trips the light fantastic toe."

And that's not all you're light in, old dear. As for mastery of speech, it's yours in double. We wish you would give courses in the art of speaking and also publish a dictionary of expressive phrases.

**MARY HARWOOD.**

"But y' ought to see her now!"

She used to be a little school girl, but now she's all grown up. Is there any night in the week your mother finds you home?

**LILLIAN HAYNES.**

"A conscience is a dreadful thing."

They say this younger generation is fearfully irresponsible and unconscious. However, we have one among us who would suit our great-grandmothers.

**RUTH HENDERSON.**

"Me, myself, and I."

Be careful not to begin every sentence with "I." We know you're a fascinating subject, but—wait until you go to school alongside of "Those Harvard Boys." Then you'll have something to talk about, all right!

**FRANCIS HENNESSEY.**

"Such a bashful little boy!"

He blushes if you smile at him. What would he do if you laughed at him? It is too painful to think of. Let's drop the subject.

**ELEANOR HERBERT.**

"It's a woman's privilege to change her mind."

You seem to realize it thoroughly, my dear one, but we wonder if there is much in it to change. Really, the tilt of the sailor hat is somewhat dangerous.

**DOROTHY HEWITT.**

"A vanishing shadow."

Sometimes you're here, sometimes you're there, yet always escaping our notice. Are you really spiritual, or mortal?

**GENEVIEVE HONAN.**

"And her jade earrings glittered 'Vampishly' in the sunlight."

Or was it moonlight, Genny? Or don't you know the difference? Don't try to grow old so soon; you might regret it.

**RUTH HOW.**

"Little, but Oh, My!"

Good things always come in small packages, and Ruthie is really capable of laughing heartily once in a while. She is hard to get acquainted with, but when you know her—Well, just try it!

**MIRIAM HOWARD.**

"You'll always be the same sweet girl."

Nothing could possibly ruffle your disposition, 'cause it isn't capable of being ruffled. The most she stirs up is a blush, but lots of people blush.

**ALICE IRISH.**

"Two heads are better than one."

What's the use of doing any homework when there are loads of others around who can do it for you? "Not much," says Alice.

**WALTON IVES.**

"Paderewski's double."

Ivesie certainly can tickle the keys as we imagine Paderewski does; but, for goodness sake, don't grow long hair.

**AMOS JOHONNOT.**

"Art is long and time is fleeting."

Why do all these artists get waves in their hair? Why not get a permanent wave? It looks lots more natural than a marcel.

**THELMA JOHNSON.**

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Oh, yes; easily that. The fellow who wrote so much about tall girls would have had you for an ideal, we're sure. Isn't it nice to be an ideal? Then, too, your soft sweet voice—that we try in vain to hear—would charm a wooden Indian.

**JULIUS KATZIFF.**

"He speaks a vast deal of nothing."

Thus is Julius. He believes in letting us know he is around. We most heartily wish he'd let up once in a while. And it's not only the poor abused pupils that wish it.

**JOHN KELLY.**

"Get 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing."

No need to consult Beatrice Fairfax in love affairs. John is a man of experience, much to his sorrow.

**GENEVIEVE KING.**

"And she talked, and talked, and talked."

She can't rattle her typewriter quite as fast as she can talk. But, then—there's a speed limit. If her fingers were as nimble as her tongue, she wouldn't need any practice.

**RICHARD LeCOUR.**

"Ain't he grand?"

This young riot has a fondness for "jazz-bows." 'Member the yellow and black stripe? Wasn't it a knockout? Dick is most always grave and quiet, but he has quite a collection of funny li'l poems.

**KATHRYN McCARTHY.**

"All is fair in love and war."

But perhaps Kip doesn't think so, especially the war part. Cheer up. Men are such obstinate creatures.

**MARY McCARTHY.**

"What a grand old name is Mary."

Out of the mass of hypocrites, back-biters, and gossips, it's nice to find someone who always "seems" the same. Now—the big question—ARE YOU?

**MARY McCORD.**

"Ain't we got fun?"

"In the morning, in the evening, ain't she got fun?" "In the meantime, in between times" Mary loves dogs.

**DONALD McLEOD.**

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."

The only bachelor on the basketball team—choice or necessity, which? Of course, it's nice to be different, and so distinguished that all the other mere males must get ideas from you.

**DONALD McNEIL.**

"Better late than never."

Perhaps late on many occasions, but—in "shouldering arms," and Winthrop Arms—Donnie does double time. But, still, we've never seen him run.

**EVELYN McQUARRIE.**

"'Tis my privilege to worship from afar."

Well, it's better than nothing at all. It's said that "music hath charms." Why not try your fiddle?

**MARY McQUEENY.**

"'Tis an old familiar saying."

What is? "I don't know." Mary's choice of answers is certainly not varied. But we give you credit for telling the truth.

**MORRIS MARDEN.**

"Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could hold all that he knew."

System! Talk about system! That's his pet hobby. A thing, in his opinion, isn't done right unless it's done according to rule.

**HARRIET MILLINGTON.**

"And then she blushed and drew a sigh."

Did you ever see anything like it? Never mind, Harriet. It isn't everybody that has the grace to blush nowadays, and it's real becoming, anyway.

**ELEANORE MITTELSTEAD.**

"Teacher's pet."

How do you get that drag? On the honor roll every time. And dance! Can't she dance—right on our feelings, too,—eh, Mac?

**ANDREW MOLLOY.**

"What a 'Kippy' fellow is Bunk."

How will school ever get along next year?

It's nice we had Bunk to look to for good work in sports, while Bunk himself had somebody to look to for inspiration.

**BLANCHE MORLEY.**

"I just can't make my typewriter behave."

Noted saying. So every typewriting finds Blanche scolding and grumbling at her poor little Underwood, which isn't at all to blame.

**FREDERIC MULLONEY.**

"Some people are born with knowledge, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them."

But it's quite evident the knowledge is there somehow. The period of relaxation and complete rest is in American History, and it's certainly well used!

**ELEANOR NAZRO.**

"I love not to cope her in these sullen fits."

Just a little advice; people that are so sensitive never get along in life. They are always misunderstood.

**OLGA OLOFSON.**

"Oh! He's just the sweetest guy!"

But why is it we hear so much about these out of town fellows—and yet they never appear?

**ALBERT OLSEN.**

"We know you, Al."

You do make a wonderful father, "God bless my soul!" That fatherly air doesn't appear anywhere except on the stage, for which we are duly thankful.

**FRANCIS O'MALEY.**

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

It's nice to be always smiling, but that perpetual grin! He does look serious once in a while. P'raps over a well-deserved after-noon session that he can't get out of.

**CECELIA O'TOOLE.**

"A rose is sweeter in the bud than in full bloom."

We can't understand why you persist in trying to look like eleven years old. Is it because you want to keep your age always a little below the truth?

**LORAIN PATRICK.**

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

You certainly ought to be good at it, after all these years in the Lunch Room. Then, again, it may be the reason for so many of our dear friends spending their loose change elsewhere. Perhaps the Lunch Room will have a chance to make some money next year.

**THEODORE PATTERSON.**

"Man Perfected."

That lofty and noble bearing is so apt to deceive people who don't know you.

**ROSA PENDLETON.**

"A rose without the thorns."

You make too much noise altogether. The idea of a little girl, no bigger than you are, clattering around the high school like a locomotive on the B., R. B. & L., and disturbing the peace! Y'ought to be ashamed!

**HAZEL PENNIE.**

"Not Pennies but Dollars."

When the rest of us are just starting in, Hazel, with her fortune already accumulated, will smile kindly upon us and say, "Try Woolworth's."

**HENRIETTA PERKINS.**

"We have a little Fairy in our home."

A regular fluttering fairy, who flits about the corridors at about three miles a minute. You know the "Pen is mightier than the Sword," and sometimes a great deal sharper. Pecko most surely is in class A-1 in that respect.



**SADIE PERLMUTTER.**

"Oh, Gee! Say Gee! Y'ought to see my Gee-Gee!"

You might think her gray matter was in her shoes, but all of it isn't. She has a wonderful time in transcription. You can hear her thinking for miles.

**STEWART PERRY.**

"The Wireless God."

Nothing is too deep for him. Nothing too complex. He even holds the secrets of the air within his power. We firmly believe "Stew" thinks he ought to take the Algebra and geometry classes to help out our teacher.

**KATHRYN PULSIFER.**

"Oh Bed, Bed, delicious Bed!  
That heaven on earth  
For my weary head!"

Don't hurry, Kathryn, it's the worst method to use. Why, she can't seem even to get up to go to school. Now she's working she'll have to join the "Big Ben Club."

**MARTHA RABINOWITZ.**

"Sweetly simple and simply sweet."

We don't hear much from Martha. Why are you so bashful? It's a mean trick not to do anything so we can slam you about it. Where's your school spirit?

**ELEANOR RAYMOND.**

"The pride of the regiment."

For once the Hon. E. Gordon has a rival in the art of speaking. If you would only put on the brake and the soft pedal once in a while, we could understand lots easier.

**EDWINA REA.**

"I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consummately."

Don't take things to heart so. Everybody isn't talking about you.

**LOUISE REA.**

"You must come ovah!"

This war-cry rang through the school many a time, and really quite too often. You could always tell when Louise was approaching. Just the same, they do "come ovah."

**KENNETH REED.**

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Women are such heartless creatures. When we see you at track, your graceful leaps astound us. How do you do it?

**WALTER REESE.**

"I'm going to be ready to play in the band!  
Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Yes, "Reesie" is going to be ready to do anything—anything at all. That is why he studies all the time—or at least puts on such a studious expression.

**ROBERT RICKER.**

"Smart, more smart, most smartest."

That's his definition exactly! Well—if no one is in love with one, it's just as well to be in love with one's self. How 'bout it?

**RUTH ROBINSON.**

"I'm easily amused."

It must be so, as you do nothing but grin. That terribly irritating cough worries us, but you must have some means of letting your friends know you're there. A piece of advice: "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

**FRANK ROSS.**

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Of course you knew  
This was coming to you;  
It couldn't be otherwise!  
It's the talk of the town,  
That you still go around  
With a pair of baby-blue eyes.

**RALPH RUSSELL.**

"Little things please little minds."

Yes, the "little things" always seem to please "Boozer." As for the little mind—he came back to school this year especially for athletics.

**DOROTHY RYMES.**

"Hence, vain, deluding joys!"

Why do you wander about in an eternally pessimistic state? Perhaps it is just the way you appear—but please try a smile.

**MINNIE SILVERMAN.**

"A maiden fair, with curly hair."

Shorthand is an awful trial, isn't it? Especially when one is talking about a most fascinating subject and doesn't know the place!

**DOROTHY SMITH.**

"Little 'Ray' of sunshine."

Not all of us can have a "Ray" of sunshine all the time. Isn't it nice you can have ice cream any lunch hour?

**HARRY SMITH**

"Pilly-willy-weee! This is my fifeeeeeee!"

He is actually musical, too. It didn't crop out until this last year. We don't know whether to be glad or sorry.

**HELEN SMITH.**

"Vanity Fair."

Helen of Troy had her Paris, and Helen Smith has—you know how it is! As for protection, you certainly have it all the time, and we hope you always will

**DOROTHY SNOOK.**

"A regular Amazon."

Besides being forward in athletics, it's very convenient to be able to come from afar and make a decided hit with the faculty.

**GLADYS SOBEY.**

"Fain would I, but I dare not;  
I dare, and yet I may not;  
I may, although I care not  
For pleasure when I play not."

Why does Gladys stop before the door of  
Room (?) and pinch her cheeks. What's  
the attraction?

**NADENE SOULE.**

"It's a long lane that has no turning."

Will you ever take a side step and act  
like the rest of us naughty children? Angels  
can never thrive on earth, so look out.

**BARBARA SPAULDING.**

Barbara now,  
Barbara even  
Spaulding now,  
But not forever.  
In after years  
When this you see,  
We wonder what  
Your name will be.

I'm afraid we all know.

**RUTH SPERBER.**

"Higher still, and higher, floated your  
voice."

It floated through Osborne Hall and  
thrilled us to the utmost. If marks soared  
as high as your voice, you'd have us all  
"skun a mile."

**THELMA STANWOOD.**

"Light she was and like a feather,  
And her shoes were number nines."

Isn't life wonderful, Thelma? 'Specially in  
lilac time?

**RICHARD STAPLES.**

"A changeable and fickle thing was wom  
an ever."

These so-called "Woman haters" are al-  
ways causing trouble, for we never know  
what to say about them. Perhaps the  
"vamps" of the Senior French division will  
have caused you to weaken at last.

**KATHERINE STRONG.**

"Laugh and grow fat."

Are you really so dignified as you look?  
If you smiled at us we would be relieved.  
Remember frowns bring wrinkles, and  
wrinkles, old age.

**HOLLIS THOMAS**

"'Tis not good that man should be alone."

What a wicked, wicked world! Even Hol-  
lie is stepping out. Well, watch your step.  
Blondes are fickle, 'specially those who come  
from "away."

**LESTER THOMPSON.**

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

We pray of you, buck up a bit. Show some  
spirit! Not every girl is as ferocious as

she looks. Most of them are perfectly harm-  
less, so please don't look so scared.

**DOROTHY VERDI.**

"Music hath its charms."

Perhaps it has, but why waste good lung  
power when the Fates intend thy voice for  
other purposes.

**JEANETTE VERGONA.**

"Tell me, little maiden,

Are there any more at home like you?"

If there are, home must be certainly sim-  
ilar to heaven.

**HESTER VESSEY.**

"Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be  
mine?"

Curls are so coquettish when worn over  
one's shoulder. Alas! They have to disap-  
pear when one becomes a "poor working  
girl." Sad, is it not?

**HAZEL WENTWORTH.**

"Good, Gooder, Goodest."

Never a word said against anyone. Would-  
n't it be wonderful if we all were like that?

**RICHARD WHIPPLE.**

"Don't judge a man's knowledge by his  
size."

Such a big, big, boy! It does seem a per-  
fect shame to put you in the kindergarten  
class, but I guess we'll have to, 'cause you  
certainly can't spell "Cat."

**FRANCES WOLFSON.**

"Folkth thay I lithp, but I don't pertheive  
it unleth I thay 'Pea thoup and thoft thoap  
are thumthing thimilar.'"

**MARGARET WOOD.**

"A crazy swing, a dreamy waltz, and  
THOU."

Never could Margaret endure to be ab-  
sent on Friday; for between two and three  
finds her "Stepping out, and may we add—  
stepping on poor, innocent toes."

**ROSAMOND WYMAN.**

"How ya goin' to keep 'em down on the  
farm?"

Some people never do any homework and  
still get away with it. We never could do it.  
P'raps it's because we all haven't got blue  
eyes and golden hair. However, if you don't  
hold a job as a stenographer, we know you'd  
make a "gol-durned" good farmer.

**MARTHA YOUNG.**

"I'm a Jazz Baby."

Don't the pig-tails get in the way? Or are  
you a firm adherent of flowing locks?

**LINCOLN YOUNG.**

"Ain't he the funny little fella?"

What is it they say about people who are  
always laughing at their own jokes? Any-  
way, he isn't the only one who laughs.



# LITERARY

## JACINTA.

"I say, Dad, don't make a row. I couldn't help it, you know. It's mighty interesting service. I bet you'd join yourself if you were unmarried. That's the joy of single harness. I've always thought it was rank foolishness to marry before middle age, at least!"

"You are all wrong, boy. But there, have your fling, sow as few wild oats as possible; and, Jack, I'll make a bet with you. For all your childishly cynical beliefs, I wager you'll be engaged inside of six months, or wish you were."

"That's a safe bet, Dad. Consider it lost," replied Jack, laughing. Feeling his point gained and highly elated at his success, Jack Harlam, now a private in the 33rd Mounted U. S. Marines, rushed off to tell his friends the news.

Two months later Jack, who had been stationed at Nicaragua, began to wonder, now that the novelty of country and service had begun to pale, if it was such a lark. Not a raid so far. The natives, dirty fellows, were, after a fashion, quiet and orderly, and, excepting a drunken brawl or so, nothing had happened.

Having obtained leave, he set out one day to explore the surrounding country, with the aid of his big black stallion Crow. Forgetful of time, he rode over the springy turf, looking with wondering delight upon the unusual sights surrounding him. It was as if he were in another world. The heavy tropical underbrush on both sides of the trail hid everything from his eager sight. The tall cocoanut palms stood in groups all through the forest, entwined here and there with gorgeous, flowering vines. Brilliantly feathered birds sat on the gnarled branches, drooping their heads dejectedly in the intense heat.

Jack felt himself to be the only living being in this breathless spot of color, when, glancing carelessly to one side, he saw through the dense foliage of a nearby tree a pair of slender, arched feet swinging slowly to and fro. Reining his horse to one side

he peered up into the tree to greet this child of the forest, who, perhaps, would help him to while away a few dragging moments, and found himself looking into the laughing face of a girl of eighteen or nineteen summers. Her exotic beauty held him staring in utter amazement and incredulity. The creamy tint of her skin was delicately flushed with health. Her carmine lips, softly curved, partly revealed her small white teeth. Her dusky black hair, piled high on her shapely head for the sake of coolness, revealed her slender brown neck to advantage.

"Good Heavens, who are you?" gasped the boy in astonishment.

"Buenos dias, Senor. No se ingles," answered the girl in her soft southern tongue.

"Of course not," laughed Jack, "of all the fools"—and then in fairly good Spanish again asked his question—her name.

"Jacinta, and yours?" asked the girl shyly.

"Jack Harlam," he replied, and at her hesitating echo of the strange name, he wondered why he had never realized before how he liked it.

"Is this your home, Jacinta?"

"No senor, I live up there in the hills," and as she spoke a slight shadow darkened the clear brightness of her face.

"What is your family name? Who are your people?" questioned Jack with an eagerness he would not have admitted to himself.

"I have none. Always have I lived with old Senora Darbles, the housekeeper of Blanca, hateful old woman! I will never go back, for," looking at him through her luxuriant lashes with naive sweetness, "I have run away! That is why I hide in the tree, senorito, for they will try very hard to find me."

While she talked, Jacinta made good use of her warm dark eyes. This "gringo" was so different. She liked the firm set of his lips, the square strength of his chin, his frank blue eyes, but most of all the curly brightness of his hair. To Jack, his curly hair had always been a source of annoyance.



But to Jacinta—it was so much more attractive than the dark oily hair of her countrymen, she thought, and smiled. Thereupon Jack discovered a very adorable dimple set deep in one corner of her mouth.

"It is easy to see why they would not wish you to leave them," said Jack softly.

"But how did you know that they had kidnapped the rich *senorita*?" cried the girl, fixing her startled eyes upon him entirely unconscious of the implied compliment.

"I didn't," answered Jack, "but now that I do—!"

"*Senor*, what would you do? They will kill me when they find out that I have told you."

"But they are not going to find out. You are coming back to camp with me, where you'll be absolutely safe," said Jack reassuringly.

Just as he had settled Jacinta before him on his horse, a loud curse dispelled the happy smile from his face. He wheeled his horse only to find himself facing a half dozen bandits, brutal-looking fellows, fully armed. With Jacinta before him he could do nothing for fear of harm coming to her; so at the command of the chief he dismounted quietly, watching meanwhile for any chance opening in their guard.

"Jack! behind you!" screamed Jacinta. But Jack turned only in time to face a crushing blow from the heavy butt of a pistol.

Thus, stretched silent and still on the ground, he neither saw Jacinta's frantic struggles nor heard her pleading cries.

Some time later, Jack rose slowly to his feet, groping dazedly for the bridle of his faithful horse, and with only the thought of Jacinta, a helpless captive, galloped painfully to camp. For without help from headquarters he could not rescue her.

At camp he found great excitement. During his absence a bandit had been captured while trying to steal the child of a wealthy family. This removed a decided difficulty from Jack's path, for now with a troop of Marines and this fellow for guide, he could surely accomplish his desire.

Having obtained leave from his commander, he set out for the bandits' camp, but arrived just too late. For the bandit chief, a wily fellow, hearing of the intended attack, had moved his camp to a strong fortress further up in the hills. Jack, realizing that this fort was impregnable, at least to such a small force as he commanded, decided to use strategy instead of force.

Late that night, having exchanged clothes with the bandit guide, he entered the stronghold of the bandits, his hat pulled well over his blonde head. He wandered about the squalid village for about an hour, being careful to keep in the shadow of the poor huts. He listened in vain for the sound of Jacinta's voice; then, on turning the corner of a slightly larger hut, he tripped, fell to his knees, and found himself looking into the tearful sad eyes of Jacinta. She, crouched in the shadow of a hut, had unwittingly caused his fall.

"Jack," cried Jacinta happily, "I was so afraid that they had killed you."

"But you, Jacinta, have they mistreated you?" asked Jack sternly; nevertheless he was conscious of her use of his given name.

"Oh, but what does that matter, now that you are safe, *mi amigo*?" asked the girl, her lovely eyes glowing in the semi-darkness. But it seemed destined that these two should never talk without interruption; for at this moment a half-starved mongrel passing by scented a stranger in his domain, and in the search that followed his warning bark, Jack and Jacinta were found, securely tied and thrown into adjoining huts.

"Damn!" groaned Jack under his breath. Despite the intense pain, he began to work his hands back and forth, straining to loosen his cruelly tight bonds. But, although he did manage to loosen them slightly, he could not slip them over his hands.

Late that night, as he lay listening to the maudlin songs and the brutal laughter bursting from the bandits' drunken lips, his guard, entering unsteadily to see if his prisoner was safe, stumbled and fell prone, breaking a large bottle of gin which he carried under his arm. Rising with difficulty the angry bandit lurched off into the darkness, leaving Jack alone. Slowly, Jack wormed his way to the largest piece of glass and painfully (for he cut himself more often than he cut the rope) worked to free himself with the broken glass. As the first cool coral rays of the still hidden sun brightened the gray morning sky, he rose and stepped outside. He listened, but evidently the whole camp was sunk deep in the sleep which follows hard on the heels of such a nocturnal carousal.

Entering the neighboring hut, he freed Jacinta, and together they slipped through the entrance gate of the stronghold.

Returning to camp they found that four large tractor planes were being tuned up and loaded with bombs. The only way to

drive the bandits from their lair was to be attempted.

Leaving Jacinta with the wife of one of his friends, Jack, with a large company of Marines, rode off to guard the pass leading from the bandits' camp, just as the planes disappeared from sight.

Arriving in position, the planes dropped their deadly load, destroying the village and inhabitants with an impersonalness that was merciless. Soon a small band of dirty fellows appeared at the head of the pass. Horror stricken but furious at the destruction they had left behind them, they charged down upon the compact body of Marines, yelling wildly and flourishing their wicked machetes with murderous intent.

A mad fight ensued. The passionate faces of the bandits grew dark with violent hate. The piteously horrible screams of wounded horses; the shrill cries of the bandits and the sharp crack of the revolvers turned the still beauty of the morning into a hideous nightmare. Jack, turning quickly to save his beloved horse from death, received a deep wound in his right shoulder. Thus, faint and sick from the loss of blood and from the terrible scenes he had just witnessed, he reached camp. A friendly guard, seeing his plight, rushed up, caught him as he slipped limply from the saddle, and carried him to his bunk.

"Quite a lot of excitement for one day," grinned Jack weakly, and then slipped off into black unconsciousness.

He awoke to find Jacinta bending over him, her face full of sweet concern and pity. "Ah, you are better, senior," she said, "you will very soon be well, for the great physician, Don Pedro Ramon, is coming to see you."

"I am better now," answered Jack, sighing contentedly at the light cool touch of her fingers on his brow.

"But, senior, you must sleep now. I will return soon," and smiling she left the pleasant room he had been taken to. A few moments later he heard her singing as she wandered about the beautiful garden outside, and Jack, listening drowsily to her tender, sympathetic little voice, soon fell into a deep refreshing sleep.

About a half hour later he awoke with a start to find a tall, white-haired, but vigorous man standing by his window looking out on the garden with a strangely startled expression on his face.

"What can be the matter with the old fellow?" thought Jack sleepily. He cleared

his throat softly. Don Pedro Ramon (for it was the physician) turned quickly and, fixing his rather stern gray eyes on Jack, asked huskily,

"Senior, who is the little seniorita in your garden?"

"I do not know," answered Jack. "She calls herself Jacinta. As far back as she can remember she has lived in the hills, an unwilling companion of Blanco and his followers. Yesterday she ran away."

Then, seeing how interested the old man was, Jack told him all that had happened in the very short time he had known Jacinta. "Why are you so interested, Don Pedro?" asked Jack, breaking the short silence that followed his brief story.

For answer Don Pedro took a small gold locket from his watch chain and gave it to Jack. Opening this, Jack found himself looking into the beautiful face of—but was it Jacinta? This dusky hair was elaborately dressed and—but at this moment Don Pedro interrupted his thoughts by saying gently: "That was my wife, senior. Sixteen years ago our little girl was stolen from us. Your Jacinta is a picture of what she might have grown to be."

"Ring that bell quickly," commanded Jack sharply.

Don Pedro obeyed and in a few moments Jacinta appeared in the doorway. On seeing the stranger she hesitated shyly. Don Pedro stepped eagerly toward her, and with an incoherent murmur of apology turned back the sleeve of her simple dress, revealing a birth mark, a small pink crescent moon. Lifting his eyes to her face, he looked keenly into her eyes, his own softening before the gentle beauty of hers. "You are my daughter, seniorita, you will come with me now to my home. There I hope you will be happy, for I will try to make you so."

Then, forgetful of Jack, he offered her his arm and led her from the room. But not before she had sent one swift, half-frightened pleading glance over her shoulder.

Jack answered it with an encouraging smile, much pleased at her remembering him.

A week later, Jack, now almost wholly recovered, rang the bell of Don Pedro Ramon's door. He learned that Don Pedro was out but that the seniorita was walking in the garden. Much pleased with this state of affairs, Jack hurried into the garden in search of Jacinta. His footfalls made no sound on the closely cut lawn, so on seeing

her he stood silent for a moment to enjoy the charming picture she made. Seated on the edge of a sparkling, vivacious little fountain she looked very pensive and demure. Her rich gown, cut square at the neck and caught up with jeweled buckles above her dimpled elbows, fell in folds of refreshing green about her. Her hair piled high on her head had escaped from its bonds in tiny, curling tendrils about her small, shapely ears; a saucy parakeet sat on her shoulder trying with all his art to obtain her attention, but it was evident that her thoughts were far away.

"Jacinta," said Jack, stepping quickly toward her.

Like a flash of sunlight after an April shower her face brightened, a saucy dimple peeped at him from the corner of her provoking little mouth. Then her luxuriant lashes swept her cheeks, hiding from his eager gaze the shy happiness shining there.

"Jacinta, look at me, dear. I've loved you since the moment I saw you first, perched in a tree—a thousand times more beautiful than any tropical bird I know—but I dared not hope you would—do you?—could you learn to love me?" stammered Jack, helplessly. The dimple winked fleetingly at him. Then two soft eyes looked into his, and as he bent quickly toward her, a pair of warm, yielding lips answered him silently, but surely.

Thus Jack Harlam Senior won his bet.

VIRGINIA FLINT '21.

#### CASEY'S COMEBACK.

(With apologies to the author of "Casey at the Bat," and to William Cowper.)

##### I.

Mike Casey was a citizen  
Of credit and renown.  
A mighty hitter eke was he  
Of famous Boston town.

##### II.

Mike Casey's boss said to his man,  
"Though up at bat you've been  
Three times a day for seven days,  
No homer have we seen."

##### III.

"Tomorrow is a holiday,  
And then you must prepare  
To slam the ball and slam it well  
Far, far, into the air."

##### IV.

"Too often in the pinch you've failed  
To drive the runners in.  
Tomorrow if you fail once more,  
You'll wish you'd never been."

##### V.

But Casey soon replied, "Forsooth,  
I'll knock that pill so far,  
The fielders, when they're chasing it,  
Will take it for a star."

##### VI.

"I am a mighty hitter bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And when I land upon that ball  
It certainly does go."

##### VII.

Quoth Casey's boss, "That's very well,  
If hit it hard you do.  
If not, beware my deadly wrath—  
'Twill be the death of you."

##### VIII.

The day arrived, the game began,  
The pitchers were in trim;  
And as the game and day advanced,  
The batting grew quite slim.

##### IX.

The first and second innings went.  
The third soon followed fast.  
The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh came;  
Eighth, ninth—but not the last.

##### X.

The score was tied at zero; all  
The batters swung in vain.  
The pitchers were their masters still,  
Were still the batters' bane.

##### XI.

The tenth, eleventh inning passed—  
The twelfth and thirteenth too,  
The fourteenth, fifteenth, and one more;  
Yet nothing could they do.

##### XII.

The seventeenth and eighteenth passed;  
A pitcher failed at last;  
And in a trice the bases filled—  
The end was coming fast.

##### XIII.

The crowd that in the stands did sit  
Cried out with mighty roar,  
"Oh, take that awful busher out!  
To lose it makes us sore!"

##### XIV.

The pitcher he did tighten up,  
And two more batters fanned.  
And still the fans kept "roasting" him,  
And panned and panned and panned.

##### XV.

Then up the mighty Casey came  
Resolved to do or die;  
And as he stepped up to the plate  
His joy and hope rose high.



## XVI.

The pitcher took again the ball  
And shot it like a gun.  
The mighty Casey let it pass—  
The umpire said, "Strike one."

## XVII.

Again the pitcher did wind up,  
Again the ball it flew,  
Again did Casey let it pass—  
The umpire said, "Strike two."

## XVIII.

Once more the pitcher (foolish man)  
Did cut the plate in twain,  
And Casey landed on that ball  
With all his might and main.

## XIX.

The ball did sail beyond the fence  
And landed far away.  
And mighty Casey was once more  
The hero of the day.

## XX.

But just as mighty Casey  
Was stepping on the plate,  
He stumbled over something,  
And falling, bumped his pate.

## XXI.

He gazed in wonder round him  
And rubbed his aching head.  
Then up he rose and heaved a sigh,  
(He'd fallen out of bed.)

FREDERICK MULLONEY '21.

### SEMPER REGNAT NEPTUNUS.

It is generally believed that the old Roman and Greek gods are no longer worshipped or respected. This is not true, because one of them, at least, still reigns supreme in his respective domain. He is Neptune, the god of the sea.

It is a time-honored custom for ships entering his realm, the equatorial regions, to be boarded by Neptune, and his train of attendants and subjects, who inspects everybody aboard and initiates all newcomers into the solemn mysteries of the "Ancient Order of the Deep."

I was on a ship bound southward when I first learned of this custom, and for the remaining ten days that elapsed before we reached the equator all I heard was "Neptunus Rex." Every spare minute was used up in preparation for this awful ceremony, by the "honored shellbacks," as they called themselves. I was led to believe that some terrible things were going to happen to me and the rest of our crew. Mysterious wireless messages appeared on the bulletin board, that I was sure hadn't passed through

my hands. Aft the boat deck a curious looking platform was erected over a tank made out of a great tarpaulin; and a treacherous looking chair was built at the edge of the platform, overhanging the tank.

The morning of the tenth day out dawned bright and clear and hot. After the early morning duties were dispatched, a holiday was proclaimed by the skipper, through the medium of the boatswain's mate and his pipe. The shellbacks gathered in the fore-castle, and with a chorus of "Lay aft, you lubbers," drove everybody out of the compartment. At eight o'clock I went on watch and I had barely finished checking the log book when I was attracted to the opened port-hole by cries of "Here they come!" The procession was led by the Neptune Police Force, a most disorderly company, whose main delight was in assaulting the onlookers with their long clubs. They were followed by the stately Neptune, a corpulent being, dressed in flowing robes, with an imposing crown on his head and his trident in hand. He was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful young girl with a hula-hula skirt and hair to match, and cheeks that were only acquired by the deft application of some of the painter's lead. Then came Davy Jones, Father Neptune's secretary, The Judge, The Royal Barber, Dr. Pill, The Dentist, The Bears, and many more, all dressed in costumes equally outlandish. They moved slowly aft to the scene of their ceremony, and I spent the next half hour undisturbed except for the awful sounds that came in through the port.

The captain met the party and resigned his command to Father Neptune. He raised his flag, the skull and cross bones, to the gaff, and then had the Judge call the court to order. Meanwhile his Police Force had been busy and the first six victims were brought up.

Shortly afterwards I was interrupted from my work by two of these "cops," who brought my relief and presented me with an official looking document which read as follows: "Being a landlubber and daring to enter our Aqueous and Equatorial Regions without due and submissive ceremony, you are hereby ordered and directed to appear in person before my August Presence in Lat. 0° 0' and Long. 35° 21' West, on Wednesday, February fifth, nineteen hundred and nineteen, at nine ante meridian, to explain your most contumacious conduct and accept most heartily and with good grace the pains and penalties of the most awful tortures that

will be inflicted upon you in order that you may become an honored shellback." Signed—Neptunus Rex, by his secretary, David Jones, etc.

I was then roughly escorted aft to the queer assembly and charged with giving out false information and trying to grow an eyebrow on my upper lip. They gave me no chance to explain, as indicated by the summons, but they led me up onto the platform and sat me in the chair overhanging the tank. The Barber covered my face with a terrible lather made from everything but soap, and proceeded to shave me with a two-foot razor especially constructed for the purpose. After this he shampooed my hair with shoe blacking, and left me to the Dentist, who injected some salt water into my mouth from a greasy gun, and told me I looked sick. He turned me over to Dr. Pill, who administered another dose in the form of a huge pill made from soap, flour and water, cayenne pepper, and a few more tasty ingredients. Meanwhile another of the tribe manicured my nails with a pair of cutting pliers. Then they all decided that I needed a bath, and the chair turned over backwards. I landed with a splash in the tank, where the Bears got me, and they didn't let me out until they were sure I was half drowned. A rather powerful shock from a charged wire on the edge of the tank helped me over the side and deposited me, dripping wet, on the deck. Then they turned their attentions to the next victim, and it was my turn to laugh. I was now a real sailor, a shellback.

DONALD J. McNEIL '21.

#### WARSHIPS.

##### I.

Pride of Roman power, gliding back to port.  
Guided safely homeward by three hundred  
trusty oars;  
Bronze beak gleaming brightly,  
Brave warriors singing lightly,  
Shrill pipes playing gaily of battles all hard  
fought.

##### II.

Stately British man o' war sailing o'er the  
deep,  
With twice three hundred seamen, a weather-beaten crew;  
Great white sails outspread  
Like the sea gulls' wings o'erhead;  
Brass cannon thrust through portholes, their  
silent watch to keep.

##### III.

Powerful superdreadnought, holding waves  
at bay,  
A thousand war-tried jackies, alert and at  
their posts;  
Battle masts tow'ring grimly,  
Smokestacks seen but dimly,  
Belching black smoke thickly—Home to  
U. S. A.!

HYMEN SILVERSTEIN '22.

#### WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

I got up early on that golden day—very early, too; for on a June morning to be up before the sun is to be very early, indeed. Everything was a soft blurry gray, and I ran slipping and sliding down to a big pine that we had noticed the night before, and climbed to the very top, and sat there watching the tiny gold ripples on the lake chase each other on and on, and up and up to the very edge. And I thought about lots of things—the big pine, and the dewsoaked bushes, and the ripples, and Jimmy—most of all, Jimmy.

He was a funny thing, that Jimmy, and I didn't quite yet understand all his queernesses. Yes, funny, but mighty lovable! And while I was perched there, meditating, somebody came crashing and slipping and sliding down the path toward the pine: somebody with his curly black hair wetly and carefully plastered down—but it wouldn't stay!—and with his white teeth ashine, and a white jersey picturesquely daubed with grease from the car, and gray tweed trousers, and sneakers likewise decorated, and—oh yes!—the nicest smile in his eyes! It seems funny to stick his eyes on at the end, but I can't omit Jimmy's eyes, they were so dear and dark, and twinkly—that was Jimmy!

"Come on down, little tomboy," he said.

"Come on up!" I retorted.

"No, shocking young lady, you descend, and if you haven't any regard for the formalities, perhaps the pangs of hunger can move you—can't they?" he finished.

"Well—" and I slid down; but it wasn't hunger, it was Jimmy! So together we strolled leisurely back to the camp, and then got breakfast—er—to be more explicit Jimmy did, while I watched and helped, and bothered as much as possible. Such a feast! Slices of sizzling bacon browned to a crisp over the glowing little fire that Jimmy had built, while I was getting dessert. Yes, we had dessert for breakfast! That sounds

funny, too, but it wasn't; it was delicious. For "it" was ever and ever so many little wild red strawberries, as sweet as—well, Jimmy said they were as sweet as—never mind what! And steaming hot coffee, with luscious heavy cream, the honest-to-goodness kind that is never found within the limits of a depraved city. And crackers, queer oblong crackers, that we had bought at a cross-roads store, and which Jimmy said were probably musty with age. But they weren't. And we put everything on a big flat rock, and sat opposite each other, surrounded by the great dark pines just now gaily gilded with thousands of dancing sunbeams, and with the blue waters of the lake gleaming through their green boughs; and we ate, and laughed, and fooled, and once I caught a gleam of tears in Jimmy's eyes, and he saw me and said half jestingly, "Remember what Kingsley said, 'When all the world is young, Sweetheart, and all the world is ours,' and so forth and so on, well—"

"That isn't right, silly Jimmy!" I interrupted laughingly, "you're way off!" And perhaps he was, but I didn't care; it was so nice to be with just Jimmy, my perfect pal, and to be alive, and young, out there in that little bit of God's Paradise.

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21.

#### STAR-BOATS.

Seas ho! to be sailing;  
Stars ho! Far and wide;  
For a winged star-boat  
Often have I sighed.

Gold to be the star-boat,  
Gold and rose and gray,  
Sails of silver star-shine—  
I'd sail on my way  
Through the misty moonlight  
Sailing here and there—  
Mine, the wide world calling,  
Mine, the wide world fair.

I would sail my star-boat,  
O'er the seven seas,  
Following my sweet will—  
Drifting where I'd please.  
I would sail my star-boat,  
Wondrous would it seem.  
I would sail my star-boat  
Right into my dream!

Eyes o' you to guide me,  
Lips o' you to tell  
Where the rocks and shoals were,

Whether all were well.  
Heart O' You to love me—  
'Cross the sea so blue  
I'd go sailing, sailing straight  
'Cross the sea to you!

Seas ho! to be sailing;  
Stars ho! Far and near;  
But who wants a star-boat  
When he has you—Dear?

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21

#### PROBLEMS OF KNITTING.

Knitting is a wonderful thing—until you try it. I endeavored to take up the art once, and I never repeated my endeavors.

It happened thus.

During the war, being of a young and tender age, I was not able to do my bit by enlisting. True, I had managed to eke out enough to buy a bond ("a dollar down and a dollar a week") and I had a few stamps; but for real war-like manoeuvres I had a distinct craving. So, upon the suggestion of a certain young lady, I decided to try knitting.

Now in knitting there are more motions, reverses, counter-reverses and ups and downs than in any machine made, and I actually believe that Einstein propounded his theory on Relativity from learning to knit. He was successful at it. He is hailed all over the world as a great scientist—but he really only learned to knit. Don't believe it if anyone tells you different.

There are two ways of knitting by hand. One with two needles, the other with four. One is as bad as the other. Then there is the yarn. Thin and heavy and of various colors. I decided upon heavy yarn, and being of a brilliant state of mind, chose red, a brilliant red, for my color. It should have been blue, a deep blue, consistent with the efforts I made to hitch it up. But to continue.

On a certain Friday evening I called, and after hearing a few new records on the Victrola, that saviour of entertainment, and casting a few amusing (?) remarks, being of a witty turn, the subject of my lesson in knitting was brought up. No yarn? Why, I'd brought it along with me. The brilliant color seemed to cause considerable amusement, though I failed to see why. Then the two bone needles were brought into view.

Now began the interesting part. I shall attempt to give the directions as they sounded to me. Read them through fast if



you want to appreciate them. Pass one end around one needle in a loop and hitch it on to it (I don't remember which it was). Then loop around the other the yarn, pass over the other needle, down through the loop, up through and reverse. Taking the needle you have just worked upon, pass it through the loop on the other needle, back up through, reverse, down through and around. The big question is to find which is the other needle. I used one needle for the other when I should have used the other for the other, and when I shouldn't have used the other for the other, I used the next, which wasn't there at all—therefore becoming totally lost in the intricate mazes of yarn.

I began! First I knitted around my finger by mistake! The conversation concerning this mistake was very interesting, but I refuse to remember it. It is too painful. It was in reference to my brain capacity and state of mind. Now I have always tried to be a gentleman, and I am not in the habit of being profane, but for sheer asinine, regular, hateful spitefulness, knitting is the limit. In consequence I fell out of grace while learning to knit more quickly than in any other possible way.

Three times I started, and three times I failed. I lost my temper and I believe an interjection escaped my lips. An immediate reminder that I was in the presence of a lady, and that if I couldn't be a gentleman to leave! Apologies and growls in the same breath!

Sudden fireworks! Success! What? Despair. I had used the next needle instead of the other! But being of a persevering nature I did not give up.

After a few more attempts I finally succeeded in getting started, and soon I was going merrily. Now, after ten minutes I was going along in full confidence, although I must confess that deep down in my heart there was a slight uneasiness. There was a reason! A sudden scream and a burst of laughter from the young lady caused me to discover that I had been knitting my own sweater over again. There had been a loose end of yarn hanging from the red sweater I was wearing, and I had picked it up by mistake.

And even now whenever I see that young lady she begins to laugh and nearly goes into hysterics.

I have decided that I shall knit no more.

JOHN KELLY '21.

#### AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

When a man develops a pet grouch and an unconquerable passion for pinochle and lager beer, people shake their wise heads and solemnly pronounce a fitting verdict. If he is middle-aged they say "Ambition." If he is young, their verdict is "Love." In either case he is guilty.

Heinrich Fritz Katzensniggle was forty-two and unmarried. The numerous summers and winters with which nature had endowed him had not served to lessen his resemblance to the antique beer mug of which he was so fond. Besides, he had a passion for pinochle, a fact which might have explained the modesty and reserve which kept him glued to his room after work hours. All of which ought to have proved also, according to people in general, that Heinrich Fritz Katzensniggle was ambitious.

A certain evening in late summer found him sitting in a rickety little chair by a rickety little table. He had removed his shoes and his aching feet were soaking in a pan of steaming water. According to the views of the daily news drinker, he should have been gulping down the strong, black headlines of the evening paper; but he wasn't. Instead, with the deep interest of a Greek scholar studying his Homer, he was gazing intently at the maze of jacks and queens and aces which lay scattered on the table before him. Every now and then he allowed his attention to wander to the extent of bestowing a curse upon his offending pedic extremities.

Outside raged the typical East Side scene. Hosts of children, ragged and dirty, and supremely happy, were running and jumping and shouting. Young women with their escorts were hurrying, perhaps to "Charley's place on th' avenoo," where bright lights and gay laughter proclaimed a "good time." On the corner some ambitious individual, surrounded by throngs of men and dense clouds of smoke from said men's pipes and cigarettes, was expounding the merits of the latest type of sausage.

But the call of the city came not to the unheeding ears of Heinrich Fritz Katzensniggle. He gazed and cursed in silence.

He was in the midst of a most interesting problem, when a sudden ringing of the doorbell "recalled him to life." With a few choice curses flung this time, not at his feet, but at the bell, he limped absentmindedly to the door.

"Telegram for Mr. Katzen—Katzensniggle!"

"Ach, vot's dat! O, ja, a telegram! Donner und blitzen, took all night about it!" More exclamations! Heinrich slammed the door in the astonished messenger-boy's face and, after having absent-mindedly placed the yellow missive unread in a bureau drawer, he limped painfully back to his cards.

For two whole weeks Heinrich ate, drank, and played cards; and for two weeks the telegram lay unread in its obscure corner. Then one day, Fate, the mistress of all human affairs, for want of something better to do, laughingly interfered in the affairs of our hero.

On said day Heinrich had been rather restless. Twice he had found himself trying to drink his lager with his ears; twice he had found himself trying to recall something; twice he had pinched himself and called himself a fool. In the evening he was surprised to discover that his customary passion for pinochle had fled. Something was wrong! Suddenly a desire to search in all the hidden places in the world seized him, and he rushed to the bureau and burrowed into the drawers. "Vot's dot, a telegram? Ach, who could have sent dot!"

The records from which the information concerning Mr. Heinrich Fritz Katzensniggle is drawn end here rather abruptly; however, the story may be concluded, thanks to a newspaper clipping.

It reads as follows:

Sept. 13, 1912—A man, obviously of German origin, but whose name we have not been able to ascertain, was today sentenced to eighteen months in the house of correction by Judge B— of the Municipal Court.

The convicted person was charged with the larceny of an automobile and with reckless driving. The prisoner was silent except for the statement that he had been bound for Wurtemberg, Germany. A telegram was found on him which, written in German, ran in substance thus: "Come back. All will be forgiven."

"ROSA."

Well, what have our wise men to say now? Oh, yes! Exception to the rule, number nine hundred ninety-nine million.

HYMEN SILVERSTEIN '22.

## FURNACES AND SPRING.

From my own sad and melancholy experience I have come to the ominous conclusion that furnaces and spring do not agree. The most docile and house-broken furnace, after faultlessly and faithfully performing its duties all winter, will suddenly develop numberless faults and exhibit the direst treacheries, with the arrival of spring. It will go out when you want it to remain on the job and it will bake the whole house when you want it to remain half warm. And, if after regulating it, you go away trusting that it will behave in the meanwhile, it repays your confidence by trying to burn up the house or else by wilfully going out and becoming as cold and dead as a doornail. My own furnace is a horrible example. But that is my sad story.

The other day I came home from school and, after dining not wisely but too well, I went down to inspect my arch-enemy, the furnace. Alas! It had fallen; that is, it had become cold and dead. An overdose of coal had given it a fatal attack of acute indigestion and had extinguished the last spark of its life. Within its cavernous maw and dark, dusty vitals, I found coal in all stages of combustion, from powdery ash at the bottom up through clinkers and half-burned cinders to untouched coal at the top. I dumped as much as possible of this through the grate and prowled about for wood which my furnace would afterwards devour. I prowled about for some time, but all I could find was the remnant of an old barrel. This I dismembered and cast into the yawning mouth of my hungry household god, after previously stuffing it, or him, half full of paper. I applied the torch (one match) and in due time added coal and went upstairs, leaving the furnace, as I thought, on the road to recovery.

Half an hour later I felt cold and again descended into the lower regions to struggle with the domestic monster. Again it was dead, but not cold, as I presently discovered when my hand came in contact with the iron door. Again I went exploring for wood and this time I came upon a little box. It was a very nice little box and had never harmed me in any way, yet I rent it asunder and sacrificed it to the unappeasable appetite of my Molochian Furnace; and now victory alighted upon my standard. By carefully watching and waiting and coaxing and regulating and feeding, I inveigled my enemy into a semi-conscious condition. If my

Le temps est beau,  
L'air est chaud,  
Mon Dieu, il faut  
Que je reste a' l' école

nervous system only stands up under the strain, I hope to keep the furnace in this state until summer comes, whereupon my furnace may die, if it pleases, and remain dead to its heart's content until winter comes around again.

FREDERICK MULLONEY '21.

#### HEART OF A ROSE.

##### I.

Sleeping, I dreamed of a rose, dear,  
So lovely and fair did it seem,  
That it never could have been made, dear,  
Just to live in a dream.

##### II.

So I slept, and sought for the rose, dear,  
Sought for the rose again;  
For to find what once has been shown them  
Is all in the blood of men.

##### III.

But 'twas not in my dreams I found it,  
That rose so sweetly blown,  
But it was in the heart of the girl, dear,  
Whom I love and call my own.

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21

#### Finds New Species of Fish.

Scientists and deep water fishermen are puzzled over the three new fish recently discovered by Professor Billy Bates. These fish were found in the Bering Sea about three weeks ago when Prof. Bates headed an expedition in search of new species of fish. It is not known yet whether these fish may be used for food or not. Of course their rarity would make them a luxury. Sooner or later we may become better acquainted with them through the high school lunch room. Prof. Bates describes them as follows:

Dwarf fish—Rare fish found in the Arctic zone, near the Bering Sea. It is very minute and can be found only when there are no waves.

Elfish—An uncommon fish found in the Arctic circle; it swims close to the surface and in the shape of the letter "L."

Wolfish—A very ferocious sea animal, triangular in shape, the head being the narrowest part; there is a growth on the scales that resembles wool. A question among scientists of note is: Would the wool from the wolfish be good to use in the making of cloth?

#### BUDDY.

##### I.

I was an awful boy today,  
Everybody said;  
But now I know it doesn't pay,—  
For when I went to bed,  
I thought how good I ought to be,  
An' wished I didn't fight—  
For mother didn't smile at me  
When she kissed me "good night."

##### II.

But she just bent down near to me  
And whispered kind o' sad,  
And awf'ly low, and quivery,  
'I'm sorry, little lad.'  
So you just wait, an' you will see  
I'm going to do what's right!  
So mother'll always smile at me  
When she kisses me "good night."

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21

#### ON A LATIN GRAMMAR.

A Latin Grammar lies upon my table,  
I gaze at it and mutter 'neath my breath  
Strange words and fierce, all bristling with  
dark death!

Its author I would kill were I but able,  
Beside it other work's a pleasing fable,  
To flee it I would drink the stream of Lethe;  
It maketh me to bubble, boil and seethe  
In hopeless rage—in thoughts of deepest  
sable.

This fearsome book of mine it closes never;  
It drives away all joy and weights my heart.  
It casts a spell, a never-ending blight  
Always—both now and in the future ever;  
Drier than driest dust in every part—  
Filled with dark gloom and death to all  
that's light.

FREDERICK MULLONEY '21.

#### TO '20.

Old time goes on, and days fly fast  
Before we think, today is past,  
Tomorrow's gone, but yesterday  
Forever dear to us will stay.  
The friends we made, the fights we won  
Or lost—yes, each and ev'ry one,  
All minute parts of life's great game,  
Still in our hearts are e'er the same.  
And so to you we truly say,  
To you, the Class of Yesterday,  
Despite the pleasures each year lends  
We still remember you—our friends.

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21



### A SHORT STAY IN OLD ENGLAND DURING THE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD.

With a sigh of relief and also of satisfaction at having finally finished a difficult and somewhat tiresome task I laid down my copy of Sir Roger de Coverly Papers. Leaning back in my armchair, I lazily gave thought to what my sensations would be if I were to transcend my ordinary being and be transported to Old England during the time of the Queen Anne period. Soon my head began to nod; the crackling flames which danced merrily in the open hearth before me faded to merely indistinct red blurs; and finally I dropped into utter oblivion.

It is morning and I wake to find myself in strange surroundings. Sleepily and incomprehendingly I took note of my new quarters. "Truly," I thought, "the age of miracles is not yet passed," and I stared in amaze. The room that I was in was walled with nothing but bare boards; a small Dutch window in the wall facing the street enabled a few rays of sunlight to enter; the rough and slivery floor was destitute of all covering. Inwardly shuddering at such a dreary spectacle, I hastily dressed and went downstairs. When I entered the lobby or saloon, the scene there gave plenty of evidence of a wild night before; men in all stages of dissipation were lying about the room; frequently loud bursts of ribaldry rose from the crowd that was clustered around the bar. The dress of these men was very peculiar. Each wore a suit of velvet or some closely woven material. The frock coat cut away at the waist, the trousers reaching but to the knees, the multi-colored silk stockings on their legs, together with the pointed, upward-curling toes of their shoes presented, as you might imagine, a very ludicrous appearance.

I was slightly nauseated by the odor of musty ale, so I decided to leave the disagreeable saloon and go out on the street for a breath of fresh air. Upon opening the door a medley chorus of shouts and cries fell rackingly upon my unwilling ears. Mastering to a small degree my still disordered senses, I ventured further out to discover the cause of the disturbance. I found, to my great relief, that the bedlam was caused only by the daily carrying on of the city's business. Everywhere as far as I could see, coming from all directions, were hordes of street venders; fish wives with their blatant tin horns, dapper little

Italians with boxes of embroidery, tin peddlers with their rattling wagons full of hardware, and in short all trades and professions were represented. "I can readily understand now why it took Sir Roger a week to accustom himself to these cries when he came to London," I commented to myself, "but if the good old soul thought that this was noisy, it's a pity he couldn't see one of our modern American cities with its noisy elevated roads, street cars, and trucks. London indeed is noisy, but one of our great cities would surely have appalled Sir Roger."

Wearying of listening, I hastened my steps and after walking some little time arrived in the open country. As I continued my way down the hot and dusty road I chanced to see standing a little off the main road a large frame building bearing on the front of it the royal coat-of-arms. Peering in through the open doorway I saw that it was the district judge holding the monthly assizes. My respect for the English judicial system fell considerably as I listened because, while one of the lawyers was speaking, a man among the spectators arose and started to harangue the crowd. Immediately another man in another part of the room, taking difference to the intruder's arguments, started to talk also. This controversy created a disturbance in the crowd and soon the room was in an uproar. The judge, managing to make his gavel heard above the heat of the tumult, finally restored peace. Though he looked angry, the judge did not force the spectators to leave the room, thus showing the laxity of the judiciary. As the session was about to end I left the court house and went on.

As it drew near supper time I began to feel the pangs of hunger, and I worried a little as to how I could obtain a meal. I resolved to try my luck at a small cottage I was approaching. A lovely silvery-haired old lady came to the door in answer to my knock. "Madam," I said, "would it be too much trouble for you to give me something to eat? I have traveled far and am tired."

"Stranger, you are welcome to all that I have," she replied with a charming smile. "But perhaps you do not know that in this community I have the evil reputation of being a witch, and all the plagues and misfortunes that befall the people are laid at my door; possibly now you do not care to enter."

"Dear lady," I exclaimed, "is it possible that people are so unenlightened as to be-

lieve in witches, especially you, of all people, such an innocent old lady? I, for one, do not believe it and am glad to accept your hospitality."

I partook generously of the old lady's well stocked larder; then, after thanking her, went out upon the road again. While I had been eating, the moon had risen and was shining in all its yellow splendor. With a sigh I lay down upon a stone wall that bounded the road. Presently my thoughts began to leave me and I was soon deep in slumber.

Slowly, objects began to form themselves before my eyes. With a startled cry, I jumped to my feet. The fire in the hearth was reduced to glowing coals, and the chilly damp and the streaks of grey in the East proclaimed a new morning. I hastily fed the coals with wood until the flames were roaring again, then I retired, still bewildered by my strange dream, but thankful that I was again in good old Boston.

HAROLD B. TURNER '22.

#### "BANISH DULL CARE AWAY."

Just now as we were singing Ferris' words to Verdi's Rigoletto there came back at me with a singular portent that part in the third stanza that goes "Cease all repining,—banish dull care away, never let sorrow stay our joys to sadden," and I thought what a wonderful place this world would be if its people really did that. There would be no depressing sadness or disagreeable "dull care," if we would but do away with it. Those words of some possessed soul about "Into each life some rain must fall," etc., are all too true, but once the rain has fallen it is not necessary to yield our hearts, and our souls, and our very lives to it. Perhaps we do broaden and learn by the sad and disagreeable things of life, but wouldn't you much rather see a smiling person who has successfully "banished" or hidden his or her "dull cares" than a sorrowful looking individual with a long face? Of course you would! We all love the smilers of our life, and the words "All the world loves laughter" are charmingly correct. We need not make fools of ourselves by our happiness, but a little—no—a lot of joy never hurt anybody and never will. Even the Latin poets cared so much for pleasure and joy, and so truly saw its worth, that they coined the motto "Dum vivimus, vivamus!" and so let us!

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21.

#### THE ADVENTURER.

Once upon a time, long years ago,  
When I was young, and play'd the livelong  
day,  
When joys were great, and cares were light  
and few,  
O how I longed to be a man—'mongst men,  
And fight life's battles then, in full array!

My boyhood's wishes, long ago express'd,  
Beyond my fondest hopes, have all come  
true.  
I've roamed the earth, I've sailed from sea  
to sea;  
For me, soft Tropic's warmth, stern Arctic's  
frost  
Can hold no treasures now unknown or new.

Fortune, Chance, Adventure have been  
mine;  
I've followed them through danger and  
through pain;  
And how I love them all!—Yet oftentimes,  
There comes a wistful longing in my heart—  
O how I wish I were a boy again!

H. T. S., '22.

#### MISS SPRINGTIME.

One day as I was walking  
Across the hills and dales,  
I saw with joy Miss Springtime  
Come dancing through the vales:

All dressed in robes so spotless,  
A wreath upon her hair;  
Deep in her eyes the sunbeams  
Forever playing there.

Her dainty little figure  
Would often rock and sway,  
As though she were a flower  
Just opening in May.

MARY MORAN '22

Soft breezes blow from Paradise;  
A brooklet laughs; a tall tree sighs;  
A little woodland flower dies;  
Tears dim the blueness of your eyes:—  
Still breezes blow from Paradise  
And still our dear dreams love their lies.  
A wild bird sings; but no surprise  
Brings us the things that make us wise.

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21



Echo Editorial Staff

## ECHO BOARD

In these days of confusion and uncertainty a new watchword has been coined. This word is normalcy. It has a great significance, and its meaning should be of great interest and of foremost importance in the mind of every American citizen. Since the great World War our government and all the great powers have been thrown into these abnormal conditions, which are among the hardest burdens that humanity has to bear. We are tired of these extremes and we are now striving for that state of being where all conditions are normal. To acquire that state is a great undertaking. The countries of Europe will necessarily consume a long period of time in returning to their normal state, as theirs will be the task of rebuilding their entire nations. The destruction of this country was a horror from

which we were saved, but our task is hardly lessened. First of all, Team-work, a term which can be applied to all great undertakings, must be participated in by all. Team work, the twin brother of Co-operation, is one of the most effective forces that can be used. We must pull together and in this way—and this way only—can we accomplish our task.

Old H. C. of L. must be annihilated. This is probably the greatest cause of unrest. H. C. of L. not only means high cost of living but it also means high cost of labor, and both must be reduced simultaneously. Again, all alien foreign influences must be exterminated. When these three things have been accomplished, a great step will have been taken towards that wonderful state of being called normalcy.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.





## THE SPANISH CLUB.

During the past season a group of Spanish students got together and decided to form a new organization in the High School, a Spanish Club. Any students who had had or were having second year Spanish were eligible to join. The first meeting was held in Room 12, October 4, 1920. Kenneth Reed was elected president, and after a short business discussion a program was given and the meeting adjourned. The second meeting was held October 25, and Miss Charlotte Trowbridge was elected secretary. A pleasing program, under the direction of the secretary, was given. An interesting talk on the notable places in Spain was given by one of the members and a talk on the customs and habits of the Spanish people, by Cecilia O'Toole. The third meeting was held November 16, 1920. The program was under the direction of Miss Ellamae Flynn. President Reed spoke on education in Spain and Miss Verdi on feasts and holidays. November 23, 1920, at a special meeting, the name "La Vida," meaning "Life," was selected for the club. At the next meeting a suitable design for club pins, taken from the Royal Coat-of-Arms of Spain, was chosen. Later a stereopticon lecture was held in the hall. Miss Verdi, Miss Flynn, Miss Trowbridge, and Mr. Atcherly assisted in the lecture, and a very interesting program was presented. Miss Branz sang and Miss O'Toole danced in a Spanish costume.

For so young an organization the club has done good work, and it only rests with its next year's members to keep up and increase the spirit of the name "La Vida."

Here's a couple of deep ones:  
Well! Well!

Shine up to this one:  
A pair of shoes.

## LATIN CLUB.

The Contio Latina, or Latin Club, which was organized in February, 1917, and has given several Latin programs each year in Osborne Hall, recently held a business meeting for the election of new officers. After the signing of the membership book by the Freshmen, and their instruction in the club motto, flower, colors and pin, the following officers were elected:

Duo Consules—Mary Lockhead, Carolyn Magee.

Scriba—Lovicy Irwin.

Quaestor—Anita Bates.

Membership Committee—Madeline Anthony, Louise Murphy, Juniors; Ruth Anderson, Elizabeth Sheehan, Sophomores; Elizabeth Kent, Gladys Wood, Freshmen.

Program Committee—Ellamae Flynn, Senior; Virginia Sheehan, Junior; Harriet Segal, Sophomore; Marjorie Douglas, Freshman.

This year, instead of a meeting of the whole club, different sections have had programs. Freshman College A and B gave two, consisting of songs, recitations, and dialogues in Latin; and the Senior class gave a reading from *The Tragedy of Dido*.

All who take Latin may be members and attend the meetings, but this year it was decided that only those gaining a rank of 85%, or over, should be eligible to wear the club pin. This is of classical design, representing the Roman Fasces in gold on a purple enamel background, and bearing the letters C. L.

## More Latin

Boyabus kissabus girlabussorum,  
Girlabus likabus wanta somorum.  
Papabus hearabus kissabussorum.  
Kickabus boyabus outa the doorum,  
Darkabus nightabus no lightabussorum  
Climabus gatepost, breechibus torum.



Officers of Science Club

The W. H. S. Science Club held its first meeting of the year in the Physical Laboratory on September 15, 1920. The following officers were elected by ballot: President, Stewart Perry; Vice-President, Gertrude Hallam; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis J. Peltier. The executive committee consisted of Stewart Perry, Gertrude Hallam, Gardner Currier, Sidney Stevenson, Arthur Davis, and Daisy Whitman. No experimental lectures were given at this meeting.

The second meeting was held on October 13, 1920. Daisy Whitman was elected to the Executive Committee. The afternoon was then turned over to Gardner Currier, who presented the following program:

1. Chemistry of Heat and Dust Explosions—Gardner Currier.
2. The Angeworm, the Farmer's Efficient Helper—Dorothy Barker.
3. Mathematics—Gertrude Hallam.
4. Storage Batteries—Stewart Perry.
5. The Phonograph—Arthur Davis.
6. Crook's Radiometer—Sidney Stevenson.

The third meeting was held in Room 21 on November 10, 1920. No business was brought up. The following program was presented:

1. Light—Albert Nevers.
2. Sound—Harold Young.
3. Spiders—Maxine Tucker.
4. Molecular and Atomic Energy—John Cushing.

The fourth meeting was held on January Belcher.

12, 1921. The meeting was in charge of the chemistry chairman, Mr. Currier. The following program was presented:

1. Fireworks—Gardner Currier.
2. Oil and Its By-products—Harold Young.
3. Explosives—Julius Katziff.

The fifth meeting was held on February 16, 1921. A publicity committee, consisting of Messrs. H. Young and G. Currier, was appointed by President Perry. The program was in the hands of Mr. Perry.

1. Fundamentals of Electricity—Stewart Perry.
2. Electrolytes and non-Electrolytes—Louis Peltier.
3. Motors and Motor Generators—Albert Nevers.
4. "X" Rays and demonstration—Stewart Perry.

The sixth meeting was held March 23, 1921, with Mr. Arthur Davis the chairman, who presented the following program:

1. Steam and Hot Air Engines—John Raynes.
2. Pumps—Arthur Davis.
3. Experiments in Chemistry—Harold Young and Mr. Peltier.

The seventh meeting was held March 27, 1921. Miss Whitman presented the following program:

1. Coal Doomed by Coming Age of Oil—Philip Ruskin.
2. Modern Firefighting Equipment—Davis



3. Radium—Written by Daisy Whitman.  
Given by Miss Beatrice Blaisdell.

The last meeting of the club was held June 8. President Perry was in charge. The following program was presented:

1. Mathematics—Gertrude Hallam.
2. Wireless Telegraph Transmitters and Receivers—Stewart Perry.
4. Wireless Telephone—Stewart Perry.

At the close of the meeting all present had a chance to receive wireless messages.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON DANCING.

Pupils looked forward to the arrival of Friday for two reasons; first, because it meant the end of a hard week; second, because a pleasant hour of dancing regularly characterized Friday afternoons. Teachers would then cast off their formidable cloaks of superiority and become real, jolly good friends, and everybody enjoyed the hour of recreation. The orchestra, composed of High School boys and two teachers, did much to further this enjoyment.

#### SENIOR PLAY.

An event most eagerly looked forward to and greatly enjoyed was the Senior play. "Green Stockings," a merry comedy of love and misunderstanding, was presented in the Winthrop Theatre, Friday, Dec. 17, 1920.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Helen Smith .....	Celia Faraday
Dorothy Curtis .....	Phyllis Faraday
Eleanor Herbert .....	Mrs. Chisholm Faraday
Hazel Wentworth .....	
.....	Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)
Dudley Allen .....	Colonel Smith
Frank Ross .....	James Raleigh
Amos Johannot .....	Henry Steele
John Dunn .....	Admiral Grice
Albert Olsen .....	William Faraday
Thelma Stanwood .....	Lady Trenchard
Robertson White .....	Martin
John Kelly .....	Robert Tarver

Helen Smith, as a much imposed upon older sister, interpreted this interesting role with surprising skill. Dorothy Curtis made a very attractive, vivacious younger sister. Eleanor Herbert, as an elderly maiden aunt, kept the audience in a continual uproar. "Dud" Allen, the hero of the play, possessed the forceful personality consistent with his part of a soldier. Frank Ross, Amos Johannot and John Kelly added humor and interest to the play in their fickle attempts to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the suddenly transformed Celia.

The play, as in previous years, was under the able direction of Miss Spence.

#### JUNIOR PROM.

The Junior Prom was held in the gym on May 11, 1921. Many bluebirds and streamers of various colors transformed the gym into a very pretty hall. Somerville's orchestra furnished the music. The favors were balloons for the girls and saucy whistles for the boys. The committee in charge consisted of William Russell, Frank Gunn, Roy Ayre, Kenneth Sawin, Ruth Evans, Mary White, Ruth Colson, Doris Enos, Dorothy Donovan, Raymond Sullivan.

#### THE SOPHOMORE SOCIAL.

The Sophomores held their class social on March 18, 1921. The color scheme was green and yellow. A huge shamrock occupied the center of the ceiling. The favors were various colored balloons, which added a more picturesque touch to the daintily decorated hall. Many a wayward pin tested the sharpness of its point, while the favors lasted. The elimination prizes were won by our popular teacher, Miss Weeks, and her escort. Very good music was furnished by the orchestra, and dancing was enjoyed until 11.30. The committee was composed of the following: M. Jennings, chairman; Mr. Grierson, J. Blake, J. Hayes.

#### FRESHMAN SOCIAL.

The Freshies had a very appropriate Mother Goose Social on April 24, 1921. The decorations consisted of a large Mother Goose Shoe at one end of the gym and a quaint little house at the other. The streamers which fell from three hoops were red, white and blue, and the balloon favors were of the same colors. Hardy's orchestra was appreciated by all but the Seniors, who were barred because of scarcity of room.

The Elimination Dance was won by Miss Grace Nickerson and Fred Solomon. Miss Nickerson's prize was a sweetheart bouquet and Mr. Solomon's a \$2.50 gold piece.

The committee in charge was as follows: Richard Whorf, chairman; Edwin Gardner, Matthew Walsh, Richard Ross, John Theall, Margaret Thompson, Nina Swift, Selma Cohen, Gladys Berry, Irene Peterson.

Foote is sitting in solid comfort, with his feet in the aisle, and his mouth open.

Miss C:—"Foote, shut your mouth and put your feet in."



## SENIOR PROM.

Senior Prom, held on Friday evening, June 3, was, as it should be, the most entertaining of all the year's social events. Mr. Clarke and many of the teachers were present. Ice cream and cake were eagerly disposed of during the course of the evening. Small Japanese fans and parasols were the favors of the evening. Pearl's orchestra, the best we have ever had in the school, filled everyone with the "Spirit of the Dance." Indeed, the participants dispersed with great reluctance at the late hour of twelve.

## THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE.

On May 19 our unrivaled and unsurpassed Senior Vaudeville was held in the gymnasium before hundreds of spectators. The performance, which was given entirely by pupils, was varied, to say the least. Many were the laughs that greeted the original and novel Bug Dance. Great was the astonishment and delight of all when Cleopatra herself stepped forth and charmed us with her Snake Dance. After these exciting and amusing acts, Elbert Sinatra soothed us with violin solos, never before equalled in the history of the high school. In direct contrast to these was the Musical Act of Ray Sinatra and Dick Murray, guaranteed to make even the halt and the blind forget their afflictions and become inspired to dance. Until six o'clock the high school talent was displayed. During the afternoon ice cream was sold to the ever-hungry students and faculty. Dancing was enjoyed by all to the strains of our foot-stirring high school orchestra. The success, and indeed it was a success, was due to the efforts of the committee and the performers who offered their service so willingly.

## TO MY SWEETHEART.

With form so slender,  
And skin so white,  
With light brown curls,  
And dress so tight!  
I press her to my lips  
And hold her form so fair;  
She takes me off to other worlds  
And drives away dull care;  
I'm warned by all,  
But love her yet.  
Her charms enthrall,  
My cigarette!

## SCHOOL PLAY.

The annual school play was presented this year in the Winthrop Theatre, Friday evening, June 10. "Our Boys," a comedy, was greatly enjoyed by all present. The cast of characters was as follows:

Sir Geoffrey Champneys, a country mag-  
nate ..... Roland Wentworth  
Talbot Champneys, his son ..... Richard Whorf  
Perkyn Middlewick, a retired butlerman  
..... Edward Atcherly  
Charles Middlewick, his son .....  
..... Fred Christopher  
Kempster, Sir Geoffrey's servant .....  
..... Arthur Boylan  
Poddles, Middlewick's butler ..... John Hayes  
Violet Melrose, an heiress ..... Mary Nugent  
Mary Melrose, her poor cousin.....Celia Branz  
Clarissa Champneys, Sir Geoffrey's sis-  
ter ..... Charlotte Trowbridge  
Belinda, a lodging house slave .....  
..... Margaret Knipe

## SYNOPSIS

Act I Drawing room at Middlewick's house.

Act II Drawing room at Sir Geoffrey's.

Act III The third floor at Mrs. Patcham's lodging house.

## FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Dot Curtis—"Now let's be frank."

Bill Gilliam—"No, you can't have the next dance."

Hazel Wentworth—"Mr. Clarke wouldn't like it!"

Ernest Harvey—"I'll tell you what to do."

Eleanor Herbert—"When do we eat?"

Henriette Perkins—"I love you, you're so pretty."

Eleanor Mittlestead—"Wouldn't you like to know?"

Boozer Russell—"Why worry?"

Frank Ross—"I like to do other things besides dance, oh yes!"

Virginia Flint—"I wasn't making eyes, I just can't help it."

Dot Smith—"No, I didn't throw it!"

Dot Verdi—"You must come over. It will be lots of fun."

Norman Bertlesen—"Why work?"

Donnie McCleod—"Don't I got fun!"

Barbara Spaulding—"I like flowers—'specially buds.

Lorraine Patrick—"My mother's awfully pretty and I look just like her."

## CHARACTER PLAYS OF 1922.

"Sonny" .....	Eliot Johnson
"Mecca" .....	A. MacQuarrie
"The Bat" .....	Bambino Stavredes
"Winged God" .....	John Gore
"Genius and the Crowd" .....	
.....	Silverstein and 1922
"Just Suppose" .....	P. Ruskin
"Dear Me" .....	M. Lyons
"Man of the People" .....	J. Freeman
"The Man Who Came Back" .....	H. Freeman
"Richard III" .....	R. McClintock
"Call the Doctor" .....	J. Barry
"Welcome Stranger" .....	Howard Tibbetts
"The Gold Diggers" .....	Stevenson and Davis
"Dearie" .....	R. Evans
"Honeydew" .....	D. Donavon
"Mary Rose" .....	M. White
"The Dream Girl" .....	M. Hall
"Silks and Satins" .....	M. Barter
"His Grace, the Loafer" .....	S. Blanford
"Jimmy" .....	J. Stokes
"The Rose Girl" .....	D. Enos
"Mary" .....	M. Nugent
"The Famous Mrs. Fair" .....	B. Smith
"Peter Grimm" .....	F. Perrone
"Happy Go Lucky" .....	J. MacIntyre
"The Great Adventurer" .....	C. Erwin
"Paddy and the Next Best Thing" .....	J. Foley
"The Champion" .....	N. Kellenburger
"The Charm School" .....	Room 10
"Ladies' Night" .....	Gym Exhibit
"Friendly Enemies" .....	Winthrop and Revere
"The Jury of Fate" .....	The Faculty

## CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

D. A.—Doesn't Alter .....	Dudley Allen
N. B.—Never Bashful .....	Norman Bertelsen
E. C.—Ever Cheerful .....	Eleanor Cullinane
J. D.—Just Dazzling!!! .....	John Dunn
V. F.—Vanity Fair .....	Virginia Flint
K. G.—Keeps Growing .....	Katharine Goldsmith
M. H.—Much Happiness .....	Mary Harwood
J. K.—Jolly Kid .....	John Kelly
R. L.—Rarely Lonesome .....	Richard LeCour
E. M.—Ever Meddling .....	Evelyn MacQuarrie
A. O.—Always Obedient .....	Albert Olsen
R. P.—Really Perfect .....	Rosa Pendleton
R. R.—Real Rude .....	Ralph Russell
H. S.—Heart Smasher .....	Helen Smith
H. T.—Hard "Tack" .....	Hollis Thomas
R. W.—Rarely Whispers .....	Rosamond Wyman
L. Y.—Lovely Youth .....	Lincoln Young

Melodies old and melodies new, Seem to be meant for some of you, And if you chance to disagree You should worry and so should we!	
Love's Old Sweet Song .....	John Kelly
I Used to Love You, But It's All Over .....	Bunk Molloy
I Hate to Lose You, I'm So Used to You .....	
Now .....	Kip McCarthy
How Can I Leave Thee .....	Class of '21
Auld Lang Syne .....	Class of '20
If You Could Care for Me .....	Margaret Barter
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes .....	
.....	Breeze Freeman
Blow, Breezes, Blow .....	Ginny Flint
Ain't We Got Fun .....	Ellamae Flynn
Whispering .....	All Girls
Come Ye Disconsolate .....	
.....	Any P. M. Session Room
I've Lost My Heart To You .....	Dudley Allen
Bright Eyes .....	Billy Bates
Darling .....	Pecko Perkins
You're Some Pretty Doll .....	Dottie Curtis
Toddle .....	Boyo Ross
Oh Me! Oh My! .....	Ray Sinatra
All For You .....	Eleanore Mitt
I Never Knew .....	Donnie McNeil
Bring Back My Donnie To Me .....	
.....	Florence Royle
O hi O! .....	Eleanor Herbert
Wandering Home .....	After the Social
Sleep, Baby, Sleep .....	Julius Katzlff
In the Heart of Dear Old Italy .....	Dot Bicknell
Learn to Smile .....	Freddy Mulloney
Anytime, Anyday, Anywhere .....	Gerry Barter
Naughty, Naughty, Naughty .....	Ernest Harvey
The Happy Land .....	State of Being Graduated
All She'd Say Was "Ummmmmm" .....	
.....	Helen Smith
I Need Thee Every Hour .....	Bill Gilliam
Do You Ever Think of Me .....	The Freshmen
Now the Day is Over .....	June 22

## Logic.

As demonstrated by Ross of Room 31.  
To prove: My girl loves me.  
Proof 1: I love my girl; hence I am a lover.  
Proof 2: All the world loves a lover.  
Proof 3: My girl is all the world to me.  
Therefore my girl loves me. Q. E. D.

"Miss X," said a freshman boy, coming into the schoolroom one morning, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," he replied; "he had one nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on its back feet."



**M** = NEIL STARTING FOR  
SCHOOL AT 8:19 AM

#### AMBIGUOUS ALPHABET.

A is for Allen. Tiger! for him,  
B is for Billy who keeps him trim.  
C's for the class of '21,  
D's for the deeds it's left undone.  
E's for the everlasting grind  
F's for the fun we leave behind.  
G's for the girls; they are all sweet.  
H for the hearts left at their feet,  
I's for the ink stain on my hand.  
J's for the jazz in the high school band.  
K's for the kiss we stole, she said;  
L's for the lunchroom where we fed.  
M's for Marden, the master mind,  
N's for the notes the teachers find,  
O's for the old, old "dentist" sell,  
P's for the proms we loved so well.  
Q's for the quiz that spelled our doom;  
R's for room 10—enjoyable room;  
S for the sounds we made in the hall;  
T's for the teams. Rah! one and all;  
U's for the use of lovers' lane.

V's for the vamp who vamped in vain.  
W's the work we didn't do,  
X's the xyl I can't play, can you?  
Y is for yesterday so dear.  
Z is ze fact zat ze end is here.

HENRIETTA PERKINS '21

#### WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL.

If Harvey could utter words of one syllable?

If Colby didn't argue with H. E. H.?  
If Henrietta could change that walk?  
If Johonnot's pictures danced?

If Herrick E. H. gave one at a time instead of five?

If "Bob" White could spell?

If Marden said  $2+4=10$ ?

If Currier was six feet?

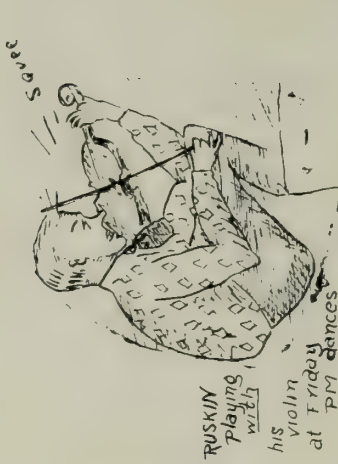
If "Duke" Hannaford tamed his hair?

If we could talk in the corridors?

If a new rule wasn't made every week?

If our pictures resembled us?





RUSKIN playing with his violin at Friday PM dances



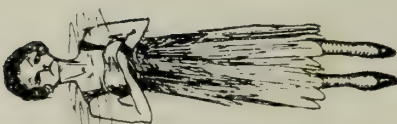
"DUD" ALLEN as COL. SMITH alias "WOBBLES" Just one more word Miss Tareday



HELEN SMITH as MISS CELIA the heroine of "My Wobbles."



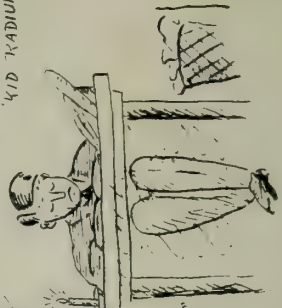
"DOB" WHITE as MARTIN the BUTLER "Jump! Miss!"



ELEANOR HE RUBY as AUNT IDA And our Poon Celia must stay out in the cold for all any of you fine



J CHEEVER KELLY Serenading (You know who) emc "KID KADIUM"



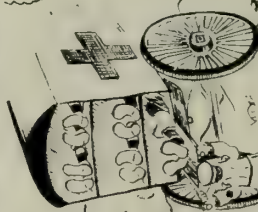
"RED" MULLONEY exciting "why are women"



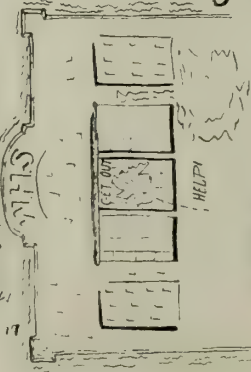
Silverstein 22



"RAY" TEWKSBURY Our poet laureate Seeking inspiration (He may find it?)



Cammall 22



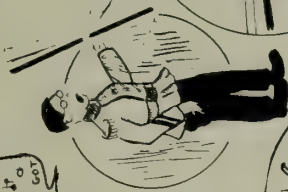
Dignified (?) Seniors having a Class Meeting (Ask ECH - he knows)

A FRIENDLY GAME BETWEEN WINTHROP AND REVERE

THE  
HAMMER TO  
SHOW THAT  
MANTON WAS  
TO BE GOOD-  
TO YES!

WANT WE GOT  
TUN.

E. HARVEY  
ONE OF THE  
DUMBELL  
QUARTET

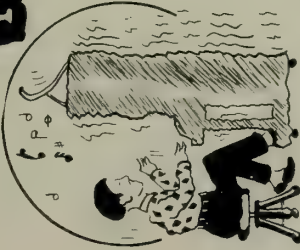


GOOD-BYE  
FOR EVER



MANTON'S  
BIG PULL OFF  
YEN?

OFF THE STAGE



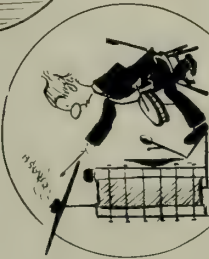
WHEN SINARTRA PLAYS RAG-  
TIME THE PIANO ALSO  
SHIMMIE

SINARTRA



ON THAT  
LONELY SPAT

MURRAY



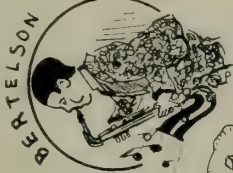
Freeman at the  
Drums

Alvin Campbell  
or

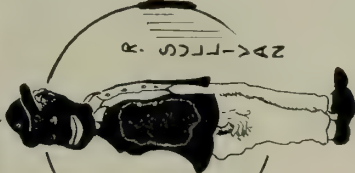
SENIOR VAUDEVILLE  
1921



A  
DANCE  
OF THE  
HEADLESS  
MONSTERS



BERTELSON



R. SULLIVAN



REBECCA

HARVEY'S SECOND  
OPERA



## FOOTBALL.

With the opening of school, Coach Manter and Captain "Bunk" Molloy issued a call for candidates. Many flocked to uphold Winthrop's good standard, and Coach Man-

Oct. 2 Brookline at Winthrop.

Brookline 13, Winthrop 2

Fighting hard, the best Winthrop could do was to hold Brookline to 13, while grabbing 2 by a safety. However, the team showed improvement.



ter started to weed them out. After two weeks of hard work we played a practice game with Malden, swamping them 22 to 0. Next, our first league game. Sept. 25 Lynn Classical at Lynn.

Classical 8, Winthrop 0.

Although the team put up a stubborn resistance, Classical scored a touchdown and nailed Winthrop for a safety.

Oct. 12 Marblehead at Marblehead.

Winthrop 7, Marblehead 7.

Winthrop tied Marblehead in a league game.

Oct. 16 Peabody at Winthrop.

Peabody 7, Winthrop 6.

Surely a tough one to lose. Oh, Peabody! You certainly had horseshoes with you. I'll tell the world.



Oct. 23 Swampscott at Swampscott.

Swampscott 20, Winthrop 14.

Also a tough game to lose. Better luck next year.

Oct. 30 Beverly at Winthrop.

Winthrop 48, Beverly 0.

Well, we struck our stride at last. Every man played well. We certainly had a scoring punch that day—Poor Beverly, it must have been hard on you.

Nov. 6 Lynn English at Winthrop.

Winthrop 34, Lynn English 0.

At last we are traveling. Sailing through the English line for 34 points is some class, n'est-ce-pas?

Nov. 11 Natick at Natick.

Winthrop 13, Natick 7.

Another victory and up goes our point total.

Nov. 13 Gloucester at Winthrop.

Winthrop 28, Gloucester 0.

Doing the "clean-up" act. Gloucester didn't fit in at all—nuff sed.

Nov. 20 Melrose at Winthrop.

Winthrop 48, Melrose 0.

Another crashing victory!—On to Revere!

Nov. 28 Revere at Winthrop.

Winthrop 15, Revere 7

Our annual job. Because of wet grounds the game was played at home. Things started off with a bang. "Bunk" Molloy scored a touchdown and kicked the goal. Later Revere was thrown for a safety. Revere came back in the second half and scored a touchdown and goal. Winthrop again made a touchdown and buried Revere again. "Tres beens!"

#### Over the Line.

Although not winning the championship, Winthrop probably scored as heavily as any other league team. Winthrop's total points made were 223 with 77 for her opponents. After a poor start the team kept plugging and finally rounded out the game as one of the best in the league. Much credit is due Coach Manter, and his work is surely appreciated by all. The athletic council awarded the following sweaters:

Captain "Bunk" Molloy

Dudley Allen	Alfonso Sanders
Ralph Russell	Richard McClintock
Herbert Gersumky	William Russell
Hollis Thomas	Hayden Freeman
Donald McLeod	Howland Freeman
Wilbur Colby	Francis O'Maley
Frank Ross	Richard LeCour
Raymond Tewksbury	John Dunn

At a meeting of the letter men, Richard (Wee) McClintock was elected Captain for next year. Arthur Davis is Manager; Carl Wheeler, Ass't Manager. Good luck, "Wee."



#### SHAKESPEARE AND SPORT.

Did you know that the one and only William Shakespeare was a football enthusiast? Perhaps he played centre-forward for the Stratford Swans vs. Mudhampton Rovers. That we know not, but here are some quotations that seem to prove that he was a keen follower of the great winter pastime:

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.

"Well placed!"—Henry V.

"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess!"—Hamlet.

"I do commend thee to their backs."—Macbeth.

"More rushes, more rushes!"—Henry IV.

"Pell-mell, down with them!"—Love's Labor Lost.

"I'll catch it 'ere it comes to ground!"—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns!"—Henry IV.

"Being down I have the placing!"—Cymbeline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather!"—Othello.

"Fatal points and 'twixt them rushes!"—Romeo and Juliet.

"But to the goal!"—Winter's Tale.

Surely here is proof enough that the Bard was a good old sport!—Tit Bits.



### FIELD HOCKEY.

The season opened under the leadership of "Kip" McCarthy, Captain; Dorothy Ball, Manager; and Miss Curtis, Coach.

The following games were played:

Winthrop 6, Winchester 0  
 Winthrop 4, Lexington 0  
 Winthrop 4, Arlington 0  
 Winthrop 2, Sargent 4  
 Winthrop 4, Winchester 0  
 Winthrop 3, Arlington 1  
 Winthrop 1, Lexington 0

Last season was the most successful in the history of the school. The girls carried off the championship cup which was donated to the league two years ago by Mr. Durell of Arlington. The team won every league game and was scored on but once by opposing league teams. Although many players are lost by graduation, there is promising material in the under classes.

The lineup was as follows:

Kathryn McCarthy	C.
Dorothy Smith	R. I.
Dorothy Curtis	R. W.
Mary Lochhead	L. I.
Esther Peterson	L. W.
Ruth Evans	C. H.
Theresa Delorey	R. H.
Genevieve Honan	L. H.
Louise Murphy	L. F.
Thelma Johnson	R. F.
Dorothy Ball	G.

Esther Peterson, Dorothy Smith, and Louise Murphy were awarded sweaters. Mary Lochhead was elected captain, and Louise Murphy, manager, for 1921.

Good Luck to 1921!

Mary had a little change.

She didn't know how to use.  
 She carried it to school one day  
 And my! She paid her dues!!!



### BASKETBALL OF 1921.

Winthrop opened the season in fine shape, and, although Watertown won the cup, our team made them fight for it.

Jan. 7, 1921. Winchester at Winthrop.

After Weiner of Winchester was forced to sell out as a result of slugging, Winthrop took an easy game.

Winthrop 29, Winchester 6

Jan. 8, 1921. Worcester at Worcester.

Although we lost at the Academy, the score was an improvement over last year's.

Worcester 42, Winthrop 13.

Jan. 14, 1921. Watertown at Watertown.

This game was the longest and perhaps the hardest in the history of the league consisting of four extra five-minute periods, and finally ending with a draw.

Tie game, 13-13. Deciding game—Watertown

Jan. 25, 1921. Brockton at Winthrop.

The mud-hook manufacturers, much to their surprise, got the shovel.

Brockton 4, Winthrop 14.

Jan. 28, 1921. Chelsea at Winthrop.

In spite of the fact that our friends objected, we won for the fifth time.

Chelsea 15, Winthrop 21

Feb. 4, 1921. Arlington at Arlington.

These gym joggers had little opposition to offer and we agreed.

Arlington 9, Winthrop 25.

Feb. 11, 1921. Watertown at Winthrop.

The better team (Chamberlain) won.

Watertown 17, Winthrop 16.

Feb. 18, 1921. Winchester at Winchester.

A poor gym, combined with an "off day," ditched Winthrop.

Winchester 28, Winthrop 24

March 4, 1921. Waltham at Winthrop.

Never again!—Wagon!



Waltham 13, Winthrop 10

March 8, 1921. Brockton at Brockton.

It was a genuine Winthrop game.

Brockton 15, Winthrop 20.

March 14, 1921. Chelsea at Chelsea.

The old karulka fish pulled them through.

Chelsea 25, Winthrop 11

The total number of points scored by Winthrop amounts to 364; the number scored against Winthrop, 284.

The second team also made a good showing, the results of their season being as follows:

Winthrop 31	Winchester	4
Winthrop 16	Wellesley	9
Winthrop 12	Watertown	11
Winthrop 17	Natick	4
Winthrop 12	Brockton	14
Winthrop 17	Chelsea	20
Winthrop 12	Arlington	8
Winthrop 24	Watertown	19
Winthrop 42	Winchester	9
Winthrop 22	Natick	5
Winthrop 27	Wellesley	10
Winthrop 30	Waltham	10
Winthrop 16	Brockton	30
Winthrop 39	Arlington	8
Winthrop 18	Chelsea	32

Totals	345	193
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### TRACK.

This year, for the first time in five years, Winthrop High organized a track team recognized by the school and the sporting circles. Five years ago Winthrop High had a very successful team, but with the graduation of that year, most of the athletes were lost. This year, through the efforts of Mr. Manter, Mr. Ronan, Mr. Clarke, and Jack Kelly—who was appointed captain by the athletic board—a nucleus of runners was obtained, and a team has been put onto the Greater Boston tracks with some success. By the next year, track should be well established in the High School.

Last year, outside of winning a relay race, the school scored but four points, when Kelly won third prize in the one hundred and the two-twenty yard dashes at Harvard. This year it has been more successful. Kelly scored three points the thirteenth of December at the Y. M. C. A. open handicap meet, receiving second prize in the fifty-yard dash. Wilson, a Boston College runner, scored him out. Both started from the five-foot mark. Ernest Harvey, running the three hundred dash, had the unfortunate

HEARD FROM THE BALCONY

"ISN'T HE THE DEAH"



"WOBBLER"

luck of slipping, and was hopelessly out of the race.

In the B. A. A. meet, Kelly, Winthrop High's only entry, made the semi-finals, but was shut out in a heat composed entirely of preparatory school boys.

At the American Legion games, Winthrop garnered another point, when Kelly received third prize in the schoolboy fifty-yard dash.

The relay team, composed of Weibel, LeCour, Harvey, and Kelly, finished second to Hyde Park and defeated Boston College High. Only the toughest breaks prevented Winthrop from winning.

In the State meet, Winthrop entered a team. The relay team, consisting of Weibel, LeCour, McKenney, and Harvey, was defeated by a narrow margin by Brockton. Ross made the semi's in the Junior thirty-five-yard dash, and McKenney made the semi's in the three-hundred-yard Senior run.

On May 7, Winthrop entered a team composed of Sanders, shotput; Reed and Staples, eight-eighty; Weibel, Grady, Silverstein, and Kelly, one hundred yard. The relay team, Weibel, Sanders, McKenney, and Kelly, finished second to East Boston High, and defeated Woburn High. The one-hundred yard dash was the classic event of the afternoon. Six boys, including Jack Kelly, Winthrop's captain, lined up for the finals.



With the crack of the gun, Colson, Allen Military School's flyer, came tearing down the stretch, closely followed by Kanaly of Dorchester. Kelly was back in fourth or fifth position. At the eighty-yard mark, jamming every ounce of strength and energy in him, he passed two men and finished second, just behind Colson, the winner. For this, Winthrop received three more points. The race was clocked in ten and two-fifths seconds, on a wet track, at that.

On Tuesday, May 17, an inter-team meet was held at Ingleside Park. Team B—composed of Jack Kelly, Allen, Ward, McClinstock, Tasker, J. Kelly—won the forty-one points. Jack Kelly was high scorer with thirteen points, Allen next with eleven, and Ronan next with eight. Team A scored twenty-eight and one-half points and Team C, twenty-seven points. Grady, a promising high jumper, injured his wrist in the competition, but it is hoped he will be in shape for the English Centenary games. This lad should do around five feet three or four inches, after proper training.

On May 21, a small team was entered at Harvard. Winthrop's most promising entry, Kelly, pulled a tendon and was forced to

drop out. The other entries failed to make any points.

On May 10 the team went to Gloucester and came out on the losing end of a 59-49 score. Kelly was unable to run because of injuries. Weibel, McKenney, Allen, and Sanuders were the big point winners.

May 26, the team went to Quincy and was defeated, 53-22. Allen, Saunders, and Weibel made all Winthrop's points.

Several meets between teams picked from the squad have been held with promising results. William Morrison, a junior, was elected assistant manager by the Athletic Council.

Saturday, June 4, a team was entered in the Harvard Interscholastics at the Stadium. A luncheon was served the squad by the Harvard A. A. At the meet in the afternoon, the Winthrop relay team defeated the strong Lynn Classical team. For this Winthrop received  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points and each member received a bronze medal. The team consisted of A. Saunders, W. McKenney, S. Weibel and D. Allen. Capt. John Kelly was awarded a letter for his work.

The prospects for the 1922 track team are very good. Coaches Manter and Ronan will



have charge and a successful season is anticipated.

Track should boom at W. H. S. because it gives every fellow a chance. Go to it now; boys, and let's put W. H. S. to the fore in Greater Boston track athletics. Good luck!

making a home run. The entire pitching squad had a workout.

April 27—Classical at Winthrop.

Winthrop 2, Classical 5.

Classical romped home with a victory, this being the first defeat for Winthrop.



#### BASEBALL.

The 1921 team is captained by Kenneth Johnson, and Gardner Currier fills the position of Manager. Mr. Manter has worked hard with the team and with a little luck and some good umpiring Winthrop should finish well up in the North Shore League schedule.

April 19—Gloucester at Winthrop.

Winthrop 5, Gloucester 2.

Winthrop started off well with a win over the fishermen. Johnson pitched a good game.

April 21—Swampscott at Swampscott.

Winthrop 15, Swampscott 5.

We surely swamped poor Swampscott. "Nap" Stavredes furnished the feature by

Winthrop dropped the next five games in a row. Following are the scores:

Winthrop 5, Lynn English 9.

Winthrop 4, Lynn Classical 6.

Winthrop 1, Lynn English 11.

Winthrop 7, Peabody 9.

Winthrop 0, Marblehead 10.

May 1—Swampscott at Winthrop.

Winthrop 11, Swampscott 6.

Winthrop again came into the "win" column, defeating Swampscott 11 to 6 at Ingleside Park.

May 21—Chelsea at Winthrop.

Winthrop 6, Chelsea 5.

A ninth-inning rally netting six runs turned defeat into victory. Robinson pitched a good game, striking out fourteen men.



May 25—Peabody at Peabody.

Winthrop dropped this game, 16 to 6.

This was the second defeat by Peabody in baseball this year.

May 27—Revere at Revere.

Winthrop 10, Revere 4.

Once more we bury Revere. A big eighth inning rally made things look good. Robinson pitched steady ball.

May 31—Chelsea at Chelsea.

Winthrop 3, Chelsea 1.

Winthrop again defeated Chelsea in a league game. The features were Gore's home run and Molloy's shoestring catch.

June 4.

Winthrop 8, Revere 1

Winthrop defeated Revere for the second time this year. Johnson pitched a good game.

June 2.

Beverly 9, Winthrop 8.

Tough breaks and a blind umpire caused Winthrop to go down to defeat in a 10-inning game at Beverly.

As the "Echo" has to be in the hands of the printers early, no accounts of the rest of the schedule are included.

The following have played first-team ball this year:

Captain—Johnson

Abrams	Molloy
Stavredes	W. Russell
Benson	Baker
Ramsey	Kellenberger
Gore	Robinson
R. Russell	Tierney

As only three men graduate the prospects for next year are good. Luck to you!

#### LETTER MEN OF CLASS OF '21.

##### Football

Andrew Molloy	Wilbur Colby
Dudley Allen	Herbert Gersumky
Hollis Thomas	Frank Ross
John Dunn	Donald McLeod
Ralph Russell	Richard LeCour
Francis O'Maley	

##### Basketball

Ralph Russell	Andrew Molloy
Dudley Allen	Donald McLeod
Harry Smith	

##### Track

John Kelly	Ralph Russell
Dudley Allen	E. Gordon Harvey

##### Baseball

Ralph Russell	Andrew Molloy
Aaron Abrams	Gardner Currier

##### Girls' Field Hockey

Kathryn McCarthy	Dorothy Curtis
Genevieve Honan	Theresa DeLorey
Dorothy Ball	Thelma Johnson
Dorothy Smith	

##### Logic.

As demonstrated by Colby of Room 32.

To prove: A cat has three tails.

Proof 1: No cat has two tails.

Proof 2: One cat has one more tail than no cat.

Therefore one cat has three tails. Q. E. D.

Bright girl in penmanship class, who is doing the drill of "I's."

"Miss Creedan, I can't make 'I's' (eyes)."

#### SUGGESTIONS.

We suggest that worn out gum be stuck in the waste baskets instead of on the desks or seats.

That more girls be put in Room 32 next year.

Settees be placed along the corridor on the third floor for the benefit of those who have to lean against the wall the five-minute period.

M. L. H.

R. E. W.

The young man led for a heart,

The maid for a diamond played,

The old man came down with a club,

And the sexton used a spade.

Helen had a little light,

She had it trained, no doubt,

'Cause every time that Freddie called,

That little light went out.

# WHO'S WHO

## AMONG THE UNDERGRADUATES

### JUNIOR CLASS

MINERVA WHITTIER—A daisy girl and a DAISY girl. Providence (R. I.) has bestowed its gifts on you, ELIZABETH WHITEMORE. MARY LYONS is a pocket edition sweetheart. LOUISE MURPHY—Jester in class, but in hockey most serious. A perfect gal, a perfect pal, MADELAINE ANTHONY, here's to you. MARY LOCKHEAD—the lassie who's the pride of the clan and the class. MARGARET KNIPE, your mother certainly did raise one sweet angel child. RUTH GARDNER—  
The Queen of Hearts in Alice's day,

We neither care nor knew;  
But the Queen of our hearts we've all agreed,  
Is, honey girl, just you.  
JOHN BARRY is as tall as his marks are high. But he never studies, do you, John? He recommends the "Doris" biscuits for all parties. HAYDEN FREEMAN—He is not a gentle "breeze," but a cyclone from the windy city. The only thing we can say for you, PERRONE, is to give a sample of your humor:

LAVIEN is president of the D. Lavien Drawing Co., Ltd. He shows you how to draw a straight line. RUSKIN never likes to argue; especially when he is wrong, he won't say a word. When he is right he says less. "WEE" MCCLINTOCK might be a good football player, but it doesn't help his French a bit. Hey, Wee, going to Winchester? BEATRICE ABRAMS is one of the few who likes to take extra special topics to look up in history. It's a great life if you don't weaken, Bee, especially when you get no credit for it. ALICE AHERN will probably find herself in Congress some day and then she can argue to her heart's content. BERTHA ALEXANDER is now over her childish days of talking and knows the value of the great saying "Silence is Golden." JIMMIE put his FOOTE in basketball. SARAH FOSTER. Mr. Ronan would have to be a walking encyclopedia to answer all of your questions. HELEN FLANAGAN—Why do you go to the movies every night and fall asleep, Helen, when you can do that at home? MISS EXLEY of Business B goes goes about like a busy bee. I have heard people say that W. H. S. does not agree with F. GUNN. He would rather be out in Nature's Academy. If Henry Clay heard F.

MAHANEY speak he would turn in his grave to think he is not the only orator alive or dead. BILL MORRISON—"As long as the day is short." The young man who claims DORIS PENDLETON will be exceptionally lucky. Besides just a wife he has a good superintendent. JOHN GORE is our coming basketball star. John is fond of dancing, but there are only two reasons why he can't dance—his right and left feet. "SPOOKIE" MAGUIRE is just another good man gone wrong. Why, he even dances now and wears one of those snappy low, stiff collars! "BILL" McCUSICK, that bally English chappy. Keep it up, (SAM) McPHE-TRES, you will be a preacher some day. "PEANUT EATER" RAYNES, the soap box orator of Jun. Tech. B. He doesn't think much of himself, just a simple country boy. "PETE" FOLEY—That deceased member of the Irish House of Lords. Between office retainer and class joker he is about the busiest man in the class. Busy keeping out of work. "KEN" SAWIN laughs so loud at his own jokes that he is able to be heard all over the room. As the saying goes, "A loud laugh shows a shallow mind." But nevertheless that good-looking innocent face makes him a favorite with all. HARRY BENSON—"Peanuts" is a small boy but—Oh! My, he can play basketball and baseball. He is an important (?) factor in English. ARTHUR DAVIS—"Art" is our football manager. He also studies very much on his French. Art frequently wails, "Oh, why can't they make all idioms alike?" C. E. ERWIN or "Spike" looks as if he had been in the navy. He hasn't; he's only lived on a boat all his life. MARY NUGENT is a very quiet girl. She only speaks when called upon in school, but outside we'll wager she can uphold her end of a conversation. Can you, Mary? Also, Mary's English comps can't be improved upon. ALICE HASKELL is wondrous wise in all her studies and is very dignified in school. However, Alice is a good sport with school spirit a-plenty. Watch her at any football game. DEWEY OLOFSON—"Sleep is the essence of life." If that is true Dewey will live to a ripe old age. WILLARD PAINE—"Small things amuse small minds." "Painy" was brought up to be the joker in King Cole's court. He manages, by dint of hard work, to keep Tech A in good spirits. WALTER

PETERSON—French, Spanish, English, "Walt" is good at them all—except the first three. HAROLD TURNER is a "stout" opposer of the speed laws, and takes very slim chances sometimes, such as going fifteen miles an hour on the Traffic Road. MARIETTA CHASE—"Bliss" is one of her virtues. DORIS CUMMING seems quiet to us but, then, outside of school!—You never can tell. CATHERINE DEVLIN—Cat's laugh can be heard anywhere from 8.15 to 1.55. She loves school so much she usually stays until 3.05. JOHNNY EATON is a good fellow and we just couldn't get along without him and his fun; but tell me, Johnny, do you still enjoy counting the stars? DOROTHY FREEMAN—The amendment on the gum law must have hit Dorothy pretty hard. ROBERT HAZEL is our class bookworm, but not so much as to miss a few dances and a "Barbour." Some day ask GLADYS JONES to jazz the ivories. MARIE KENDRICK is one of the girls who like to drive. Although she likes to drive fast, she is somehow always the last one to trail into class. MABEL MITCHELL—Outside of "Peanut" Brown, Mabel is our class baby. ALBINA MOROTTA loves Latin more or less! We guess mostly less! DORIS ORPIN—Rickety! Rickety! She likes dogs, too! DOROTHY RIGG—The Campbells are coming, Ho-Ho Ho-Ho! RUTH SWIFT—College B surely does profit by its fast rising librarian. We all wonder what those mysterious letters are TED ATCHERLEY receives from Philadelphia so often. M. BURKE can say more in less words than anyone. RUTH COLSON'S popularity isn't confined to this vicinity only. She always has souvenirs on hand from a nice place in Vermont. H. EDNAS will talk you deaf, dumb and blind when he gets started. SADIE CHERNEY can surely give great descriptions in English. How do you get that way, Sadie? A. FINGOLD makes an oration out of everything she says and she always starts with a big "well" to attract everyone's attention. M. FRANKENSTEIN is so tiny that no one can figure out where she keeps all her knowledge. D. HANNAFORD is the incarnation of care-free-ness. M. KING knows that if people can't hear what she says they at least can't say she is wrong. MARIE McCANN is a tiny parcel of wit and humor, and all her attempts to be serious-end in a big smile. We all hope ANNA NATHANSON will be called on first in history, so there won't be time for anyone else to recite when she gets through. M. MUNROE—

"Poor Wilbur! What crimes are committed in thy name." WILLIAM ABELY always has that innocent look that the teachers all fall for, and his policy is "Make Haste Slowly." Bill is always the first to report on his book review, but that is as far as he gets. DAVID BELCHER'S ideas are as big as his pedigree, for he is of the noble line of Belchers of this town. We think he is the forty-fifth cousin of the postmaster. LAWRENCE BICKNELL apparently is one of those silent individuals but 'tis only apparently, and we might a tale unfold about this wonder boy—we won't—but if you'd like to know a good joke—ask Lawrence! SIDNEY BLANDFORD—"Twas ever thus, and thus 'twill ever be—Poor Sid!! He does aspire and somehow he gets there despite various and sundry little obstacles such as homework and unkind restrictions upon dancing. If BRANZ can talk up F. W. Woolworth's goods, the way he can a two for a nickel robbery, F. W. had better retire and leave the business in charge of Sam. C. J. STAVREDES—"Napoleon," "Dynamite," "Bambino," are a few of his official nicknames. "Nap's" guesswork is the best in the class. MARY WHITE—Everyone knows her with her ready smile and greeting. She doesn't profess to be a scholar, but she seems to enjoy school for various reasons. HAROLD YOUNG or "Beau Brummell the second." Chemistry, French, Spanish, English, all alike to him. He is a terror on a dance floor and on a tennis or basketball court he is the king pin.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

MORTON JENNINGS was mysteriously nominated for class president by a girl. O-o-o-o-o-o, Mutt, how come? DOROTHY LOANE is another "Dot." A dot is a period, and a period is a full stop, but our "Dots" don't live up to their names. SUSAN MANN can't just see why a subjunctive isn't in the indicative in Latin. What does make you laugh and stammer so, GERALDINE McCARTHY, when you get up to recite an oral comp? FRANCES MARSHALL arrived late but immediately took up the reins in English. Who is that girl coming down the corridor? That? Oh, that is HARRIET SEGAL, queen of the giggles. RUTH ANTHONY is full of the "Old Scratch." If you want to play a joke on someone, Ruth will do it for two marbles. REGINA BRADLEY is just like a parrot in Geom. She learns everything by heart and never leaves out



a step. LOVECY IRWIN is trying to improve the Latin Language by making up a few new rules every day. Ask DOROTHY McPHERSON why she punches Fred Solomon with the ruler in French. ELIZABETH SHEEHAN thinks Mr. Greenleaf shouldn't take off for spelling if you didn't *mean* to spell the word wrong. MATILDA STONE told the class how to save a drowning person. When asked if she could swim she said, "about three strokes." Why don't you tell us the recipe for making curls around one's face, VERA YOUNG? You certainly seem to know. The poetess of our class, RUTH ANDERSON, has written "The Terrors of a Third Proportional." CHESTER DUNCAN had better take up Astronomy. Everyone thinks he will make a good "Star Gazer." "MOTHBALL" TIERNEY has gone out for baseball, but that isn't as bad as football, because you don't get wet carrying bats. "EDDIE" THOMAS is a lively student in his French class. He is never known to cause any trouble in class, but when he does we can blame "JUNIE" SWAN for it. As for ELBERT SINATRA—Well, of course, mere Sophomores shouldn't fall for stately Seniors, but we'll forgive him; since the Senior doesn't exactly object. To further the list we have MR. JOHNSON, one of the "wireless bugs" of our school. All those wireless bugs shine in Physics. Mr. SHATTUCK is the bashful boy of our class. He speaks very seldom and then you can hardly hear him. Our poor, dead poets are disgusted at being talked about by GERTRUDE BAND on oral theme day. REBECCA BRANZ, please take vocal lessons, your wild laugh scares us so! RUTH BRODERICK'S hair has gone up lately, but it isn't her fault, it's Larry's. ROSLYN DOANE is our smallest member, but good things come in small packages. ELIZABETH DOHERTY loves penmanship periods. THOMAS FLANNERY—Isn't it thrilling to be the only boy in your English class? But it isn't your looks, Tom. LILLIAN GAFFNEY is like still waters but she runs deep around Winthrop Beach Station. Wouldn't GEORGANNA GEARHART adore a grammar book of her own make to avoid those awful arguments? ESTELLA YOUNG is our lank and leany chile beany. But such grins and giggles!

We wonder if a certain song refers to MARJORIE ANDERTON. Will SCOT BANCROFT ever stop fooling? How can ROOSEVELT BOYD do her lessons well every night? Sophomore College B Division has a car (CARR). Her name is VIVIAN. Speak-

ing of Mutt and Jeff, you should see DOROTHY BARBOUR beside AGATHA BENNETT. EVELYN CURTIN is usually rather quiet, but maybe that is because she sits in a front seat. It's funny how ANITA FRANKLIN can do her Latin well. She must like to do it. "AL" GRADY has a great time up in the back seat. There is one thing that ALICE DONOVAN doesn't have to be taught. That is How to Dance. Now don't be alarmed, it's only SIS CRONIN. She just dropped in. Her dainty foot came in contact with the threshold. She can't do a thing with her feet. CORDELIA WHEELER seems to have a great liking for Tech. It certainly looks bad. Nineteen minutes past eight every morning. Watch your step, Cordelia! There she goes. There she goes, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes. Where's the dance, HELEN? MARION CARRO doesn't say much and she doesn't say it often, but Oh! My! When she says it. One might be inclined to wonder what kind of rouge "BERT" VICKERSON uses, were it not for the fact that it seems to be the kind that doesn't come off. Our next victim is ROGER BROWN, the bright light in the front seat. Roger is going to be a professor of French. Then comes ALMON CAMMALL. He says, himself, that his saxophone sounds best in an empty room. SETH CARD, former radio enthusiast, seems to have been deloused of the radio bug. SAMUEL EPSTEIN is our class physicist. You tellem, Eppie. JOHN FLYNN is studying to be a conductor on the Point Shirley R. R. Another desire of his is to be a captain in the Snake Island Navy. WALTER HAINES is that quiet boy in the back seat. But ask him; he'll t-t-t—tell y-you. MONTGOMERY RAYMOND used to be a fashion model. He keeps his coat buttoned so no one will steal his watch chain. LOUIS PATRICK has the best memory of any boy in the class. It takes all Miss Merrill's pin money to keep him supplied with pens. ALBERT NEVERS can put it all over Steinmetz and Edison. Nevers is right; the physics book is wrong. You all know GEORGE MOORE, and I'll bet you like the way he parts his hair. When WALTER HARTT gives an oral theme, he always walks around in front of his desk where no one can see him. After delivering his speech, he comes back into sight and climbs up into his seat. CAMILLE HYNES—Why is this and how is that? Why advertise those questions at wholesale, Camille? ALICE LIND is our promising poetess. What books do you

copy them from, Alice? DOROTHY MINTON vows she can write a full book on her first horseback lesson. Give the horse some credit, Dot, it wasn't entirely his fault. Wouldn't evaporation of the brain be tragic. BESSIE MARO? Especially in Bookkeeping. VIVIAN MOORE, the joy of our class. Even in your bluest moods she can make you grin unconsciously. THERESA NUGENT is a sweet child but how about that sweet temper, Tee? ANNIE RABINOWITZ feels happiest when she is pestering her neighbors. ETHEL SANDERS—Oh, if we were all born quiet! But it can't be. DOT EATON would make a good farmerette. She knows 'taters from A to Z. GRACE PINGREE tried to tell the English class that the Civil War began in 1812, but she couldn't seem to prove her point. She has lived on Deer Island for eleven years—not on a sentence, though. When the percents are called for EDMUND BARRY usually replies "Absent." DANIEL DONOVAN, what's that little book that fits so nicely inside your English books? JOSEPH GREELEY has informed us that if we slam him too hard his "big" brother will use his strength on us. Much obliged, Joe, for letting us know in time or we might have endangered our lives. GEORGE GALLAGHER'S initials spell "gag," but it takes more than the teachers to gag him when he gets going. HOPE KINNECOM'S highest ambition is to be a nurse. They say that "where there is life, there is hope." EDWIN HILLBERG'S motto is "Laugh and the World Laughs With You." Eddie never has anything on his face but a grin—and perhaps a little dirt.

#### FRESHMAN CLASS.

NANCY BANGS is so "crazy" over high school that she hardly ever misses a day, and at quarter of two is never ready to go home, usually remaining until five minutes past three. FRANCES CASSENS—Speech is great but we are told silence is greater. Now when it comes to bookkeeping Frances believes in the former to the utter exclusion of the latter. DANA ALLEN—"The world knows nothing of its greatest men." Maybe that is the reason why we don't know much about you, Dana. HOWARD McGRATH—Surely Howard McGrath never lived on a desert, for even his conversation is surrounded by wells. GEORGE BOYARSKY—Although the smallest boy in the class, George always brings up the biggest arguments. ANNA EZEKIEL—Here's a good

little girl, who wouldn't whisper in school because she thinks it's very bad. IRENE GUNN—How stunning "Gunny" looks in her brother's shirt, collar and necktie! WALTER GILBRIDE, "The Dancer." He is always talking about the floors in different dance halls. I wonder why? Is Walter Gilbride interested in the study of wood, or what is the cause of his knowledge of dance floors? ANNA PHILLIPS is a regular "Sunshine Ann." Her motto is: "The girl who smiles is the girl worth while." PAULINE MICHAELSON is the class "Calamity Jane." EVELYN ELWELL, look out for "Jack the Snipper." HELEN CARTER is our cook. Almost every time she makes candy it burns. IRENE PETERSON is always full of laughter, regardless of what might come after. GRACE LOWELL is our champion chatter-box. MIRIAM GILMAN is an expert eye-roller. If there were more of her, she'd be dangerous. JOSEPHINE WALSH believes that "absence makes the school seem fonder." THOMAS PHILLIPS and PAUL GINSBERG are Mr. Ronan's pets. They claim to know more about bookkeeping than the rest of the class. HENRY HALEY, pinch yourself and see if you are awake. We expect to see ETHEL GILLESPIE working in a hair dressing parlor some day. She surely can do hair "high." Where did you come from, ROSLYN FRANKENSTIEN? Pretty small to be way up here, aren't you? HELEN DAILY—"Silence is Golden." If that is true, what a lot of gold belongs to you. GLADYS BERRY—another overgrown Freshie grabbing honors among the babies. AURELIA SCHOBBER doesn't hesitate to swallow every morsel of knowledge to be found. ROBERT BERNSON—"Spivy") don't get caught doing your "own" work, will you? CHARLOTTE KATZ—The "bell" of the class (she has a loud ring). EDWINA BEARS—How many more years do you intend to take Fresh. Eng., "Winnie"? REGIS FITZGERALD—Oh! Here she is, "Theda Bara" herself. KATHERINE MCINTYRE—Why the sudden liking for "White"? JOHN KELLY—John's only desire is to graduate before his children do. WM. LEVISTON—Baird, our Latin "wizard." ROBERT MERRITT gets high marks without trying. Bobby says, "That comes from being handsome." Some teachers doubt if JOHN METCALF has a face, they see so much of the back of his head. To hear MANTON talk about Vermont you would think he had lived there all his life instead of one week. Has anyone noticed STEAVELY'S beautiful dips? ROB-



ERT FRANKLIN must burn the midnight Mazdas, else, why does he fall asleep in French? HARRY FRIENDENBURG is the great authority on how to stall in all unprepared home-work. RAY SINATRA has very "taking ways." BERNARD BASCH is in class in body but not in mind. ROLAND BOSTROM has a perpetual grin all over his freckled face. Looking on the bright side of things, eh, Honey? BERNARD BROGAN hates all teachers who give him those little yellow slips. Can anyone tell us where MAX GOSULE got those eyes? It may be because he does such fine fiddling in the orchestra. There would not be so much sunshine in our room were it not for MARY NESTOR'S hair. GRACE McCARTHY has such a grin. Someone must wind ETHEL SPERBER each morning, for she never stops talking. JOHN LAW must have a pile of knowledge in his head, because in English he never recites. EDNA WOOD is the popular editor of "Toots and Casper," assisted by Ethel Sperber. It is widely known that MILES MADISON is taking up toe dancing. He exhibits in Room 17—ask Miss Day. GRACIA BANCROFT—For little folks' stories apply to G. B. DORA BARKLEY—Move aside Dora wants to come in. DOROTHY DORR. SELMA COHEN—The "Young" blushing rose. VIRGINIA DRURY likes "Howard's" brand best. We wonder why? ALLEN FLOYD—Don't worry. You may be teaching Latin before long. ELIZABETH KENT swallows everything from Greek generals to peppermint patties. MARJORIE McCARTHY, hale and hearty. ESTER CHISHOLM—What's the latest way of sending notes to Selma? Through the eyes? MARTHA O'TOOLE wins the rubber doll for dancing! ALBERT RILEY—We all know you would rather be in College B. It's tough to be smart, isn't it? MARGARET THOMPSON—It would be impossible even for Edison, the wonderful inventor, to invent anything that would move faster than Margaret's tongue. RUBIN KLIER—Hermes, the speedy comer. GLADYS WOOD—

Her last name certainly does not represent her head. LOUIS GRANT—I wonder if he is any relation to "Useless" Grant! MIRIAM LEVIN—Humpty Dumpty—the basket weaver. MARGARET SMITH, the girl with the auburn hair. There is no basketball player in the school that can come up to Carro, so Lloyd thinks. We should like to see JOHN McGARRIGLE come to school on time twice in one week. What a pity that Mr. Manter hasn't discovered what an athlete ABBOTT DeROO is! JOHN FENTON will be a great sport editor some day. He even illustrates his English themes. Miss Gilliland must like THEO. STOCKWELL. She sends him a lot of notes written on little yellow slips. GAIUS WALLS doesn't stay still long enough to grow. Some day we expect to see RICHARD WHORF "trodding the boards," but, Dick, the next time you take the part of Anthony, mount the platform one step at a time. ANNIE AMBREY expects to take Miss Gilliland's place in History when she gets old enough. BARBARA BLOOMFIELD may not be as lengthy as Annie, but, nevertheless, she carries a lot of weight in her studies. MARJORIE DOUGLASS studies Latin so much at home she forgets it when she gets in class. ARTHUR MASKELLIS, the boy who dotes on oral themes. He sits way back in a corner and thinks he won't be called on. ELI LOURIE, when you look at him you think him very majestic, but when you look at his writing your mind changes. ROBERT MAYER ought to have a bed instead of a seat in class. He learns poetry for pleasure. THEODORE MORAN—We wonder why he turns around so much in English. Does Grace know? ROBERT OLAFSON is the boy who thinks he's funny. CHARLES RUSSELL likes English so well that he comes in and takes English with us, even if he is a sophomore. LOUISE SERBER goes to school a week and stays out a week to see which she likes best. GEORGE THOMAS believes in the old proverb that boys should be seen and not heard.



# ALUMNI

## WHERE THE ALUMNI MAY BE FOUND.

- |                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Abbott Academy                      | Dartmouth College                 |
| Gwendolyn Bloomfield '19            | Chester McClintock '19            |
| Berkeley Prep                       | Winthrop Nazro '19                |
| Abel Pratt '20                      | Philip Segal '19                  |
| Boston Art Museum School            | Eliot Hall '19                    |
| John Whorf '20                      | Emmanuel College                  |
| Boston Normal School                | Anna Fulham '19                   |
| Eleanor Abely '20                   | Dean Academy                      |
| Sara Larkin '20                     | Harry Dean '20                    |
| Catherine Herbert '19               | Phillips Exeter Academy           |
| Boston School of Physical Education | Gordon Barry '20                  |
| Ruth Sawtell '20                    | General Electric School, Lynn     |
| Boston University                   | Norman Flye '19                   |
| College of Business Administration  | Georgetown University             |
| Benjamin Miller '20                 | Albert Mannix '19                 |
| Arthur Brown '20                    | Harvard University                |
| Fred Perlmutter '19                 | George Murphy '20                 |
| Norman Ford '20                     | Leland Powers School of Oratory   |
| College of Liberal Arts             | Thelma Seibert '20                |
| Inez Wingersky '19                  | Esther Segal '20                  |
| College of Secretarial Science      | Mass. Agricultural College        |
| Beatrice Carro '20                  | Donald White '19                  |
| Helen Dervan '20                    | Mass. Institute of Technology     |
| Elinor Doherty '20                  | Francis Galassi '20               |
| Grace Gillespie '20                 | Frank Hallam '20                  |
| Helen O'Toole '20                   | Stanley Stedfast '20              |
| Flora O'Toole '19                   | George Devlin '19                 |
| Vivian Smith '20                    | Donald Gardner '19                |
| Iris Wingersky '20                  | Miss McClintock's School          |
| Mary Lee '19                        | Elizabeth Allen '20               |
| Agnes Sands '19                     | Middlebury College                |
| Gertrude Murphy '19                 | Elizabeth Gordon '20              |
| Bowdoin College                     | Mt. Holyoke College               |
| Crawford Churchill '20              | Jeannette Simpson '20             |
| Boston College                      | Margaret McIntyre '19             |
| Francis Littleton '20               | New England Conservatory of Music |
| Boston Latin School                 | Sadie Liberman '20                |
| John Herbert '20                    | Normal Art School                 |
| Richard Curran '20                  | Harold Lindergreen '20            |
| Burdett Business College            | Northeastern College              |
| William E. Burke, Jr. '20           | Sanborn Strong '20                |
| Ruth Kirk '20                       | Lewis Swett '20                   |
| Miss Capen's School                 | Harold Wheeler '20                |
| Helen Curtis '20                    | James Dempsey '19                 |
| Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg       | Paul Hayes '19                    |
| Robert Nicholls '19                 | Fred Holthaus '19                 |
| Chauncy Hall                        | Laurence Jennings '19             |
| Fred Hutchinson '19                 | Robert Bell '20                   |
| John Cronin '20                     | Norwich University                |
| Colby College                       | Dean Freeman '20                  |
| Richard Pike '19                    | Lewis Hill '20                    |
|                                     | Edwin Jenkins '20                 |
|                                     | Jack Lewis '20                    |

## Ohio Wesleyan

Irene Russell '20

## Radcliffe College

Dorothy Littlefield '19

## Salem Normal School

Annuncia Farina '19

## Sargent Dramatic School

John Clayton '20

## Sargent School

Barbara Johnson '19

## Simmons College

Eva Band '20

Alice Porter '20

Ruth Sullivan '20

## Smith College

Elizabeth Blandford '20

## Tufts College

Charles Harris '20

George Kemp '20

Harold Sisson '20

Harry Spunt '20

Hyman White '20

Harry Daniels '19

## Welesley College

Louise Whittemore '20

## Wentworth Institute

A. Terrile '20

## West Point Military Academy

Frederick Howell '19

## Wheaton College

Ruth Gordon '20



Winthrop High School Orchestra



**"Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.**

Your magazine is good, although small. What has happened to your Literary Department? More stories and poems would greatly improve your magazine.

**"About St. Agnes," St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.**

We liked your magazine but there are not enough stories. If you could collect some more material like "A story of the Press," your magazine would be much more interesting. Your business editors deserve credit for the number of advertisements.

**"Lasell Leaves," Lasell Seminary, Auburn-dale, Mass.**

We consider "Lasell Leaves" one of our best exchanges. Your literary department contains excellent stories.

**"Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.**

The "Beacon" has a wonderful literary department. We would like to have the "Beacon" visit us often. It is a pleasure to receive such a fine publication.

**"B. U. News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.**

We thank you, Arthur Brown, for sending us your newspaper. It is another specimen of the good work B. U. does in its publications.

**"Taconic," Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.**

You have an unusually fine paper, with all its departments complete. We welcome you.

**"Review," Newton High School, Newtonville, Mass.**

The "Review" has the best stories the exchange editors have read yet. Your paper is especially interesting. We would like to continue the exchange.

**"Peals," Orange High School, Orange, Mass.**

We think your literary department fine. Your stories are very interesting. By the way, the name of our magazine is the "Echo."

**"The Argus," Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.**

Your business editors deserve a great deal of credit for the many advertisements. Come again, Argus.

**"Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.**

Your "Grinds" department is well developed. Everyone enjoys jokes, but why not a few stories?

---

A teddy bear sat on the ice  
As cold as cold could be,  
But soon he up and walked away,  
"My tale is told," said he.

---

Here lies the remains of William Dough;  
Now he is no more;  
For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.



# COMMENCEMENT

## CLASS HISTORY, 1921.

In the four years that have passed,  
All the things from first to last,  
Have been recorded in this book,  
So I suggest we take a look.  
First I see a Freshie speaking—  
She's as green as green can be!  
And though I know you'll not admit it—  
You were once as green as she!  
This is what she says—(High squeaky voice.)

### First Day of School.

"Hullo—goin' ta school? So'm I. What'll ya swop for lunch? We don't stay for lunch today! Oh gee, and I've got all my pencils sharpened. Do we go right up in the hall? (Goes up stairs.) Arn't you 'fraid? Yes, we'll be good, Mr. Clarke, we'll be good! What's these? Program cards! Oh, I know I'll never remember all those rooms. Let's try and find some. (Spots a Senior.) 'Spose we'll ever be as big as that—guess he's a Senior. (Looks way up.) Will you please tell us where room 26 is? By John Whorf's painting. Thanks! (Aside.) Let's act like we knew where it is, any way. (Peeks into rooms.) Bet she'll be hard—I can tell by the looks, can't you? Gee, see how thick the History books are! Well, it's good to be in High School, any way, isn't it?"

### School Play. (Scrambles up Front.)

"I'm so glad we got here early so we can get a front seat. Isn't the orchestra wonderful! (Looks at program.) 'Roxi,' a country romance. Oh, look, doesn't she wear the funny clothes! Guess she's a hick. Isn't John Clayton just grand! Doesn't he shake hands just like Wally Reid, and I adore his floppy hair! Oh, the villain's goin' to stab her with a gun! Did ya see her wiggle! Now her father's goin' to prison. Well, I knew it would end that way. They all do. Pretty good? Huh?"

### The All-Important Social. (In the dressing room.)

"Who ja come with? That little shrimp! You know I was all ready at half-past five and he never came till seven! He looked so nice in his father's shoes and necktie. I hope he counts 'cause I can't turn unless I know it's coming. Did your mother come? I

can stay till 10.30. Arn't the decorations swell, all flags! There's the music—so long!"

Then as Sophomores we returned,  
And in the mean time we had learned  
So very much, I fear we were a little proud—  
As if our heads were in a cloud—and so  
I hear a Sophomore talking thus:

### (Bored and Affected Voice.)

"Yes, I had a pleasant year, only the Freshies clutter up so. And the boys looked so lanky in their long trousers. Many of the upper classmen went to training camps, while we had the pleasure of seeing them off. Then when the Armistice was signed there was much rejoicing, partly because the war was over, but mostly because school let out. Then—oh, I remember, influenza gave us a little vacation, after which our principal tried keeping us till 2.15. But it didn't work and the bell again rang merrily at 1.45.

"The brightest spot of all the year was our renowned treasurer and geometry teacher, who told us of all his positions in life from a bell-boy to a judge.

"Then we had our green and white social, the best one of the year, naturally. We gave "Nathan Hale" for our school play and it was the most wonderful one ever given—of course, there were a lot of Sophomores in it.

"And now I'm half through school and Mother doesn't think I'm old enough to put my hair up and shorten my dresses. Well, I don't care, I'll be a Junior next year, and I can go to the hall with the Seniors!"  
And then as Juniors we stepped right out,  
A brilliant class, without a doubt,  
And so to show her extensive knowledge,  
I see a Junior writing to a college.

### (Reads Letter.)

Dear Dick:

I am writing to you in Room 10 and if the teacher discovers it I'm due about five little white slips that are quite popular this year. Merely invitations to an extra period. The teachers hate to have us go home, you see. Their favorite day for receiving company seems to be Friday, when we have dancing. It has been good this year, thanks to Pop's orchestra, and we all try to dance the regulation steps, disregarding as per order "the improvements on the movements."

This term, in the corridors, hilarity over periods past, and anguish over periods to come is forcefully hushed by eagle-eyed teachers, who are on guard and ready to pounce upon guilty ones.

We had a Valentine Social in February for which the committee made seven thousand pink hearts. It was the only one ever held on Saturday night, and the first one that we excluded the Freshies from. Of course, we were awfully sorry (?) but they just wouldn't fit.

Then we struggled through "Bachelor Hall," our school play, and scored a victory.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, we started this year well by asserting our rights and electing a girl president.

Just now, "them-as-has-to" are plugging over college entrance exams, and it's no fun this warm spring weather. I feel so inspired by the glorious atmosphere that I am going to burst into poetry. Here goes:

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring,  
When the deuce will the lunch bell ring!"

As ever,

MARY.

And last the best year of them all!

We were dignified Seniors in the fall.

And so, in a quiet shady nook,

A Senior girl wrote in this book

At the end of her happy year

Her memories, which I have here.

(Joyful and Sincere.)

"Oh, we've had a wonderful year! First of all we found ourselves snugly situated on the third floor. Maybe because they thought Seniors were most capable of puffing up three flights, but probably so certain couples could chat before and after school.

"Someone has said, 'Nothing cheers a man more than to count his blessings.' In that case we should all be cheerful for we have had many. In the first place, we have the best president a class could have; a good student, a good athlete, and a good sport! Secondly, we have the distinction of being the richest class there has ever been in our high school. Then we can thank our lucky stars for never being cut out of a social, except one, this year on account of large lower classes. And we were the last mob of Freshies to enjoy all social privileges, too. But, best of all, we can feel most thank-

ful that our ranks were left untouched by the cruel war and dread influenza. We can boast of keeping our never defeated record with Revere, and we certainly cannot feel ashamed of any team records in our athletic career, either in track, baseball, or basketball. The girls' team, too, deserves honor for the glory they brought upon the school in hockey.

"On the seventeenth of December we had the amazing good fortune to produce our play, 'Green Stockings,' in the Winthrop Theatre, an entirely new undertaking, and of great financial benefit to us. It was most heartily appreciated and everyone was pleased with its success.

"Our Evergreen Social came just before the vacation, and all enjoyed the Christmasy atmosphere. 'Pa Doug,' as Santa Claus, was a great surprise, and his happy smile brightened up the gym even more than the cheery red fireplace.

"After mid-years were safely over, our thoughtful principal, with an eye to our futures, had a series of talks by men from different schools and colleges, about the opportunities in the world open to us if we would only take advantage of them. The lists of those who are entered for college show the benefit derived from these talks.

"Our next event was the vaudeville entertainment, an informal affair, which will long be remembered.

"Then came our last social with gingham dresses and cherry blossoms, and a marvelous orchestra that even the faculty could not resist.

"And now our Senior year is past,

The goal we've sought is reached at last,

The saddest time of all the year,

When we leave all we hold so dear.

But though we look back on rosy days,

And sigh at the parting of the ways,

Lift up your heads, and your courage, too,

May the future also be bright for you!"

### LOST!!!

Dignified manners. If found return to Seniors and receive reward.

Time. Please return to I. M. Idle.

M. L. H.

R. E. W.



## CLASS PROPHECY.

We, Ernest Gordon Harvey and Frederic Allen Mulloney, of the town of Winthrop in the county of Suffolk and state of Massachusetts, being (let us hope) of sound mind, memory, and understanding do hereby make our last will and testament in form and manner following:

First. We give, devise, and bequeath to the world in general and its people in particular, their heirs and assigns forever, a comprehensive history of a tour of the world made by us in the year of our Lord 1946 and a narrative of events occurring in the hereinbeforementioned tour. Wherefore we duly set forth and publish the following tale.

We started on our never-to-be-forgotten trip April 1, 1946. We hopped off from the aerial platform that occupies what was once Boston Common. Our airship had been designed especially for us by the firm of Colby and Hannaford, who throughout their high school course had always been more or less "up in the air." Our gallant craft, duly christened the "Chess-player" because it moved so fast, contained all the improvements of the last quarter-century.

We had risen to an altitude of three miles and were crawling along at the rate of 800 miles an hour, when of a sudden two traffic officers of the ethereal regions, "Ki" Abrams and "Link" Young, astride their favorite mount the good ship "Galloping Domino," bore down upon us. However, we quickly convinced these high-minded gentlemen that we were not exceeding the legal speed limit.

Five hundred miles farther due East we passed rather closely a huge transplanetary liner heading for the notorious Beauty Parlors kept by H. H. L. Gersumsky and Julius Katziff, and situated on Mars where many delayed debutantes pass the week end. By making use of 75 cm. binoculars procured from the concern of "Ken" Reed and "Jack" Doherty, who had commercialized their propensity for "seeing things," we discerned on the lower deck as passengers Genevieve Honan, exponent of the manly art of fist-cuffs, Edwina Rea, author of "Laugh and Grow Thin," and "Nell" Adrower, professor of Physiognomical Idiosyncrasies. Next our eyes beheld on the quarter deck, the ship's illustrious captain, "Dud" Allen, with his first (and last) mate, "Billy" Bates.

By this time the cravings of the inner man had begun to be felt, and, as we were approaching Dyspepsia Palace, a hostelry

noted for its stomach-wrecking capabilities, owned by Hollis O. Thomas of Pie Alley fame, we decided to stop long enough to eat a sumptuous meal.

We were escorted to a table in the rear of the dining hall by the lofty head-waiter "Bob" White. Our order was taken by a demure spinster, Eleanor Herbert by name, while in a corner the other waitresses, "Val" Andrews, "Flo" Bruce, and "Hestie" Vessey were munching Wrigley's and doing a somnambulist turn. The chef, Milton Ginsberg, supplied us with a consomme that was quite musical; nevertheless its beautiful tone was squelched by the inharmonious one issuing from the "Anvil Chorus" composed of Gardner Currier, basso profundo; Zita Foley, mezzo-soprano, "Wallie" Reese, "tin-or"; and Lydia Galassi, coloratura soprano. These were assisted by instrumental executioners: pianissimo pianist, Walton Ives; manhandler of the traps, "Dick" LeCour; zippy zitherist, "Dick" Staples; and flukey flutist, "Dick" Whipple. The three "Dicks" together with the "house dick," Frank Hennessey, made four of a kind doubtless worth much more to the management than a "full house." In passing out we also saw two pairs, queens high, consisting of "Bill" Gilliam, royal jester to the king of Mars, and Helen Smith, tragedienne now starring in her greatest success; and "Bunk" Molloy, bone-setter, breaker, et cetera, with "Kip" McCarthy, gym instructor.

After finishing our repast we paid our bill to the Argus-eyed cashier "Nan" Belcher, then hopped off into space once more. In passing over dear old "Lunnon" we perceived "Red" O'Maley, easily picking him out of the crowd by the dazzling effulgence of his hair. Twenty minutes later we alighted from our machine in the Place de Bon Enfant, named such in honor of the illustrious Winthropite "Dot" Curtis. We wended our way down the Rue du Chien Gai, so called in memory of Frank Ross of "400" notoriety. In the Latin Quarter we beheld a number of those dear (?) friends whom we had not seen for years. Amos Johannot we found in a studio on the eleventh floor. The studio of the floor above had Eleanor Nazro as one of its art models. While in the Quarter we also met "Pecco" Perkins, the great Bohemian poet famous for her smashing epic, "The Taming of Husbands." She was accompanied by her private secretary, confidential adviser, and general utility lady, "Dot" Bicknell. A little farther on we were accosted by John Dunn whose hair



Paris scientists were prospecting for radium.

Having already overstayed in Paris five minutes we proceeded to Berlin. While here we were informed that our old friend Morris Marden had been appointed to the faculty of Heidelberg University as Systematizer of Efficiency and Master of the Artes Mathematicae. Shortly before our departure we met an Expedition for the Civilization of Germany headed by Edna Brumby, Phyllis Carpenter, and Martha Young. We soon tired of Germany and especially of that horrible collection of sounds that charitable people call the German language, and so we set out for Italy.

It was not long before we alighted in the city of Venice. We hired a gondola for a little sightseeing tour under the guidance of the expert gondolier, "Let" Thompson. He showed us many sights, among them the Rialto where we saw Lillian Epstein, author of the touching romance, "Romee Owed While Julie Et." Thompson also regaled us with the latest scandal which was that John Kelly, "serenader de luxe," had been incarcerated for disturbing the peace while caroling his nightly lay to his irreconcilable turtle-dove "Dot" Verdi, who because of converse political views would not say "yes."

Our next jump took us to Petrograd, the heart of Russia. Here we encountered Ellamae Flynnovitch premiere danseuse of the Bolshevik Bounders Incorporated who told us confidentially that "Ginnie" Flint was pining away in this desert region for want of a "breeze." She also told us that the arch-anarchist "Sleeping Don" McNeilsky had just overturned the Red government through the invaluable aggression of his plenipotentiary and lobbyist extraordinary, Eleanorora Mittelsteadski. Our informant further stated that the comely chorus girls, Olga Olofson, Mary McCord, Martha Rabowitz, Katherine Pulsifer, and Katherine Strong were among her band. While we stood talking, the Death Battalion led by Eleanor Raymond came down the avenue. In the front rank we also saw the eminent warriors Eleanor Cullinane, Gladys Sobey, Evelyn Doane, and Helen "Pat" Gaffney.

Shortly afterward we took our leave of Russia and soared aloft toward China. In our transit over Siberia we learned through our powerful wireless telephone installed by "Stew" Perry, leading wireless man of the world, that Helen Christopher, "Kitty" Goldsmith, Sadie Perlmutter, Minnie Silverman, Margaret Wood, and "Dot" Snook together

with "Beau Brummel Ex Officio Don Juan" McLeod, "Eddie" Griffin, "Ted" Patterson, and "Bob" Ricker, the ultra smart set of Siberian society were gambling on the sands of Warmsky-Likean-Iceberg, the "Newport" of Siberia. We also learned that the Oso Inxellent Flim Flam Co. headed by Norman Weyhe Bertelsen B. Y. O. L. was producing the play "Who made Dorothy Ball and started Beryl Coffin." The play was a tragedy, in which the winsome widow Lorraine Patrick was pursued by all sorts of would-be husbands. She evades them all however by having her ministerial friend Rev. "Allie" Irish fix her fee at 1,000,000 rubles. In the battle scene in the play a new French national hymn was sung by Theresa Delorey.

In the northwestern corner of China we alighted on the outskirts of How-Wow a tiny little hamlet named after the petite Ruth How. Here was the palatial country seat of John Blais, the eminent Chinese financier whose lands and estates were valued at the fabulous sum of 1,234,567,890 yen or \$1.234 in honest-to-goodness cash. In his employment we found Vera Hallam and Mary Harwood, two tiny tea-tasters; Thelma Johnson and Rae Epstein planting rice with the aid of their pedal appendages; Ruth Henderson and Mary McCarthy stridently striving to locate the slippery and succulent chop suey with their fingers.

In order to see "Bibs" Spaulding do the "Charlotte Russe" we went to Pekin, where she was teaching the little "buddies" to dance. Incidentally we ran across "Dot" Hewitt, expert Chinese manicurist, and Lillian Haynes, who was operating a silk emporium.

During our short stay in Japan we visited the Misses Louise Rea and Thelma Stanwood who were pursuing their avocation of painting; also Evelyn Macquarrie and Cecilia O'Toole, official sleep producers to the insomnolent Mikado; and "Boozer" Russell, versatile, world-renowned manager of the Flyswatters, "cellar champions" of the Japanese Alfalfa League. Surprising to relate his infallible cleanup man was "his nibs" "Al" Olsen.

While we were in the Philippine Islands we witnessed a thrilling revolution incited by "Ruthie" Robinson for the extinction of seats for two in all parks and promenades. On one of the main streets of Waikiki was the dressmaking establishment of Hazel Wentworth designer of buckwheat and oatmeal afternoon and evening gowns. In the shop was "Posy" Wyman preparing for an-

other social triumphs. At last we took French leave for the land of the eighteenth amendment. En route we passed by "Hair Raising Harry" Smith in his new racing quadraplane, the "Snail." With him we saw (or thought we saw) Miriam Howard, Nadene Soule, and Jeanette Vergona, who were in quest of thrills. They got them because Harry tried to combine a loop-the-loop, a tail spin, and a Hammerstein dive and—very nearly succeeded—in killing everybody concerned. Before we encountered anyone else of our versatile and illustrious Alma Mater we "lit" in Hollywood. In this resort of the movie-stricken we espied Blanche Morley who had risen above the heights, while on a "reel" lake were the bathing nymphs, Mary McQueeney, Genevieve King, Hazel Pennie, and Ruth Sperber. Just before leaving we attended a circus in which Alice Crossman figured as an equestrienne and Dorothy Rymes as a lion tamer. Then once more we sped on our weary way this time alighting in the Windy City. Although our stay was a short one we had time to see the curio shop kept by Frances Wolfson and the café kept by "Dot" Smith specialist in "Doughnuts" and Rosa Pendleton of indigestible fame; and the office of Harriet Millington, Certified Public Accountant.

Once more with glad hearts we entered the "Hub of the Universe," landing on the very spot whence we had taken leave. Thus did we bring to a fitting close the adventures of our tour around the world.

In witness whereof, we, Ernest Gordon Harvey and Frederic Allen Mulloney, the testators, have to this our last will and testament, set our hands and our seals the thirty-first day of Devenber A. D. 1999.

E. GORDON HARVEY

and

FREDERIC ALLEN MULLONEY

#### THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN.

The remarkable progress that women have made in this busy, bustling world is like the growth of a delicate flower that has been gradually nourished and cultivated until its roots have become strong and firm. Other phases of universal progress have been amazed at the beautiful blossom of this rare and delicious flower which symbolizes the true friendship, intelligence, and elevating influence of a cultured woman.

To trace the outstanding stages of its development we must review the situations

that existed in many ancient and renowned empires!

In Athens more than anywhere in Greece, the women were thrust both socially and politically into the background. They were commonly regarded as inferior beings as a matter of nature rather than as the unfortunate result of their confined circumstances. Ajax, the philosopher, asserted that "woman is adorned by silence," while Plato defined a woman's excellence as the knowledge of how to keep house well and to obey her husband. She was expected "to see as little as possible, to hear as little as possible, and to ask as few questions as possible." Moreover, a woman was considered "none the better" for being too clever or intellectual.

When only a young girl she began her first lessons in the art of housekeeping. While she remained unmarried she was permitted to go out to participate only in occasional religious processions or funeral ceremonies. She was betrothed at approximately fifteen years of age.

Now, contrary to the usual motives of marriage, the Athenian youth regarded a wife as a very heavy load to carry and yet "a necessary evil." So his sole object in entering matrimony was to leave behind him someone, not to inherit his possessions, but to bury him and pay due honors to his tomb. "A ghost who had no posterity on earth was in a lamentable plight in Hades."

When the bridegroom fetched home his girl-bride she customarily ate a piece of quince which, because of its bitter-sweetness, perhaps symbolized our modern phrase "for better or worse." Although her position was a subordinate one, it could sometimes be reversed from the lowly to the masterful if she held the weightier purse or possessed the traits of a termagant shrew. Themistocles once jokingly declared that his child ruled Greece; "For Athens rules Greece, and I rule Athens, and my wife rules me, and the child rules her."

The position of married women in Rome far excelled that of the women of Greece and the Ionian states. She often expressed warm interest in the affairs of her country, and her opinions were respectfully sought by her husband. It was discovered that the conversation between the educated ladies was of the highest type of pure and undefiled language and pronunciation. But the women, like the men of Rome, called for honor and respect rather than for warm affection. They were austere and dignified,



with very few accomplishments. Later in the general decay of Roman virtue, none suffered more than the women. The high standard of women's lives and thoughts sank very low.

Christianity accomplished a wonderful service for the world when it restored these deteriorated standards. This new enlightening faith put courage in many a heart and finally the true ideals were again enthroned. Christianity was the first and greatest step in the progress of women!

As nations and civilization advanced, so did Christianity continue to urge the highest impulses of womanhood to assert themselves in service for the benefit of the needy world. France will never forget the wonderful work of her beloved Joan of Arc; England remembers with pride the famous Elizabeth Fry, who renovated the entire prison system; America will always sound the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe as a foremost champion for the betterment of humanity. The valuable contribution of Florence Nightingale, "an Angel of Mercy," was a new method for maintaining sanitary conditions among the poor, known as "district nursing."

Profiting greatly through such lives as these, mankind was singularly impressed with the importance of female culture and its inevitable results. Consequently the doors of public and boarding schools, and sometimes colleges, began to open their doors to welcome feminine students. Mary Lyons, in establishing Mt. Holyoke, provided a college that has afforded the girls of America's middle class an opportunity for advanced learning.

The visions of the world continued to broaden, ancient customs were gradually abandoned and most of the people entertained a high conception of the capacity and intelligence of women. But the greatest phenomenon of all was yet to confront the unsuspecting public. The leader of this new movement was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who believed that men and women are created equal! Her spirit revolted against the clause of the Constitution of the United States that granted the right of franchise to "all persons except negroes, idiots, lunatics, criminals and women!"

The first meeting of a body of women, assembled for the purpose of discussing their "social, political and religious rights," occurred in 1848. The ultimate issue of this meeting was the organization of the Woman's Suffrage Assn. The society at first had

few followers but many critics. The members were denounced as feminine "Knights of the Rueful Visage," but they fought bravely on, sustained by the power of their convictions.

The world had witnessed the "most momentous reform that had yet been launched—the first organized protest against the injustice which had brooded for ages over the character and destiny of one-half the human race."

Today, besides obtaining their right of franchise, women have risen to a recognized fame in professions, trades and arts. They have caught up at last with the masculine sex in the perpetual race for culture. President Harding, in his inaugural speech, paid homage to the women of America; "With the Nationwide induction of womanhood into our political life, we may count upon her intuition, her refinement, her intelligence, and her influence to exalt the social order. We count upon her exercise of the full privileges and the performance of the duties of citizenship to speed the attainment of the highest state."

HAZEL WENTWORTH.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is defined as mutual regard cherished by kindred minds. According to the dictionary it is a deep, quiet, enduring affection, founded upon mutual respect and esteem. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon term meaning "to love." It has come down to us today with many synonyms of various derivation and divers shades of meaning, but none of them express the idea or stir the thought as does the word itself. Truly, it stands far, far above the other words in power of expression.

A true and tried friendship is an invaluable gift. It is one of the things which tend to make life worth living. Without it, life is a dull, dreary void. With it, even the hardest life becomes a little softer. It is a powerful thing and many deeds, possible and impossible, good and bad, have been done in the sacred name of friendship. It is not built on the sands of transient good fortune, but upon the rock of kindness and regard for one's fellow-man. Hence it can, and does, endure foul weather as well as fair, failure as well as success. It is lasting and enduring, yet ever fresh and untiring; it takes firmer root and waxes hardier with age.

What exchange shall a man make for his



friendship? Is wealth, is the possession of gold, a fitting exchange? Never, for, unlike gold, friendship can never be lost, can never be stolen, can never be spent. It brings not the "eating cares" that always follow in the train of gold and often make the possession of that cold and voiceless metal a dire and dreadful curse. Again, friendship never causes the evils often heaped up with the heaping up of gold, never causes remorse for crimes committed for the sake of wealth, never becomes, like the touch of King Midas, a curse that transforms everything.

Is power, is the vain gratification of a selfish ambition, a favorable exchange for friendship? Never! Power is the most fleeting of earthly things; often it rests on crumbling foundations; more often, indeed, it falls from its high pinnacle and becomes as nothing in the dust and ruin of a life sacrificed to the vain and empty dream of human ambition. Too often, also, the struggle for power blights countless lives and causes endless misery. The late war with its terrible events and results has shown all too clearly the great evil of too much power, coupled with a desire for more. And yet some men have sacrificed all things, among them friendship, for the sake of this direful power.

Is fame preferable to friendship? Is the applause and acclamation of mankind to be preferred to the true regard of one man for another? Again, we say never. Like power, fame is fleeting, for the change of the human mind is swift and terrible. Fame rests on the wavering base of public opinion, on the fickle and mutable mind of the mob, caught so easily but held with such difficulty. After all, what is fame? How many famous men would gladly have given up their empty honors for the peace and calm of a fireside and a circle of devoted friends? If they have not true friends, although they may be acclaimed by all the world, they cast about in vain for someone worthy of their trust.

It is often said that when we are old, when the vigor of youth has slipped away, memories of bygone times become very dear to us. Through our memories we live life over again, its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, everything softened and beautified in the calm, dim light of retrospect. The enjoyment of these memories increases a thousandfold if we but have some friend with whom to share them. With our friend we can look back and experience again the moments of triumph, the satisfac-

tion of success; even our sorrows can be recalled with calm contentment for they have only served, perhaps, to show our friendship in a new light. Then we realize how great friendship is and how much we all need its kindly light on the dark pathways of our lives.

In considering all these things we have seen how large a part friendship plays in life. We have compared it with such as wealth, power, and fame, mere baubles for which men often sacrifice everything. We have seen how far above these it stands and how necessary it is even to fleeting human happiness. And yet, withal, friendship is not perfection. Perfection cannot be found within the bounds of this imperfect world. We realize that friendship has its faults and limitations as well as everything else, but we do not esteem it less because of this. After all its imperfections have been critically scanned, friendship, in its many good characteristics, which outweigh its bad in immeasurable degree, stands forth a sacred and blessed thing worthy to be enshrined in all loyal and loving hearts.

FREDERICK MULLONEY '21.

#### IDIOSYNCRASIES.

Since the time of Father Adam there have been idiosyncrasies. Some people would say that Eve was the first victim, but that's hardly fair to the rest of us. Still, it really does seem as if the first idiosyncrasy originated with Eve. Had it not been for her terrible curiosity and her absolute belief in everything she was told, there never would have been the tale of the apple and we would all be living in Paradise. Thus Eve's predominant characteristic was her too great curiosity. Just think of the havoc it has wrought!

But it's not only the women who are queer. Our old friend Diogenes had the most ridiculous notion that there were no honest people in the world, and he spent his lifetime romping 'round the streets of Athens in the daytime, with a lighted lantern—trying to find an honest man. How convenient it would be for him nowadays to go around in a Flivver with a flashlight. Diogenes never knew what he missed!

To return to the ladies, we think of the only too well known Cleopatra. Men interested Cleopatra as well as Diogenes, only their honesty never troubled her. It seems her pet fad was to make the opposite sex writhe in the dust at her feet. A very queer

idiosyncrasy, to be sure, but we all know what a wonderful effect it had upon history.

A figure belonging to the sterner sex comes to our minds. Nero, Emperor of Rome, had extremely peculiar ideas of his ability as a dramatist, singer, and composer. What could be more absurd than a man with a perfectly ridiculous figure spouting volumes of what was supposed to be the height of dramatic art? It was all the courtiers could do to endure this constant stream of artistic nonsense. Where Nero ever got the idea that he was gifted, no one knows. His emotions became so spirited he needs must have scenery which fitted his compositions, so Rome was burned—while Nero stood in his palace and fiddled what he considered a masterpiece inspired by the burning city. Nero had a very much exaggerated idea of his own greatness, but he gained nothing by it.

A figure of the eighteenth century stands forth predominantly; that of Samuel Johnson, author, lexicographer, and character extraordinary. Johnson had a very peculiar habit of talking and muttering to himself when walking along the streets. Those who did not know him thought him insane, but his friends knew it was only one of his idiosyncrasies. Another queer habit of Johnson's was that of touching every post along the street. If he missed one it was absolutely necessary that he go back and touch it. Johnson must have been terribly superstitious to so faithfully keep up this habit. Still, great men are often queer.

It's hardly plausible to think that only the people of yesterday had idiosyncrasies. Why, there are even some ambitious individuals who are trying to improve on nature itself. Henry Ford asks us why we should go to the trouble of keeping and caring for a cow when he has invented a machine which will produce the same results. This so-called "synthetic cow," Henry claims, is built so that it will give milk and cream—just as good as cow's milk—by the mere pressing of a button. It's a good idea, maybe, but the majority of us are willing to stand by the old "Jerseys."

Of course, we give Thomas Edison a great deal of credit for what he has done for the public. That, however, is no reason why he should suddenly develop the idea of a "Questionnaire" which would tax the brain of a modern Solomon. Mr. Edison claims that if students would only learn the answers to these questions, exams would be no trouble at all. We grieve to say that Edison's

"Questionnaire" is working conversely. One poor student put so much faith in the questions that it affected his head considerably. He had the wild idea that every student was trying to get his book of answers away from him, so he went to the police for protection. The police immediately looked after the poor demented youth, inwardly amused that he believed so staunchly in the "Questionnaire." We hope no more struggling students will follow his example.

Still, idiosyncrasies are not confined to individuals alone. There are those of the masses, which usually take the form of "isms" of various kinds; "feminism," which is universally confined to short-haired women and long-haired men; "socialism," in which we find those poor unfortunates who have nothing, but want to divide with the masses; "Bolshevism," which has for its slogan, "I Won't Work," but "I Will Wreck," which all goes to show, as Pope says:

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

ELEANOR MITTELSTAD.

#### A GLANCE AT OUR DEMOCRACY.

If time could for our benefit retrograde 136 years, if this glorious evening could be numbered among those of 1787, even the solemnity of commencement night might call forth a few words on government. The apparent inefficiency of the existing government, the administration under the Articles of Confederation, might then warrant our discussion of the two new schemes that Hamilton and Jefferson had proposed. Hamilton had aimed for a government unquestionably strong in its central authority—a government administered by the educated and wealthy. As a corollary to these principles, he favored the encouragement of business and commerce. Exactly oppositely, as I have stated, Jefferson's hopes were planted in a government whose meager power would be derived from the states. Jefferson shuddered at the thought of a powerful national government directed by the few whom Hamilton called "able." In his opinion the state governments were more truly popular; hence they should exercise the majority of power. In a word, Jefferson believed in a government controlled by the common people.

However vigorously these two plans contrast, we see readily that either, if it had been followed moderately, would have perhaps bestowed upon our nation innumerable



blessings. Purposely I say moderately. We fully perceive the dangers of over-moderation: a government, in the hands of a selected few, tends towards oligarchy; yet it is no less horrible to imagine the chaos caused when a government has been passed over to an ignorant populace. That our ancestors turned to neither extreme, but chose an intermediate path, should command our approval. Wisely, indeed, our forefathers consented to the famous compromises reached in the Constitutional Convention.

Our present government, then, resulted from a fusion of both Hamilton's and Jefferson's doctrines. And so completely are these principles blended that we trace with difficulty the influence of each over our modern development. Yet we delight in discovering that our government cannot be associated with any one particular class—that it is entirely neither the government of Hamilton's aristocracy, nor that of Jefferson's humbler ranks, but that it serves almost every type of citizen—especially the farmer, the laborer, and the business man.

Corps of government experts offer advice to the farmer without charge. To insure for the nation a yearly production, these experts suggest to the farmer cures for plant diseases, the uses of sprays, ideas for the betterment of soils and for the proper care of animals. The bureau of forestry guards him against fire loss. The weather bureau warns him of changes in weather so that he may protect his plants from the cold or terrific rainfalls. But the government is not content merely with guaranteeing one year's production. It urges the farmer, teaches him how to progress. Government land banks make loans to him at low rates of interest. Its engineers plan and aid him to better his roads and to reclaim barren lands. The standardization of products, the storage of the surplus, joint marketing and distribution,—all these are furthered. Through experiment stations, courses in agricultural colleges, demonstrations on movable government "schools," and regular publications, the government enables every diligent farmer to produce successful crops.

The laborer's welfare does not escape the attention of the government. Throughout the country it has stationed employment agencies. Among the laborers the government, moreover, is instrumental in forming communal welfare societies. The employer, the government demands, shall surround his employees with healthful working conditions; as a result, the miners, for instance,

need not undergo their former risks as they dig far beneath the surface. For the sake of labor, the government, furthermore, mediates in disputes, issues current statistics, and attempts to protect the American worker from importation of cheap labor.

Though the governmental activities in behalf of the laborer and the farmer are obviously extensive, Washington interests itself no less in the American business man. The consular system, operating in the principal foreign cities, informs him of the opportunities abroad. When an American purchases foreign goods the consuls advise him whether he has paid a reasonable price. As far as finance is concerned, the Federal Reserve Banks, besides lending money for the development of important industries, remove all fears of financial panics. Add to these services those rendered by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by such special bureaus as those of fishery and of mining, and you will gain a still better understanding of the vast amount of attention the government gives to the business man.

Thus the government renders its assistance to the farmer, to the laborer, and to the business man. Its activities, however, are not confined to the needs of individual classes. Even greater tasks than these confront it; it must attend to matters which affect the poor and the rich, the farmer, the laborer, and the business man alike. No small efforts can it exert toward that which by its intrinsic nature lies nearest our hearts—our homes; and toward that which touches the very heart of our democracy—education.

To the housewife the government teaches the choice, the use, and the preparation of food and textiles. Scattered throughout the country, an army of experts detect and stop food adulteration. And Uncle Sam, well aware of the housewife's weary labors, offers her practical plans for the reduction of this drudgery, instructs her in the care of children, urges the establishment of kindergartens, and assures her of his willingness to correspond with her on any subject pertaining to the home.

Definitely allied with our homes is education, for the advancement of which our government has made no little stride. It has donated to the several states strips of land, miles wide, for this purpose. Its experts criticize the high school curricula and give correspondence courses in teaching. In the summer vacations, the government, which prohibits child labor, induces children, who might otherwise have idly wasted the sum-



mer, to cultivate gardens. For the parents wishing to send their sons and daughters to college, the government, moreover, furnishes lists of the institution and their ranks, and appropriates six millions yearly for vocational training. The fact that twenty-five per cent of those drafted into the army were illiterate proves the need for education so urgent that suggestions are abroad for the establishment of a special department of education.

Thus through the fused principles of Hamilton and Jefferson our government has been developed to an extent that its activities reach nearly every citizen. The raising of the government, by the Civil War, to a position undisputably supreme in the land; the separation, through the Civil Service Reform, of public offices from politics; the election of the Senate by popular vote; and the granting of suffrage to women—all these events during the thirteen decades have paved and will broaden the way for the activities which I have attempted to outline.

Still, in spite of what I have said this evening in praise, our nation is not a perfect democracy. Wherever mankind is a factor we cannot expect perfection. We are, however, and we have been, in comparison with all other nations, the greatest republic. Other reforms for the better, time alone can bring. The genius of each successive period contributes its share towards the furtherance of democratic ideals. And as the years roll by we approach nearer and nearer the broadest conceptions of a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

MORRIS MARDEN.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF ELECTRICITY TODAY.

It is not known just when electricity was discovered, for it did not always bear that name. Also, since it seemed to have no use it was little studied by our predecessors. However, in the last half-century, the subject of electricity has been so well studied and understood that its uses have become almost unlimited. So great is the importance of electricity that it would seem indispensable to a progressive nation. At any rate, a nation without the advantages of electricity would never be able to compete with a nation that had them.

In order to show how great a factor electricity is in the civilization of this age, let us enumerate some of its uses. Perhaps

the most important is communication. The others would rank about in this order: lighting, power for transportation, gun-firing, gasoline-engine ignition, electrolysis of many solutions in chemistry, ringing alarms, massaging muscles, electric cookers, irons, heaters, vacuum cleaners, ventilators, power for mills, and many other uses too numerous to tabulate.

Let us begin discussing the importance of these uses by first considering communication. We cannot begin to estimate the value of electricity for this purpose; in fact, we do not feel as though we could exist without telephones, telegraphs, wireless telephones and wireless telegraphs. It would be impossible to run our great railroads without the telegraph. If all the telephones should get out of order, business would collapse for an indefinite length of time. Without the wireless, our ships would seem lost when at sea. Every day there are incidents of narrow escape from death, and these escapes were made possible only by the quick summons of a doctor or perhaps a fire department; and how were these various life-savers summoned—by telephone. Quite often there are little accidents on railroads, such as a "washout," a runaway car or train of cars. These accidents are rendered harmless to other trains by the rapid transmission of orders by telegraph. Although wireless telephones are quite rare as yet, they may eventually replace our wired telephones.

In coal mines, powder plants, and other dangerous places, it would seem almost suicide in these days to use any other means of lighting than electricity. Before the invention of the practical electric lamp, there were thousands killed annually through explosions in coal mines, ammunition plants, and chemical plants. Therefore we see that electricity is a life saver—a very important factor in civilization.

Without electricity the gasoline engine would be, according to some people, unheard of. Others say that flint could be used for ignition, but even then flint is not dependable; therefore the engine would not fire regularly.

Another important use of electricity is in electrolysis and electrotyping. In electrolysis an electric current is passed through solutions, and, in the process, certain elements are separated and compounds are decomposed. Electrotyping is carried on by passing a current through a solution which contains a metal such as lead and copper. The current deposits the metal on a clay

mold, and after some time the solid sheet of-type is reproduced in metal. Articles are silver-, gold-, copper-, or zinc-plated in this same way. On this work by electricity depends much of our industry, such as printing, photography, chemical work, and plating; so we have another important part played by electricity.

Many people are troubled by sore muscles, bones, and so forth. For a remedy a vibrator is often used, so that much of the pain is stopped; thus electricity has scored another point by running these vibrators.

Not only has electricity been harnessed for carrying messages, making power lighting, and other common uses, but it has also been made to create heat for any purpose. Electric irons are becoming quite popular because they save time and expense. Many people also use electric heaters to heat rooms. A third popular use of electricity as a source of heat is the electric cooker. These devices likewise save time, work, and expense, and are welcomed by those who can afford them. Today, about one out of every ten housewives has an electric vacuum cleaner. These machines make house-keeping much easier by saving time and hard labor. Also, an electric vacuum cleaner performs its duties much more efficiently than the hand cleaner.

From these illustrations, it can easily be seen that electricity occupies one of the most important, if not the most important of positions in this progressive world, and it is constantly enlarging its field through the rapidly increasing number of inventions and uses that are being perfected.

HARRY SMITH.

#### TURTLES AND THEN SOME.

Why I like turtles I'm sure I don't know; but when I possess one I'm in the seventh heaven of delight. Well, speaking of turtles—

The first turtle was a brown baby—looked as if he was just hatched and, as he was floating on the water, it was an easy matter to reach over the side of the canoe and get him. He was so soft and squashy I nearly dropped him, and that would have been a terrible calamity. Anyway, he crawled feebly around in the bottom of the canoe till I got home and put him in a bowl of lake water. He ate a fly and then proceeded to sink to the bottom of the bowl and remained closed. Mother told me I was a "cruel child" and ought to put him back in

his natural element. So I, not wanting him to die on my hands, put him in the lake and he paddled off. Exit turtle number one.

The next turtle was a real nice, shiny, black one, with an orange bottom. He was a snapping turtle and we didn't become very close friends. I caught him in a net, from the end of our dock, and dumped him into a box as quickly as possible. He stayed there over night, all right, but the next day, when I took him out, the neighbor's cat mistook him for a fish. In about two seconds exit Mr. Cat with a piece out of his tail and Mr. Turtle waddles into the water. So much for him.

It is really not necessary to tell of all the others, about three; but Rose Violet Water-Lily certainly deserves some notoriety. She surely was queen of them all. The reason for her name? She was a mud turtle—and you know mud turtles! I caught her in the net, too, but I got stung this time. She was nice and mossy on top and had an extremely peculiar snout—just like an elephant's. The underneath part of her shell was a cream color, and her skin was like that of a baby. But she was a mud turtle and that decided her fate, and into the creek she went.

Gone but not forgotten is the honorable Pete. He was a Mexican turtle, and he always was different. We became quite good friends and he lived with me for three years. But our happiness was not to be lasting. Although I fed him the daintiest of flies and mosquitoes and meat three times a week, he evidently didn't appreciate it. So one fine day he left me for someone in the lake more to his liking. Sad indeed was I, but then I couldn't help it. My affections had been in vain. What a funny thing a turtle are, anyhow!

ELEANOR MITTELSTEAD '21.

#### That Freshman Intellect.

The mother of a freshman boy recently wrote to her son's teacher as follows:

"Please do not push Tommy too hard, for so much of his brains is intellect that he ought to be held back a good deal or he will run to intellect entirely, and I do not desire it. So please hold him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body and injuring him for life."

#### Heard at Intermission at the Senior Social.

Bill. See this chalk on my shoulder?

Frank. Yeh.

Bill. Well, that ain't chalk.



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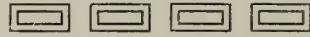
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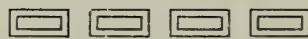
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All the World loves a fighter. Not necessarily one with pugilistic qualities but one who will fight faithfully and hard—one who has the sand to "stick it out" when obstacles appear unsurmountable.

You will encounter them in your business life—you will encounter them in your home life. The business world is a hard taskmaster—but a worthy one—when you have conquered it. And you WILL conquer it if you will but be determined, not aggressively but forcibly, and will be persistent both as to your objective and in your work.

Loyalty goes hand in hand with determination, persistency and fight. Give to your employer that loyalty which you so ably gave to your athletic teams and to your school. He will recognize it and you in turn will be recognized.

Don't let disappointment enter into your life. Overcome the little, as well as the big, things and you will win. Material possessions in this world are all right and nice to have. But remember that there are far greater rewards for the man who becomes successful in possessions that have no intrinsic value attached to them.

Work and work hard, play square with your fellow-men and make them play square with you.

Remember—you owe it, first, to your employer to be faithful, conscientious and honest; second, to those near and dear to you, and, third, to yourself.

We give these few words of advice because we know, and we are interested in, the students of Winthrop High School.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the Class of 1921 upon their successful work and we know that each and every one of them will be successful in life.



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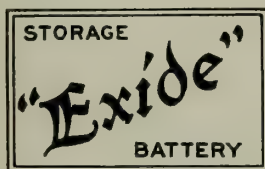
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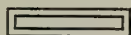
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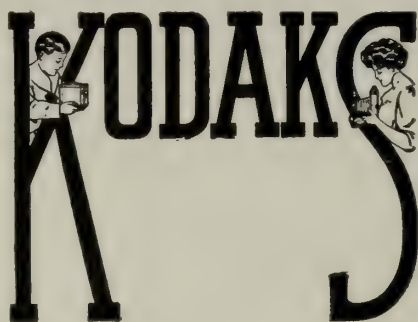


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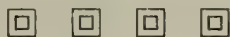


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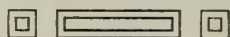
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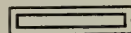
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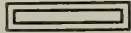
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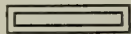


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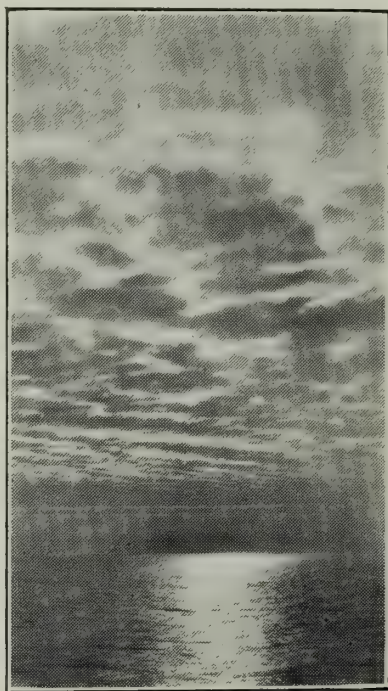
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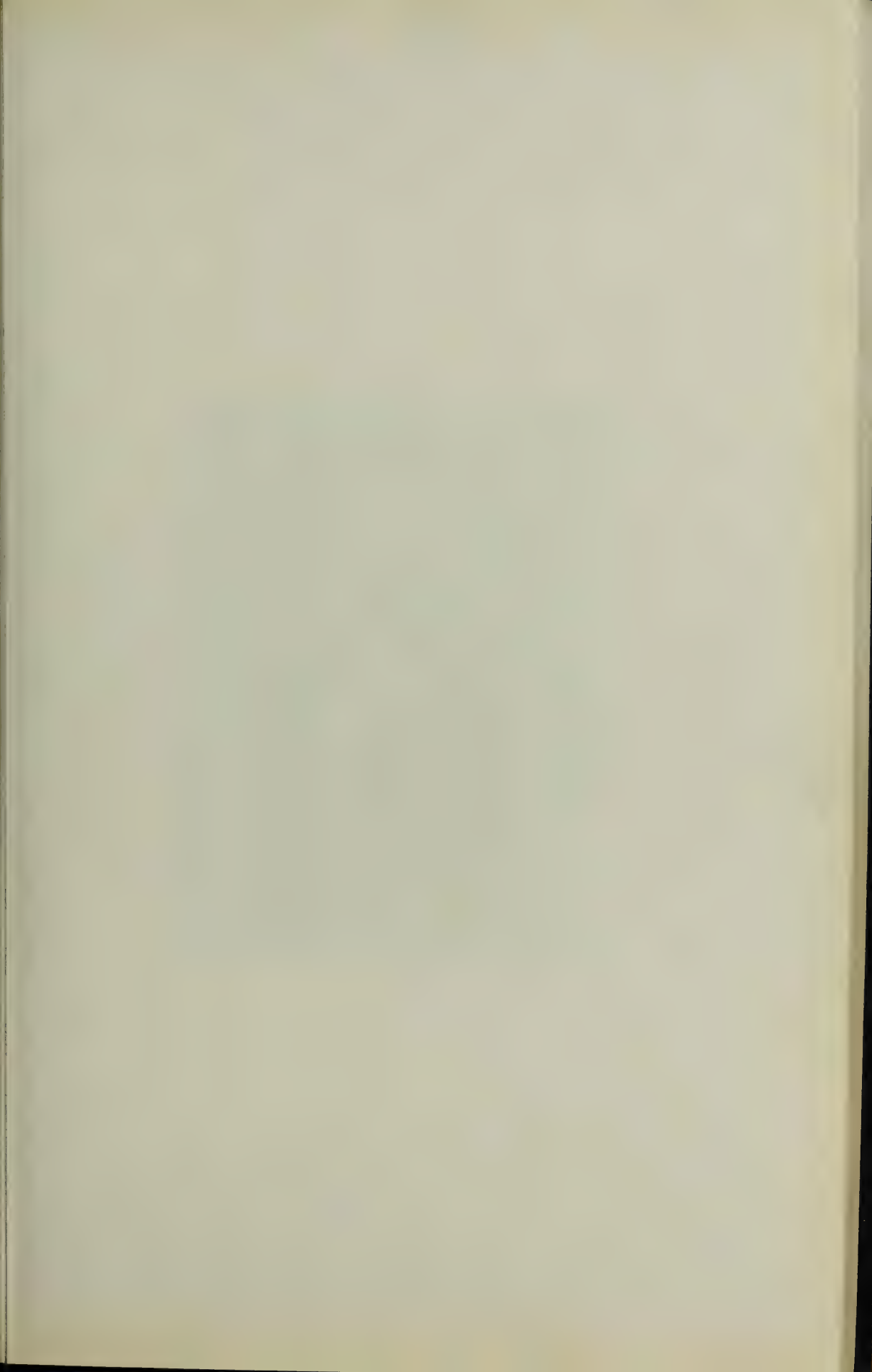
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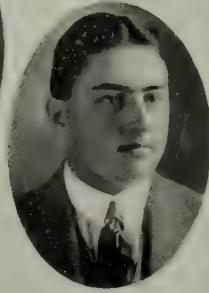
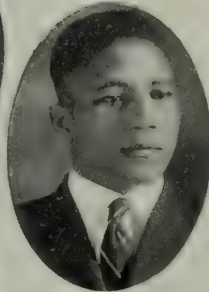
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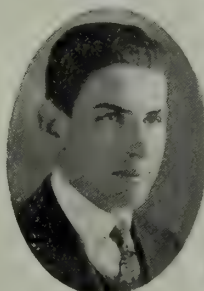
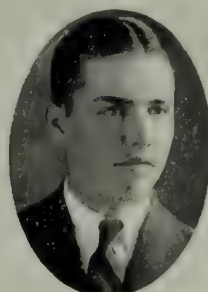
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**VIOLA BOSTROM**  
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## FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

*Beatrice Abrams*—It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are.

*Alice Ahern*—A kind and gentle heart she has to comfort friends and foes.

*Bertha Alexander*—Two heads are better than one.

*Madelaine Anthony*—Her bark is greater than her bite.

*Margaret Barter*—Oh! The heart is a free and fetterless thing.

*Viola Bostrom*—Better being meek than fierce.

*Celia Branz*—Sing again with thy sweet voice revealing a tone of some world far from ours.

*Mildred Brittain*—A Briton, even in love, shall be a subject not a slave.

*Ethel Brooks*—Consider her ways and be wise.

*Clara Brown*—Knowledge is more than equivalent to force—so cheer up.

*Mildred Burke*—Such a way she dances.

*Helen Cammall*—Thou source of all my bliss—and all my woe.

*Sadie Cherney*—Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally.

*Verna Coffin*—Begone! Dull Care! Thou and I shall never agree.

*Ruth Colson*—But to see her is to love her.

*Beulah Cooper*—As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

*Doris Cunning*—You give no tongue to your thoughts.

*Eleanor Daniels*—Up—up my friend and quit your books; let Nature be your teacher.

*Marion Dealy*—Come, give us a taste of your quality.

*Catherine Devlin*—O wearisome condition of humanity!

*Dorothy Donovan*—If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being.

*Gertrude Ednas*—Oh could you view the melody and music of her face, you'd drop a tear seeing more harmony than you now hear.

*Doris Enos*—Of manner gentle, of affection mild. In wit a woman—simplicity a child.

*Ruth Evans*—She that is fair and never proud, has tongue at will and yet never loud.

*Florence Exley*—Honest labor bears a lovely face.

*Mary Fielding*—I'll guarantee her whole-hearted.

*Augusta Fingold*—Young in limbs, in judgment old.

*Helen Flanagan*—Dance on with me.

*Sarah Foster*—I resolved to grow fat and look fair at forty.

*Mildred Frankenstein*—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

*Helen Fraser*—Little Lamb, who made thee?

*Stella Galassi*—Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

*Ruth Gardner*—'Tis very rare that we find wisdom in youth.

*Evelyn Gillespie*—I can't recall what the dickens his name is.

*Ellen Haley*—Happy am I; from care I am free.

*Dora Hannaford*—Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherub.

*Viola Harron*—The hand that hath made thee fair hath made thee good.

*Alice Haskell*—Tush! Tush! Fear boys and bugs.

*Mary Hutchinson*—The sweetest garland to the sweetest maiden.

*Evelyn Ingalls*—Let the world slip.

*Mary King*—Meek and gentle I am.

*Margaret Knipe*—Bid me talk and I will enchant your ears.

*Mildred Levine*—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

*Rose Liberman*—Be good sweet maiden, and let those who will be wise.

*Mary Lochhead*—Nature's noblest work.

*Mary Lyons*—Up rose the sun and up rose Mary.

*Albina Marotta*—Merry as a marriage bell.

*Marie McCann*—She's a winsome wee thing.

*Eleanor McLatchie*—Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.

*Dorothy Miskelly*—Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wits.

*Mabel Mitchell*—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

*Mary Moran*—I speak in a monstrous little voice.

*Maragret Munro*—Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal she is.

*Helen Murljacich*—You're a busy, busy little bee.

*Louise Murphy*—Write me as one who loves his fellow men, and lo! Easie's name led all the rest.

*Anna Nathanson*—Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy year.

*Sadie Nickerson*—I hate the day because it lendeth light to see all things, but my love to see.

*Mary Nugent*—Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

*Doris Orpin*—Books, or work or healthful play?

*Kathryn Patterson*—Who goeth a-borrowing goeth a-sorrowing.

*Elsa Pearson*—Come not within the measure of my wrath.

*Doris Pendleton*—"Many hands make light work."

*Rae Perlmutter*—Unthinking, idle, wild, and young—She laughed and danced and talked and sung.

*Marion Phipps*—Her very smiles are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are.

*Dorothy Rigg*—Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?

*Ada Rosenberg*—A mother's pride, a father's joy.

*Florence Royle*—Hands of little employment hath a daintier sense.

*Dorothea Schueler*—Where looks are fond and words are few.

*Deborah Simons*—Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare.

*Bernice Smith*—So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought she bade me return.

*Edith Stewart*—She's just one vast substantial smile.

*Ruth Swift*—Sweet and pretty she seems to be.

*Charlotte Trowbridge*—If she has any faults, she leaves us in doubt.

*Katherine Welton*—I live and love.

*Bessie Wessells*—When once the heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden herself will steal after it soon.

*Mary White*—All her faults are such that one loves her still the better for them.

*Daisy Whitman*—Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil.

*Minerva Whittier*—The very pink of perfection.

*Elizabeth Whittemore*—Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven.

*Frances Wormhood*—A penny for your thoughts.

*Philip Ruskin*—And while I at length debate and beat about the bush.

*John Raynes*—Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

*William Russell*—Early to bed and early to rise.

*Alfonso Sanders*—A friend is never known until a man hath need.

*Frank Savel*—The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.

*Kenneth Sawin*—A fellow of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

*Hymen Silverstein*—The noblest mind the best contentment has.

*Albert Smith*—Who to himself is law, no law does need.

*Sidney Stevenson*—I dare do all that may become a man.

*J. Charles Stavredes*—To put a girdle around the world.

*James Stokes*—If she is not fair to me—what care I how fair she be?

*Raymond Sullivan*—Men of few words are the best.

*Malcolm Tasker*—A man can die but once.

*Harold Turner*—Oh, what may man within him hide!

*Alton Wells*—If I can't pay—well, I can owe.

*Howard Winterbottom*—I care not for pleasure when I play not.

*Harold Young*—"But judge you as you are?"

*Kenneth Johnson*—Full wise is he who himself knoweth.

*J. Winthrop Joyce*—They say miracles are passed.

*Norwood Kellenberger*—I charge thee, fling away ambition.

*David Lavien*—As merry as the day is long.

*George Lawler*—My man's as true as steel.

*William MacKusick*—The best thing I know between France and England is the sea!

*William Macquarrie*—He will give the devil his due!

*Francis Mahaney*—You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

*Richard McClintock*—Better late than never.

*Joseph McIntyre*—Hang sorrow! Care would kill a cat; therefore let's be merry.

*Samuel McPhetres*—The motions of his spirit were dull as night.

*William Morrison*—Well said, that which was laid on with a trowel.

*Raymond Munro*—It is meat and drink to me.

*Dewey Olafson*—A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

*Willard Paine*—The proverbs say many small men make a great.

*Frank Perrone*—Mad as a March Hare!

*Walter Peterson*—And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

*Edward Atcherly*—Rome was not built in a day.



*Deane Baker*—He is kind who does kind deeds.

*John Barry*—He was a very perfect, gentle knight.

*Davis Belcher*—Man proposes, but God disposes.

*Harry Benson*—So nimble and so full of subtle flame!

*Laurence Bicknell*—A being breathing thoughtful breath.

*Sidney Blandford*—One ear heard, at the other out it went.

*John Martin Bostrum*—It hurteth not the tongue to say fair words.

*Samuel Branz*—Let me stand to the higher chances.

*Fred Campbell*—Love me little, love me long.

*Arthur Davis*—Of a good beginning cometh a good end.

*John Eaton*—Better one bird in the hand than ten in the wood.

*Hyman Ednas*—And when he is out of sight, he's quickly out of mind.

*Clarence Erwin*—Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.

*James Foote*—He is returned, and is as pleasant as ever was.

*James Fraser*—A bold, bad man.

*Hayden Freeman*—Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.

*Howland Freeman*—I am not in the roll of common men.

*Winthrop Gordon*—Fain would I, but I dare not.

*John Gore*—I know on which side my bread is buttered.

*Robert Hazel*—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

### LUNA

#### I.

I think of her always as an elderly dame,  
And so I have given her this beautiful name—

Madame la Lune, oh moon so fair,  
How much I would give to be with you there!

#### II.

Yon cloud which is slowly unfurling  
Is her silvery gray hair around her curling;  
The stars are the links in her diamond necklace;  
The sky's azure veil at dawn hides her face.

#### III.

Who was ever of more noble birth?  
Who is more fair than she on earth?  
Who has jewels with hers to vie?  
Fairest Luna, queen of the sky!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

### NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

The sofa sagged in the center  
The shades were pulled just so,  
The family had retired,  
The parlor light burned low.  
There came a sound from the sofa  
As the clock was striking two,  
And the co-ed slammed her text-book  
With a thankful—"Well, I'm through!"

### TO-MORROW.

Friend,  
Did you e'er stop to think as you tread Life's way  
What is To-morrow as compared with To-day?  
To-day is reality, To-morrow just dreams,  
A land filled with Hope and Promise, it seems.  
When all goes wrong and your heart's filled with sorrow,  
"Wait," say they all, "joy comes with the morrow!"  
When your heart's downcast, and clouded the sky  
Rest assured and in peace till the sweet bye and bye.  
On what would we lean, how hide our sorrow,  
If ne'er in our hearts was the hope of To-morrow?  
Oh, To-morrow's a friend in the deepest disguise,  
Our rainbow of promise, our star in the Skies!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

**LAND LUBBER:** Must be deuced lonely job keeping that light house over there.

**CAPTAIN:** Yes, the last keeper used to play poker with himself all the time until one night he caught himself cheating and shot himself to death.



# LITERARY

## THE MAN FROM MARS.

Martiel sat gloomily on a fallen log in the old orchard where the shadows of night were fast falling among the freshly blossomed apple trees. Her back was turned to a cozy little white cottage where lights already began to appear and a savory odor of supper drifted down to the orchard.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" moaned Martiel, "I wish there were no such things as men, I hate Bob and I hope I will never see or have to speak to him again."

At that moment a great full moon began to peep over a distant hill, and it was not long before Martiel could be distinctly seen in its light. She had beautiful blonde hair that curled loosely around her lovely face. Her complexion was the light color that makes all women envious. Her blue eyes could never be equalled and her perfect mouth was set off by a handsome set of pearly teeth.

Suddenly she was dazzled by a light floating through the sky so bright that it outshone the moon. Finally it stood still right in front of her, and began to dim so that gradually she was able to look at it. Then in its midst she distinguished the form of a man. Her head began to whirl and she felt faint. The light went out and there in front of her stood the most stunning young man anyone had ever dreamed about.

"W—who who or what are you?" she gained courage to ask as his handsome mouth curved into the most charming smile she had ever witnessed.

"I am a man from Mars," was the reply, "you seemed so beautiful here in the moonlight that I could not resist coming to you."

"But," gasped Martiel, "the people on Mars have eyes as big as saucers, mouths and noses like the birds, their bodies are shaped like that of an ostrich, and their long legs are human, while they have claws for hands. You are so wonderful that I would take you for a Prince Charming."

"Well, you see for yourself that we are not such horrid animals," he quietly assured

her. "Until you people can communicate with Mars, I shall be able to stay here only a few minutes at a time. Do you like me well enough to meet me here each evening in the moonlight?"

"Yes."

Then she extended her hand to him, but he quickly drew away.

"I can come no nearer than this to you," he explained, pointing out the distance between them. Then swiftly as a flash he disappeared.

As the days passed she told no one of her affair in the orchard. She studied, studied and studied astronomy from early morning until the hour she was to meet the man from Mars. She had grown to love this man more than she realized anyone could love; so the moments she passed with him were like dreams, too good to be true. All night long she would dream of his beautiful dark wavy hair and of his deep brown eyes. It seemed to her that she could never live without him.

People began to be in awe of her because she became so dreamy. All her admirers began to stay away, much to her content, and even her mother would look pityingly at her and say to herself, "Poor child, she is rapidly losing her mind." But all this did not bother Martiel, she lived only for this strange man.

One day she invented an apparatus with which to communicate with the people on Mars. Everyone thought this a crazy idea, but it was to be given a trial while she was in the orchard that evening. Her lover came as usual with his open admiration of Martiel and while talking to her his expression suddenly changed and he ran to her with outstretched arms crying, "I knew you would succeed," and he took her fondly into his arms. To Martiel this was heaven come true and in the enchanting moment she wished that this might last forever and ever. As their lips met she was suddenly seized with terror and chills went up her back. This wonderful man had suddenly changed to one of the imaginary hideous creatures that inhabit Mars.

She was stiff with fright and her voice seemed to be paralyzed. The seconds in this creature's claws seemed years. At last she managed to shriek so loud that she woke herself up, and only Martiel can tell you how nice it is to inform yourself that it was "only a dream."

MATILDA STONE '23.

#### THE MOOSE'S LAST STAND.

A Canadian blizzard, in all its force, held full sway. It swept over hill and plain, lake and forest; roaring and raging with terrible fury; covering the icy lakes, dressing the bare trees and banking up high drifts on the plains. It blew as if thousands of unloosed demons were behind each tiny flake: while over all, everywhere, a cold, bleak, whiteness settled.

An immense bull moose, high and powerful at the shoulders, lower but just as powerful at the haunches, with long, many-pronged antlers, forced his way through the stinging, driving snow. With even, mechanical steps, taking great care to avoid the deep drifts, he made his way slowly forward. Just ahead the protecting woods awaited him; just how far he did not know, for distances were hard to judge in the swirling snow. Behind him lay the vast, bare expanses of open plains which to him meant death.

Presently, in the distance, the vast roll of white showed a long, dark blotch across it. The moose lengthened his stride, for that black blur meant the woods and protection from the winds and storm.

Now, as he neared it, the snow became less deep and the wind lessened in fury. But just as he was bounding along thinking of his rest, soon to be had, he heard the cry of the wolf-pack.

This, to him, was worse than ten such blizzards as were now raging, and with a speed which seemed almost impossible to attain, he went bounding along towards the woods, becoming more angry at each bound. The wolves were fast closing in. The old moose, however, was a wise and sagacious fighter and he knew it to be the better policy to keep to the edge of the wood. He was filled with anger at the thought that he, who had never been beaten by one of his own kind, was running from a band of wolves.

It weighed on his mind until he could stand it no longer, and he resolved to kill at

least one of them. So waiting until they came closer and then turning, he charged, trumpeting his anger and defiance in such terrible volume that it echoed and re-echoed across the plain.

The wolves were taken by surprise and they parted panic-stricken before the monstrous form, but not until one of them had paid the supreme sacrifice on the prongs of the moose.

The moose knew, however, what he was doing. Quickly, before they could recover, he dashed on again in the weird race. Again they followed, until the moose, still imbued with courage and confidence from his last performance, resolved upon another charge. This time, when he made for them, several attacked him; but before that desperate, raging charge, they could not sink in their fangs; and again the bull got away unharmed.

Now he felt elated; this was agreeable; it showed that he had some chance to spring in, to kill, and to get away unharmed. It made him feel proud, for now he was himself again. But still he had sense enough to know that the trick should not be played too often; for if any of that crazed and hungry pack once landed on him securely, he knew that he would fall beneath their very weight of numbers and sink to a positive death.

So he thought seriously of the best thing to do. This running fight would not pay him in the end; it was impossible to keep it up very long, and he would surely, sometime, be caught. Therefore the wisest thing for him was to try to out-distance them. So he put on speed and raced on and on, so swiftly that he left the wolves a little farther behind than previously.

But one of them, a big, gaunt brute, silent and grim, crept nearer and nearer to his quarry, so near, in fact, that he presently made a flying leap for those bounding haunches. He fell short of his mark but managed to rip open the flesh along the leg bone as he came down to the ground.

This seemed to make the moose angrier than ever, and with a sudden, whirling turn, he faced them, head down. With hoofs flying wildly, antlers tossing furiously, and long, frightful, bellows of pain and anger coming from his mouth, he dashed into the pack. Some scattered at his charge, others sprang at him, but none seemed able to hang on.

Like some demon he fought, slashing to



right and to left, front and back, with his cloven feet, tearing and gashing, and making fur and bodies fly with his heavy horns, all accompanied by ear-splitting cries that would have shaken the heart of the bravest of the brave.

For a good three minutes he battled, a goodly time considering the odds, dealing death, like some mythical monster, amidst the cries and yelps of the pack.

But soon the inevitable occurred; one of the wolves landed on his back and stuck there. Even then the moose kept his head. He bounded straight up in the air and came down with his four feet stretched stiffly out.

The shock was terrific, and the wolf fell to the ground, to be struck down beneath those terrible hoofs.

Here again the old moose found time to use his head and, having battled enough for a time, he bounded on ahead; while the wolves remained to feast on the seven dead wolves that he left behind him. But these were soon devoured and again the moose was remembered. Now they were fiercer, angrier, and more persistent than ever, for the scant meal just eaten had served only to increase their appetite.

The moose, for awhile, managed to keep in the lead; but again these gray forms kept coming closer and closer, until one of them snapped at his heels. This time the fangs went clear to the bone; and the bull, majestic in his anger, rose on his hind legs and threshed the air with his forefeet. Once more he caught one on his horns and threw him far to one side, ripped open and dead.

Then the hard-fighting bull made a mistake; instead of retreating, satisfied with one at a time he charged in among them with mighty, trumpeting blasts, thrashing feet and tossing antlers. They closed in on him quickly and two of the pack landed, one on the haunches, the other on his neck. Once more he bounded into the air and the two fell off, but their places were immediately filled by others.

The moose fought on valiantly, striking out with all his gigantic strength, but the wolves had at last secured a holding place, and their fangs bit deeper and deeper. Suddenly he saw that fighting was useless and he tried to retreat. He made a few steps, trying to run, not paying any attention to the wolves—that was his second great mistake.

The whole pack, the instant he turned tail, sprang upon him. They seemed to be all

over him at once—on his back, at his throat—until only his gray antlers were clear of the writhing, struggling, gray mass.

He made a stand at last, as he tried with all his strength to spring from the ground. Even with the weight that was on him he succeeded in rising about a foot. Then he tried to rip with his teeth, but they had him at their mercy. And so, kicking, struggling, bellowing, the fighting bull, brave, kingly, a monster of his kind, fell to the earth, to his death, beneath a full score of slim, gaunt, gray wolves.

F. C. CAMPBELL '23.

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### ON THE NILE.

---

Moonlight on the mystic Nile  
Brings romance, thoughts of long ago,  
When princes brave with gallant smile  
On ladies fair did court bestow.

When dusky slaves to the throne of Rha,  
The ancient god of an ancient race,  
Slunk, in answer to submission's law,  
To worship there the Sun God's face.

When Pharaoh's host, in warlike dress,  
Came charging 'cross the arid plain  
To meet the foe in combat's stress,  
To 'fend the kingdom from a conquerer's aim.

When midnight brought the warrior's feast,  
To celebrate the hard-earned day,  
When red wine flowed with lust unceased,  
When ribaldry reigned with the minstrel's lay.

When Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile,  
Did tempt the hapless Anthony there  
To follow in her traitorous file  
Dishonor's paths which weaklings e'er ensnare.

O glorious Egypt, dear land of Khem,  
Thy rolling dunes and royal Nile  
Shall ever bring to thoughts of men  
Romantic dreams and wondering smile.

H. B. T.

---

Since Bill Russell got a job selling lily-cups, he has become very popular with the fair sex of his class. His visits to the classroom at leisure hours have endeared him both to teachers and pupils. By pupils, we mean, of course, the girls.

### APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE.

---

All the world's a race track  
 And all the men and women merely drivers;  
 They have their accidents and their skids  
 And one man in his time drives many cars,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the  
 infant  
 Crawling and pushing on his Kiddy Kar;  
 Then the school boy, with his speed  
 And foolish tricks, cycling on wheel  
 Unwillingly to school. Then the lover  
 In his chummy roadster with a special  
 name  
 Speeding down love's highway. Then the  
 golf fiend  
 Full of strange oaths and browned like the  
 Indian  
 Jealous in golfing, sudden and quick in driv-  
 ing  
 Seeking the silver loving cup  
 Even in the holes. Then the manager  
 In tall silk hat with black tuxedo,  
 Full of egotism and good advice;  
 And so he drives his touring car.  
 The gear is switched into the sixth,  
 And more gas is needed  
 For the lean and white haired sage  
 With spectacles on nose and ear trumpet at  
 side,  
 His limousine, well driven, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk form; and his big manly  
 voice  
 Turning still toward orders and commands,  
 shrills  
 And threatens in his sound.  
 Last ride of all  
 That ends this strange eventful race  
 Is in the hearse to the graveyard place.

### THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

---

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players;  
 They have their close-ups and their fade-  
 outs,  
 And one woman in her life plays many  
 parts;  
 Her acts being seven ages. At first the  
 squalling infant  
 With ten chubby fingers and ten little toes  
 (Apologies to Al Jolson),  
 And then the giddy school-girl  
 With rice powder on nose, tripping smil-  
 ingly into school one hour late;  
 And then the flapper, painted like a doll  
 Drawing fifteen per at some telephone ex-  
 change;  
 And then the bride—

Head full of ideas and house full of install-  
 ment furniture;  
 Seeking new-laid eggs at the lowest figure  
 Even in the distant country.  
 And then the matron, fair and well uphol-  
 stered,  
 With stern but kindly eyes behind her gold  
 rimmed spec's,  
 Full of good recipes and latest stitches—  
 And so she plays her part. The sixth age  
 shifts  
 Into the lean and grey haired granny,  
 With two pairs of spec's on nose and snuff  
 box by her side;  
 Her youthful dresses well dyed and refitted  
 Into lavender gowns, for her shrunken fig-  
 ure; and her rich voice  
 Turning again to girlish treble, whistles  
 and cracks in her shrunken larynx.  
 Last scene of all that ends the drama—sec-  
 ond childhood  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
 everything.

### ON MENTAL INDIGESTION

---

Mental indigestion is that sad and serious  
 state into which the mind of the average  
 student occasionally falls. The symptoms  
 are usually a dull dreamy look in the eyes,  
 an over crowded condition, and an utter in-  
 capability of that part of the human anat-  
 omy known to scientists as the cerebrum (or  
 in common parlance, the brain) to function  
 properly.

The disease is quite common at all times,  
 but is especially so at that period of the  
 year called spring. It is not generally  
 known why the disease is so common at this  
 time of year, but scientists and psychologists  
 have investigated, and all leading physicians  
 now accept as a logical theory that it is prob-  
 ably due to the climate at this period. The  
 balmy atmosphere, the blue skies, and the  
 warm air laden with the scent of apple blos-  
 soms, all have a peculiar effect on the deli-  
 cate cerebral organisms incased in the cra-  
 nium. At this time of year, also, the disease  
 is very contagious. From one person af-  
 flicted with the malady a whole class may  
 easily contract it and in an hour or so one  
 may see the aforesaid class gazing vacan-  
 tly at a fly wending his weary way across the  
 ceiling or idly tracing meaningless designs  
 on the desks while in the eyes of all one  
 may see the dull, vacant, dopy look which is  
 peculiarly characteristic of this strange dis-  
 ease.

The student afflicted with the disease is rational at most times and in most places, but during the hours of 8:20 A. M. to 1:45 P. M., when the fever rages at its height, the student is exceedingly irrational and can on no account be held responsible for his actions. It is a curious fact to note in connection with this strange, phenomenal disease, that an afflicted student is unable to write in any language—Latin, French, or Spanish—and should a set of sentences be given to the student to be written in Latin they will on close inspection be found to be a somewhat confused mixture of the three. The malady is accompanied in some instances by various impedimenta in the vocal chords, and on being questioned the scholar is very apt to utter guttural and inarticulate noises which as nearly as they can be translated sound somewhat like the Anglo-Saxon equivalents of "I dunno!" When the student is afflicted with this failing it is quite common for him to fall into deep meditations and when roused from these reveries to recite to emit long drawn out sounds like "H-u-u-h," which leads us to believe that perhaps Darwin was not entirely "off his trolley" when he stated that we are descendants of the abysmal brutes from the far-off jungles of Asia. At this stage of the disease the student cannot be held responsible for his answers, because when asked what sequence a verb is he is just as likely to reply "third base" as anything else.

The only remedy for this extraordinary disease is to either confine the student to his home or to keep him out of doors during the hours of 8:20 A. M. to 1:45 P. M. inclusive. If scientists can perfect an invention on which they have been doing research work for a period extending over many years, the dire effects of the disease will be greatly decreased. The invention is namely:—on the first day of May to shift the calendar to the twenty-third of June, on which day, strange to say, the disease disappears entirely and the patient is normal again.

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

#### ANIMAL RESEMBLANCES IN PEOPLE.

There are many people in the world that have animal characteristics. Peculiar mannerisms or habits which we see in different people remind us of particular species of animals. We need not travel to see these likenesses; we can find them in our own

surroundings. Do you not know some one who resembles that crafty and shrewd creature, the sly fox, who creeps so stealthily in the night? Then there is the person whom I am sure you all have met, the pig. How time-worn is that phrase, how commonly used! But how truly it characterizes certain people who are so piggish in their habits. Another of our friends is, the catty person, usually a woman. She has always a sarcastic comment to say about someone or someone's clothes, and like the cat she scratches, but she does not bite. Among our acquaintances there is one man who is said to be as brave as the lion. This man—bold, and daring,—is like the powerful lion, the king of beasts. Have you ever seen the girl whose movements are similar to the panther? She walks softly and smoothly, resembling this sleek animal in such a marked degree. How grating and harsh is that person's laugh, which approaches the discordant laugh of the hyena. You see among your enemies the slippery and poisonous disposition of the snake. Some people are called snakes in the grass because they crawl and hide themselves from view. They are deceiving because they suddenly pounce upon one, as that cruel animal who destroys everything in its path. Also there are the people who remind you of that little creature, the mouse, so quiet and calm they appear. Furthermore, there are the poor people who are said to be as clumsy as that lumbering animal, the bear, not meaning to, but unmindfully upsetting everything in their way. Even if we do not all resemble in such a degree some animal, we are said to be descended from that ugly creature, the ape.

DORIS PORTER '23.

#### THE CURE.

No doubt you feel sick and blue  
From overwork or strain,  
But there is one thing for you to do,  
If you wish to feel well again.

No medicine will have the charm  
To make you feel quite gay.  
The only real and positive balm  
Is to let Nature have her way.

So if you're sick and have the blues,  
Don't give up in despair;  
For here is one good cure that soothes:  
Just breathe God's pure air. ANON.



## SEEING NEW ENGLAND IN A "HENRY."

New England is beautiful regardless of the manner in which you see it. But, in my opinion, it is best seen in "Henry." "Henry" will go anywhere at anytime; in short anywhere a cat can go, there you will find "Henry." We abuse him, we laugh at him, we despise him, but always when there is work to be done we go to him to do it. Thus, when my friend Professor Thompson and I decided to tour New England, we just stepped into "Henry" and set out on our way.

We left Boston at nine o'clock on the evening of June 27. Overhead the moon and the myriad stars sent forth their silvery beams lighting the white stretch before us, rendering our own artificial lights unnecessary. It seemed strange to go through the busy city of Lowell when all the streets were deserted. All that could be seen or heard was our "Henry" wending along his tortuous route. As we drove slowly along, the magic of a night in June began to cast its spell over us. The murmuring Merrimac gleaming like silver in the moonlight, the twinkling lights of distant Manchester made an irresistible appeal to our romantic imaginations.

We sped on through Concord and various small villages to Plymouth. From Plymouth on, the road was very rough—deep holes, jagged rocks and in between small sharp-edged pebbles that made many small cuts in the tires. Moreover in a Ford the riding was, to say the least, a trifle agitated. You Ford owners know what I mean when I say AGITATED. This trip was the first time that I discovered "Henry" to be a springless vehicle.

We passed through Woodstock from whence we began the tedious ascent up into beautiful Profile Notch. The gray shades of early morning enabled us to barely see the grandeur and beauty of the scenery through which we were passing. On both sides of the winding road were sheer walls of stone, over which was interwoven a network of ferns and vines.

Creeping onward, up and up, past Death Pool and the Flume, we finally arrived at Profile Lake. By this time the fog and mist had partially cleared away and allowed us to gaze across the lake and up at the Old Man of the Mountain. What a wonderful creation nature has made in this perfect profile! Many times since have I looked upon the "Old Man's" calm visage, and each time I have felt that same sense of awe that I felt

upon my first visit. One cannot help becoming amazed when he realizes that for untold centuries that sage head has overlooked Profile Valley. What strange secrets it might reveal could it but speak. Legend has it that Indian tribes of ancient times came here and worshipped the stone face as the great Manitou. We know not about that, but certainly we of today come to worship the beauty of this famous Profile.

From Profile Lake we continued our ascent and soon reached the summit just in time to see the sun rising. In the East the sun, a glowing ball of fire, was just beginning to peep from behind the peaks of Mt. Jefferson. Further to the right we could see the towering cloud-capped summit of Mt. Washington. From where we were could be seen the entire stretch of the Presidential Range.

Descending a gradual slope from the Notch, we hastened on to Bethlehem and from there to the Connecticut River which forms the boundary line between New Hampshire and Vermont. In Vermont we found the roads extremely sandy and the hills steep. We were thankful indeed that we had "Henry" to carry us safely out of our difficulties. Throughout the blistering hours of that parching summer's day, over the sandy roads, up the steep grades, "Henry" faithfully labored, never complaining but always going on and on. Only once did he fail us,—that was in the Green Mountains. We were making the last grade of the Pass preparatory to descending down the other side into Rutland. It was fearfully hot (the paint on "Henry" fairly cracked and blistered under the scorching rays of old Sol). Suddenly poor old "Henry" stopped dead and a tremendous cloud of steam was emitted from the overflow pipe of the radiator. I started to unscrew the radiator cap but it was immediately blown out of my hands by the pressure of the steam. I went to a nearby brook and got some water with which I "retanked" our steed, and then we rambled along our way.

We slept in Rutland that night, and early the next morning we started out on the next lap of our journey. We crossed Vermont and at Lake Champlain we were ferried across to New York state. We left Lake Champlain and went on to Lake George some fifty miles distant. Lake George is one of the most attractive spots in America. Nestled in the wooded foothills of the Berkshires, it has an undescribable charm, an unfailing beauty of nature which makes

it the Mecca of thousands of tourists every year. Here, the biologist, the naturalist, the photographer, the hunter, and many others can find their own hearts' delight.

At this point in our travels the good professor began to tire; so after some consideration, we decided to head for home. We took the same route back as the one on which we had come. The trip was uneventful. "Henry" still ran beautifully on all "three," so we had nothing to worry about. The next day at midnight we pulled into Boston safe and sound. It might be mentioned here that in all our travelling we did not have a bit of tire trouble which fact partly proves my contention that "in a Henry is the best way to see the country." And a word for "Henry":—never again will I laugh at him; he stayed by me in all my troubles, and he cost very little. For that reason I say, "Get a 'Henry'."

HAROLD B. TURNER '22.

#### ON THE TOWEL AND SOAP SYSTEM.

I think that I must give up all hope of ever becoming familiar with the towel and soap system. Wherever I go, to hotel, theatre, Pullman, or department store, I must learn some new way of drying my hands and face, and puzzle out some new source of soap.

In one place I find corrugated paper towels with which I must rub and not blot, in another I find very similar ones with which I must blot and not rub. Some of these towels must be used vertically, others horizontally; and some must be held up against pores, pore for pore.

Some of these paper towels come out of the bottom of the box and some out of the top. Sometimes a person is limited to one towel, thus aiding the conscience; and sometimes the towels roll off a paper roller endlessly, and one must let his conscience guide him.

Then there is the cloth towel which is also a Chinese puzzle. In almost every washroom the cloth towel comes in a different way. This towel is something between the old fashioned roller towel and some new kind of individual towel. Sometimes I find the towels with eyelets in the corner which must be slipped on an iron rod from one pile to another (I never know whether to work from left to right or right to left). The roller towel is just as complicated for the direc-

tions say to grasp the sides of this towel near the mouth of the holder then lean back with all one's force; but by the time I puzzle out the rules, I am all dry from the air.

Some of the soap devices are no simpler.

Some must be tipped, others jiggled, some tumbled, some jerked, some squeezed, and some must be pumped like the levers on the keyboard of a soda fountain.

I have often thought of bringing my own towel and soap, but my grips were always so full that I had to give up that idea. I do wish that towels were served in plain stacks with no new devices, and that soap were presented in cakes as nature intended.

I do not wish to be considered a pessimist; so I will say that I am glad that water is still served in faucets!

VERNA YOUNG '23.

#### THE ECHO.

When we read the words "The Echo" at the head of our little journal or on the cover of our worthy little magazine, do we ever stop to think or consider whether there was a purpose behind the choosing of the name; or whether our predecessors who started our paper had the gift of foresight to see that it was, in truth, to be an echo of the events of our school life?

An echo, according to Webster, is a sound reflected or reverberated. Is not "The Echo" a reverberation, a reflection of all our affairs, educational and social? Does it not send forth its reverberations not only to the student body, but to out of town students and to the home, giving its readers a reflection of our inner school life? Is there not a certain amount of influence cast forth from its columns? It is an echo not only for school news but also for the literary talent of our students.

{ Let us, then, so conduct ourselves during school that we may not be ashamed to have our affairs echoed and re-echoed throughout whatever town, city or state our paper may chance to go. Let us resolve to conduct our athletics and our business in general in such a manner that we may carry on our Echo in a way that would please our worthy predecessors. Let us try to uphold the ideals and standards they have passed down to us and let us resolve to support our Echo so that it may continue on its way, echoing to posterity the deeds of our famous school!

CATHERINE GRADY '23.

# THE ECHO

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Editorial Staff.

It is one of the curious facts of life that "All things come in a bunch"—that, when it is busy, it is **very** busy. But it is as remarkable a coincidence that, in such rush periods, the busiest human being does the most.

A brief survey of the careers of several individuals will invariably show that the man who is the busiest, who has the least time to spare, accomplishes the most, and in a creditable fashion; and that the idler with an almost limitless amount of time never accomplishes anything.

School life furnishes no exception to this rule.

Look back upon your first three years of school. Few activities, little thought of the future, lessons shorter and easier to do, no concentrated preparation for college exams! Yet how hard and tiresome school seemed sometimes.

But, Seniors, what comparison is there, now? Almost none. The rush and excitement of the last few weeks of school has so

completely filled the life of each Senior that the events of past years have become completely overshadowed. Who would have dreamed of so much to do several years ago!

This very rush, however, makes one's senior year the most valued of all. For the proud sense of satisfaction, the pleasant memory of school days, which the knowledge of work well done brings to us, is reward far beyond that which the diploma, with its pretty blue ribbon and solemn phrasing, conveys to us.

Guide yourself in the future, O Senior, by your past experiences in school life—for the whole world is but a large school, after all. Do your best in idle as well as busy hours, so that some time in the distant future you may be Wordsworth's Happy Warrior—

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

# CLUB NOTES

## The French Club.

This year a new organization, the French Club, was formed in the school. In October it was founded, with a membership of about thirty-five. That membership has rapidly increased until now the total enrolment is more than a hundred. For the entire school year the club has held regular meetings twice a month. Many of the meetings were made very interesting by the entertainment that was provided. In March, in order to increase the membership and to furnish amusement for the charter members, about sixty candidates were initiated and admitted to the club. The initiations were very discomfoting to the candidates and caused much hilarity among the regular members.

The school can thank Miss Alma Blaisdell for the existence of this club, as she originated the idea. The school has long needed and wanted such an organization, and now that it has it everyone should boost it.

The following were elected officers at a meeting early in the year:

President .....	Mary Lochhead
Vice-President .....	Lawrence Bicknell
Secretary .....	Madelaine Anthony
Treasurer .....	Miss Weeks
Ass't Treasurer .....	Louise Murphy

## The Science Club.

This year the Science Club has had a very successful season. In the many meetings that it has held many new and difficult questions have been discussed. It has been rather hard to get speakers enough to fill out the program of all the meetings, but the diligence and persistency of Mr. Peltier finally bore fruit, and the entertainments were carried out in a very satisfactory manner. The lectures, for the most part, were upon physical and chemical subjects. Sometimes it happened that some of the lectures could be explained and livened up by actual experiments which fact added a great deal to the enjoyment of the occasion. One of the most interesting subjects was the radio-telephone. A short talk was given upon the history of this invention, then the audience was permitted to listen through the receive-

ers. This entertainment proved to be quite popular with the audience and will perhaps be repeated some time in the near future.

Next year the activities of the club will be resumed, and it is hoped that the success of this year will warrant a greater success in the years to follow.

The following were elected club officers:  
 President .....Arthur Davis  
 Vice-President .....Sidney Stevenson  
 Sec. and Treas. ....Mr. L. Peltier

## CONTIO LATINA.

Entertainments have played a great part in the success of the Latin Club in the past year. Besides the business meetings, the club has held three meetings; one in December, when the Freshmen were initiated and a Christmas program was given, and also a miscellaneous program on topics pertaining to Caesar; another in February, when the following Sophomores presented a Latin Play (Tirones) in a very creditable manner:—Ina Minto, Gracia Bancroft, Elizabeth Kent, Rubin Klier, Joseph Bradley, Gerald Wolcott, Selma Cohen, Eunice Swift, Dorothy Dorr, Mary Stansbury, and Hymen Silverstein, a Senior, taking the part of Julius Caesar. Margaret Thompson recited a Prologue in English before each of the five scenes. The Latin Club Quintette played, and Beatrice Brown and Lucille rendered several fine duets.

At the last meeting in May, the Freshmen gave a program of songs and dialogues in Latin. The club will miss the ready assistance of the Seniors but is looking forward to another successful year, after the new officers are elected in October.

The officers for the past year were:

Consules:	Mary Lochhead, Carolyn Magee.
Scriba:	Lovicy Irwin.
Praetor:	Miss Ayres.
Quaestor:	Anita Bates.
Motto:	Labor omnia vincit.
Colors:	Purple and Gold.
Flower:	Pansy.
Pin:	Roman faces enameled in gold on a purple background.



Debating Team.

Another new member of the club circle is the Debating Club. This society was formed in the middle of the year to take the place of the Congress that we used to have. Mr. Soule introduced the idea. By the steady application of his interest in the club, he has produced an organization which can compare favorably with the old Congress. Great interest has been taken by the boys in the club, and fine results have been obtained. A debating team was formed, which, in its annual debate with Revere High School, won in handsome fashion. At Winthrop the result was a victory for Winthrop. At Revere the other Winthrop team managed to come out with a tie. Also, during the year numerous minor debates were held, in which were experienced many lively discussions that helped to stimulate the growth of the club.

The experience that the members of the club have gained in the art of public speaking will doubtlessly be of great aid to them in the future. It is hoped that the good work started this year will be continued next year in order that other boys may take advantage of the opportunity. So, in summing up, this year can be considered one of the best in the interests of debating.

The following are the officers of the club:

President ..... John Barry  
 Vice-President ..... Arthur Davis  
 Secretary ..... Winthrop Joyce

#### THE SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club has not been a very noisy factor in the school, but it has had a few interesting meetings. There have been so many demands on everybody's time that it has made greater activities impossible. In connection with two of the Spanish classes, correspondence with the Natick High School pupils, in Spanish, has been enjoyed. This has been beneficial in developing interest and giving practice in original composition. Some members of the club took advantage of an opportunity to sample real Spanish candy; El Turrón de Alicante is a nougat rich with nuts. This candy comes in cookie form from Spain. Approximately five of these pieces weigh a pound. This was given as prizes for a contest held in one of the Spanish Club meetings.

Judging from the beginners' classes this year there should be an organization capable of having good programs. We hope that everyone will enter into the work of the Spanish Club during the coming year with a spirit of cheerfulness and co-operation.



## WHO?

Who is my girl with eyes of brown,  
And rosy mouth so small and round;  
With long, dark tresses hanging down—  
Now wouldn't you like to know?

Who is my girl with eyes of blue,  
And wavy locks of golden hue;  
With lips like roses kissed with dew—  
Now wouldn't you like to know?

Which of the two do I love the best,  
Whose slender hand do I long to press,  
Whose hair to stroke in fond caress—  
Now wouldn't you like to know?  
RUTH ANDERSON '23.

## A WINDY NIGHT.

One night when I was safe in bed,  
And the winds were raging round my head,  
It seemed I'd turned unwilling host,  
To a troop of noisy, howling ghosts.  
They rattled every sash and pane,  
Creaked up the stairs and down again;  
Outside, around the corners swept,  
And, whining, down the chimney crept.

They tossed the curtains in the air,  
As though their shadowy outlines there  
Were writhing as in human pain.  
I sought for sleep but sought in vain;  
To leave my bed I did not dare  
Lest some pale ghost were lurking there.  
I guess I'll have things fastened tight,  
Before another windy night.

RUTH ANDERSON '23.

## O, SENIOR!

I.  
O, Senior in your hours of ease,  
You now can do just what you please.  
The world is waiting, (isn't it great?)  
If I were you, I'd let it wait.

II.  
No more these halls, it may be said,  
Will echo to your lordly tread.  
No more the supercilious stare  
Will frighten freshmen everywhere.

III.  
The rest of us, when you are gone,  
Will buckle to and carry on.  
We know we'll have to face our due,  
Before it's done, we may miss you.  
ELEANOR HURLEY '23.

## ODE TO A FLAPPER.

I.  
Tell me dainty flapper,  
Tell me if you dare,  
What it was that made you bob  
Your very pretty hair.

II.  
What is it that makes you  
Wear your skirts so high?  
Could you wear them longer  
If you did but try?

III.  
Why is it that powder  
On your nose must go,  
Till it looks as white  
As a mound of driven snow?

IV.  
Why is it that on your cheeks  
A dab of rouge now goes,  
Till their blushes can outblush  
The reddest rose that grows?

V.  
Why is it that on your feet  
Flip-flapping shoes you wear,  
Which, while you walk down the street,  
Make people turn and stare?

VI.  
The wiles of all you flapper maids  
I make no boast to understand;  
Still to you I'll give a toast  
"The fairest maids in our fair land."  
CATHERINE GRADY '23.

The small white clouds so softly floating by,  
Are just the day dreams of the sky;  
The hopes and fears of conquests yet to win,  
And little thoughts of what once might have  
been.

But now, at sunset, when the sky is still'd,  
Slip down behind the world dreams unful-  
fill'd.

RUTH ANDERSON '23.

## THE ORCHESTRA.

Before telling about this year's achievements, it is necessary to go back a year to the time of Mr. Willis' introduction to the school. Mr. Willis built up the Orchestra in a very capable manner and its first appearance was at the Football Mass Meeting at the theatre. The Orchestra played at all school affairs for the rest of the year. Only three members graduated—Dick Murray, Evelyn MacQuarrie, and Harry Smith—leav-



ing about twenty three members to build upon.

Early in September, 1921, Mr. Willis called a special meeting for election of officers. Howland Freeman was elected President; Ray Sinatra, Vice President; Beulah Barkley, Secretary; Philip Ruskin, Librarian; Hyman Silverstein, Concert Master; and Mr. N. Elliot Willis, Conductor.

The Orchestra made its first public appearance at Tremont Temple for the Middlesex County Teacher's Association. The Orchestra was in uniform, and the teachers were very well pleased with the showing made. During the winter the Orchestra played for the Winthrop Lodge of Elks, Winthrop Civic League, Winthrop Women's Club, and for dancing at the High School.

On April tenth the first Annual Concert was given by the Orchestra in the Winthrop Theatre. The Orchestra rendered a fine program before a crowded house. That night they were assisted by Mr. Archie Smith, trombone; Miss Helen O'Toole, cornet; and Miss Velma Balcom of Boston, so-

prano. Mrs. N. Elliot Willis played a wonderful violin obligato for Miss Balcom. It is hoped and expected that these concerts will continue in the future.

During the year the programs were varied by solos on the violin by Elbert Sinatra and on the xylophone by J. Howland Freeman.

The Orchestra ended a very successful season by playing for Class Day exercises and at both the Eighth Grade and High School Graduations.

#### Organization

Howland Freeman .....	President
Raymond Sinatra .....	Vice President
Beulah Barkley .....	Secretary
Philip Ruskin .....	Librarian
Mr. N. Elliot Willis .....	Director

#### Members.

##### 1st Violins

Hyman Silverstein—Concert Master  
Philip Ruskin  
Elbert Sinatra  
George Geisser

Beulah Barkley  
Helen Goldsmith  
Arthur Roberts  
Max Gosule

## 2nd Violins

Fred Martel  
John Moriarty  
Lawrence Monahan  
Evangaline Jenkins  
Abraham White  
Seymour Colby  
Leon Finkel  
Vincent Petrucci  
Andrea Wyman  
Fannie Berliner

## 'Cello

Virginia Crooker  
Dora Barkley  
Nathaniel Sperber

## Trombone

Thomas Knudson, Jr.

## 1st Cornets

Chester Duncan  
Newell Perry

## 2nd Cornets

Kenneth Reed  
John Campbell  
Rufus Madison

## Drums

Howland Freeman  
Harold Duncan  
Walter O'Toole

## Piano

Raymond Sinatra

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**WHO'S WHO IN THE ORCHESTRA.**


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There's Howie and Hymie  
And Ray and his brother;  
O'Toole and a Duncan  
And then still another;  
The Barkleys and Ruskin,  
And Colby and Reed,  
And "Avroumschik" and Sperber,  
What more do you need?  
Yet there's Goldy and Andrea  
And Maddy and Max  
So who is it now  
That the orchestra lacks?  
It's Campbell and Crooker  
Petrucci and "Van,"  
And Perry and Finkle  
And young Monahan.  
And Roberts and Knudson,  
Who plays the trombone,  
With rumbles and snorts

That chill to the bone.  
And up at the front  
Stands our old friend N. E. W.  
And the orchestra then is complete thru'  
and thru'.

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**SENIOR PLAY.**


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**"Barbara Frietchie."**

On December twenty-second the Senior Class presented its annual play. Owing to the zealous work of Miss Spence and an unusually talented cast, it was one of the most successful plays ever sponsored by Winthrop High, and that the audience was appreciative could not be doubted. "Barbara Frietchie" was the heroine of a Confederate romance, who, torn between love of her cause and her Union lover, chose to uphold the Flag of the Union, as her lover lay dying from a wound inflicted by her brother. The part of "Barbara" was played most sympathetically and charmingly by Charlotte Trowbridge. Edward Atcherly was a Union soldier whose allegiance and fervor could not be denied. John Barry and Raymond Sullivan were inimitable in their roles of Southern gentlemen, while Louise Murphy, as Mammy Lou, took you back to Dixie with her negro dialect.

Barbara Frietchie .....Charlotte Trowbridge  
Sally Negly .....Margaret Barter  
Sue Royce .....Celia Branz  
Laura Royce .....Mary Nugent  
Mammy Lou .....Mary Louise Murphy  
Capt. Trumbull .....Edward P. Atcherly  
Mr. Frietchie .....John R. Barry  
Arthur Frietchie .....Charles Stavredes  
Col. Negly .....Raymond Sullivan  
Jack Negly .....J. Howland Freeman  
Fred Gelwex, soldier .....Hayden Freeman  
Tim Greene, soldier .....John Foley  
Edgar Strong .....Kenneth Sawin  
Dr. Hal Boyd .....Robert Hazel  
Sergeant Perkins .....John E. Gore  
Stonewall Jackson .....John A. Eaton

**Soldiers and Townspeople.**

Harry N. Benson    Laurence Bicknell  
George S. Lawler    Sydney Stevenson  
Norwood Kellenberge Davis Belcher  
J. Winthrop Joyce    Richard MacClintock  
Bernice Smith        Margaret Knipe  
Florence Royle

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**APRIL SHOWERS.**


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If afternoon sessions come your way,  
It's for your folly that you pay.





## SENIOR VAUDEVILLE.

The Senior Vaudeville Show was held on Monday, May 8, in the High School gym. A pleasing program was enjoyed by the pupils of the four upper classes and the teachers. At one forty-five there was dancing, music being furnished by several members of the High School orchestra. At 2.15 the annual performance opened with a very elo-

but under Miss Spence's capable direction it was brought up to the minute. The plot is woven around an unmodern "Rollo," who, contrary to fiction, refuses to sow his wild oats, much to the disgust of his uncle, who is eccentric, to say the least. But the entrance of Richard Whorf as the "Private Secretary" confuses things quite humorously. Uncle Cattermole (CAT-Cat-TER-ter-MOLE Cattermole) mistakes the "Private



The Cast of School Play.

quent speech by Ken. Sawin. Then began the big show, consisting of music, speaking, dancing and a very striking and awe-inspiring scene from a harem. Dickie Whorf, Harold Turner and Sully were very noticeable characters in this act. Albert Sinatra gave a few violin selections; Ray played his accompaniments. Two eighth grade girls danced. Other dances were given by different members of the High School. Between the acts of vaudeville ice-cream cones were sold and there was dancing which lasted until five o'clock.

Secretary" for his nephew and is exceedingly disgusted. Finally things straighten out to everyone's satisfaction, as all good comedies should; and owing to the clever acting of the cast the play was voted a huge success.

## Cast

Richard Whorf	Gladys Berry
John Fulham	Esther Chisholm
John Hayes	Georgiana Gearheart
Roland Wentworth	Henry Stansbury
Horace Wile	Theodore Stockwell

## SCHOOL PLAY.

## "The Private Secretary"

On the evening of April 7, Winthrop High presented to an enthusiastic audience a revival of that delightful comedy, "The Private Secretary." It is an old-time favorite

## JOKES.

No homework tomorrow or any other day.  
Talk as much as you please.  
No more sessions.  
No more Latin Prose.



## FRIENDSHIP.

Of all the words in the English language the word friendship has the most potent meaning. Friendship is the essence of life; without it mankind would be lost. A man can exist without friends but he cannot live without friends. A pure, true friendship is the most sacred and most beautiful thing that this sordid old world of ours possesses. Life is but a game, after all. It has its upsets, its reverses, and, like in all other games, we must depend on the other fellow. The human soul is not strong enough to bear the burdens of this life alone, it has to turn to other sources to find its strength. And what is that strength but friendship? From friendship we derive that sympathy, that complete understanding which goes so far in the making of a man.

When we graduate from high school and go out into the teeming struggle beyond, we shall carry with us tender memories of friendships that we have made. Thus it is in every walk of life. No matter where we may be, no matter what we may do, we shall ever have friendship as a dominant factor in our law of life. So, to take the full measure of satisfaction of living, let us make real friends and always be true to the ideals which embody the spirit of friendship.

HAROLD B. TURNER '22.

## OUI! OUI!

Hats off to the Commercial Department of Winthrop High School. Perhaps they are not a "live wire" bunch! Besides offering a course that is most thorough in the application of modern business ideas, the department, chiefly through the efforts of Miss Mabel Howatt, Miss Lucy Drew and Miss Ruth Gordan, acts somewhat in the capacity of an employment agency, in that it places its graduates in desirable positions in the business world.

As a result of an interesting business letter sent to some of Boston's largest business firms, forty-seven of the sixty-nine business pupils of the 1922 graduating class were placed in positions at the close of the school year. Considering that fifteen students choose to remain and complete their studies, the percentage is extremely large.

This practical plan originated as a unique idea of Principal Edward R. Clarke in 1917. The plan has been so successful that Win-

throp High is ranked highly in the estimation of Boston business firms for supplying competent stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks. All of which goes to prove that in Principal Clarke, Winthrop High has a headmaster who has such modern ideas of equipping the young people under his care with the best possible educational training, that it is possible to establish this commendable record.

This also speaks highly of the methods now employed in the present teaching system in our school. The course that is taught the business students includes four years' training in commercial subjects. The last year of this course is concentrated on the study of typewriting, shorthand and English.

F. M. '22.

If Congress is going to decline the Bonus, this is the way to do it—Bonus, Bona, Bonum.

"How do you feel tonight?"

"Oh, away above par."

"How's that?"

"My girl told me she takes a lot of stock in me."

We get just what we deserve. The only way to have more is to deserve more.

If you don't feel just right,  
If you can't sleep at night,  
If you moan and sigh,  
If your throat is dry,  
If you can't talk or think,  
If your grub tastes like ink,  
If your heart doesn't beat,  
If you've got cold feet,  
If your head's in a whirl  
For the love of Mike ask her to the Social.

A bit of foolishness now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.

## HEARD IN ROOM 12.

Margaret Sawyer (during a quiz) "What's the Spanish word for grow?"

Miss Weeks (after writing it on the board under a question about the Aztecs.) "It's crecer."

Doris Porter—"How do Aztecs grow?"

Miss Weeks—"Up."



## ADVICE ON SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

By Torchy.

Dear Torchy:—I have read your column all year. Sometimes I enjoyed it and other times—well I'll omit the rest. The only thing that has bothered me is the fact that I have been unable to find out who you are. I really would not like to have you think that I am inquisitive or forward on account of asking such a question. If you really think that you would care to enlighten me concerning your identity I would be very glad, and would appreciate your kindness. I will await a reply, anxiously.—Bill.

Dear Bill:—I never thought anyone could be so polite. You say you enjoyed some of my remarks; so did I. During the course of the past year I have viewed with much joy the difficulties and comical incidents, which have occurred. It has been great fun to slam a friend, here and there. You know you can say so much when under disguise. Well, Bill, here's a farewell for 1922. See you at the Alumni Dance.

PHIL RUSKIN '22.

## CLASS NOTES.

Miss Gordon in shorthand: What is the next word, Foote?

Foote: Yard.

Miss Gordon says that the only thing that keeps her from tying up Doris Enos's mouth to keep her from talking so much is that Doris is a Senior in High School.

Gore, Benson, McClintock, Kellenberger, Lawler, Stevenson, Davis, Peterson and Atcherley wish to notify the school to take a good look at them now while they are in normal condition, as they will be merely shadows of themselves on graduation night. This is due to the fact that they must quit their jobs in the lunch room and will, for the rest of the year, be obliged to go without their mid-day meal. Any contribution will be gratefully received.

Do you know Obadiah?

Obadiah who?

Obadiah door you!

Do you know Minerva?

Minerva who?

Minerva's wreck.

Do you know Jupiter?

Jupiter who?

Jupiter stone in my shoe?

Do you know Jemima?

Jemima who?

Jemima kissing you?

Do you know Juno?

Juno who?

Juno I love you

Do you know Isabel?

Isabel who?

Isabel necessary on a bicycle?

Do you know Fanny?

Fanny who?

Fanny body calls me up, tell 'em I'm out.

Walsh—"How's the girl?"

Canton—"I've got a new one."

Walsh—"What was the trouble?"

Canton—"Well that last one was so fond of an argument she wouldn't even eat anything that agreed with her."

Charlotte—"I should like to see any man try to kiss me!"

"Gerry"—"No doubt—but you shouldn't admit it."

Mary—(after the Revere game)—"And he grabbed the ball and hugged it to him."

Ruth—"O! to be a football!"

Mary—"—then kicked it."

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

They were standing at the front gate.

"Won't you come in and talk a little while, George, dear?" she said.

"N-no, I guess not," said George, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the girl went on, "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs."

"Both legs?" asked George.

"Yes, both legs."

"Then I'll come in for a little while."

## FAMOUS SAYINGS.

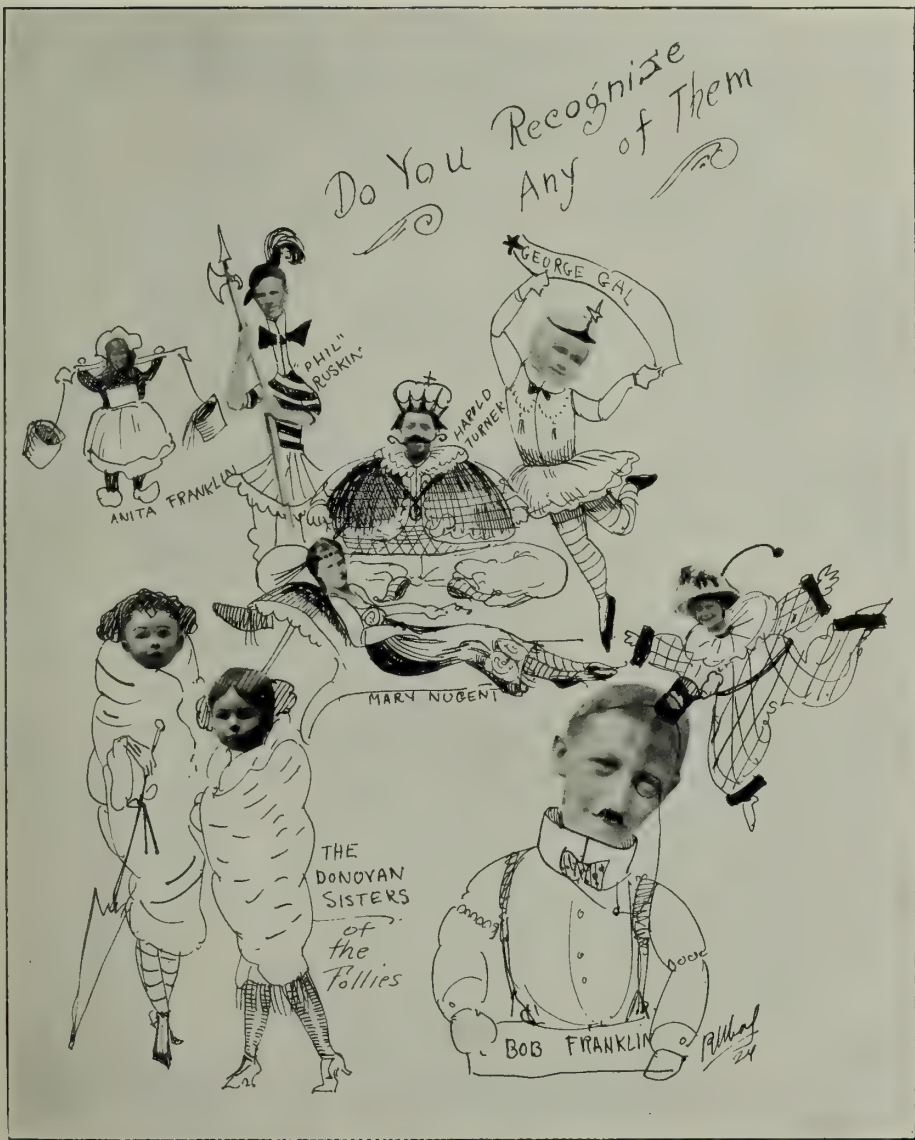
Take a session.

Tomorrow's assignment is—

Be prepared for a test.

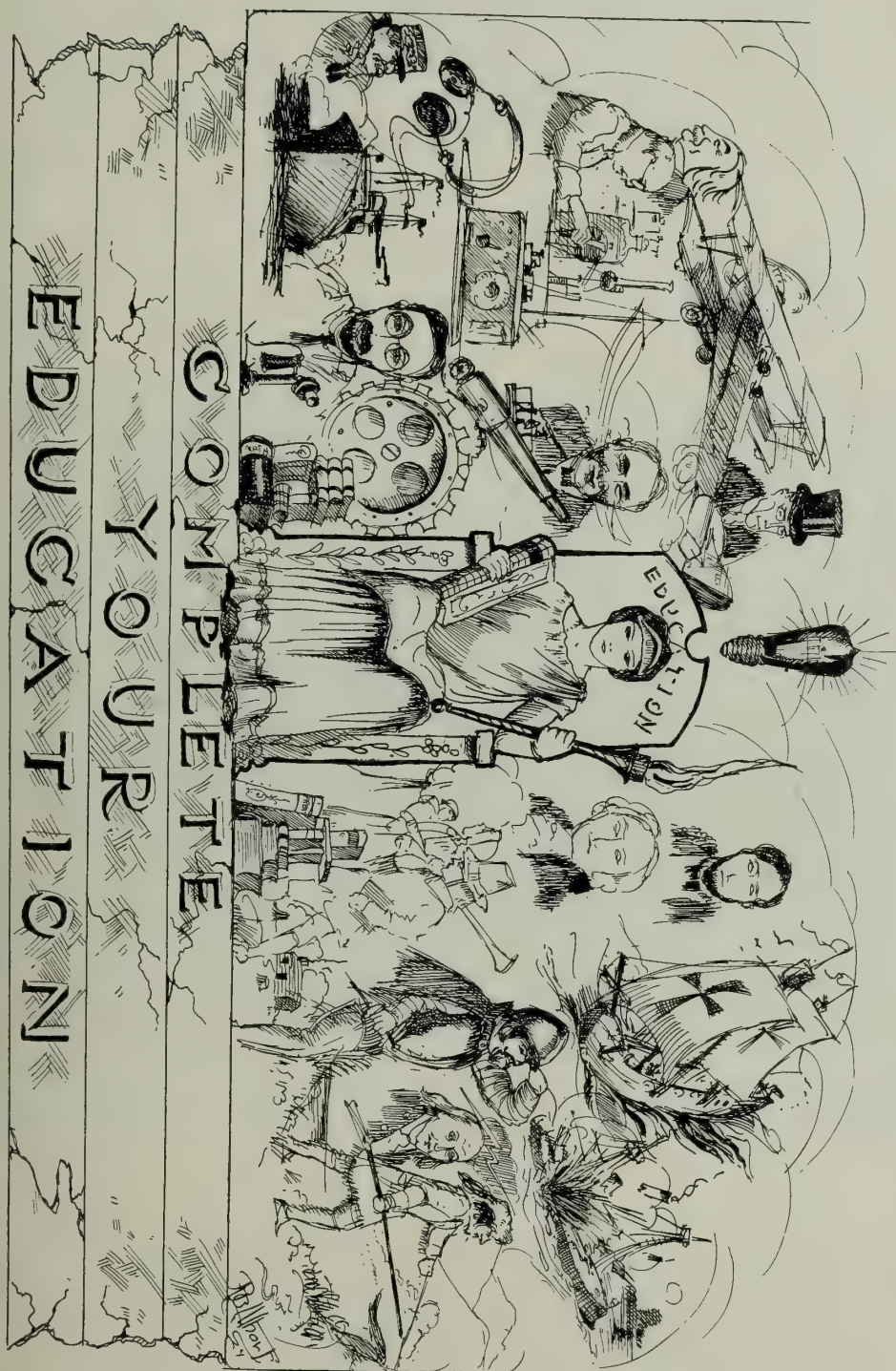
This test will be over four chapters.

Is that gum in your mouth?



<p>Close Up of Mr. Wee— Wee MacKintock, Cosch of Dartmouth</p> 	<p>Hollywood, Calif.: Harold Turner the latest Film Hero</p> 	<p><b>Winthrop</b></p> <p><b>Movies</b></p> <p><b>of</b></p> <p><b>The</b></p> <p><b>WORLD</b></p> <p><b>- 1940 -</b></p> 	<p>New York: The hon. Ken Sawin Member of the Irish Parliament Arrives in America</p> 	<p>St. Louis: "Peanut Benson Home Runking of the Cardinals</p> 	<p>Louisville, Kent.: Breeze Freeman owner of the Breezeonia Plantation</p> 	<p>Washington See of George Hawlen State</p> 	<p>Harrods Grace, Kentucky, "Blunder" Philip Ruskin Jockey of fastest horse in the world.</p> 	<p>England London, "Dot" Enos star of the "Stokes" Follies</p> 	<p>Madrid Mary Nugent Now Queen of Spain</p> 	<p>Paris: Alice Donovan Hair Dresser to the King+Queen of Belgium</p> 	<p>Petrograd: Russia Este Petrovskyson leader of the Women Bolsheviks.</p> 	<p>Tokio Japan: "Vire" Cart how dishwasher for the Emperor</p> 	<p>Nome: Alaska, Anita Bates Driving home per dog team</p> 
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## FOOTBALL.

As soon as school opened Coach Manter called for football candidates. Much promising material came forward, and for two weeks practice was stiff. Then we started with a practice game.

Oct. 8. Beverly at Beverly.

Beverly 23, Winthrop 6.

Saunders took the ball for our only score, making a touchdown after plugging the line for 80 yards.



Sept. 23. Brookline at Winthrop.

Brookline 7, Winthrop 0.

Capt. "Wee" was out of the game with a broken wrist. Weibel starred at quarter.

Oct. 1. Chelsea at Winthrop.

Chelsea 0, Winthrop 20.

"Breeze" was out of the game with a broken collar bone. The line was weak, but the backfield played havoc with Chelsea. Saunders played a fine game.

Oct. 15. Marblehead at Winthrop.

Marblehead 27, Winthrop 6.

Tansey fooled our line, but Lawler met up with him once in a while. The trick plays won the game.

Oct. 21. Lynn English at Lynn.

English 7, Winthrop 21.

We scored 3 to their 1. Russell intercepted a pass and ran 95 yards for a touchdown.



**Oct. 29. Swampscott at Winthrop.**

Swampscott 7, Winthrop 13.

The visiting team was once more dumped in the SWAMP.

**Nov. 5. Peabody at Peabody.**

Peabody 33, Winthrop 0.

The champs-to-be walked over us in great shape.

**Nov. 12. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.**

Classical 20, Winthrop 0.

The champs of 1920 outplayed us. Horne starred for Winthrop.

**Nov. 19. Gloucester at Gloucester.**

Gloucester 6, Winthrop 0.

Gloucester on a fumble. Capt. "Wee" McClintock played his first game.

**Nov. 24. Revere at Revere.**

Revere 13, Winthrop 0.

Nuff Ced.

**SHOVEL!**

Coach Manter and Captain-elect Honan have our best wishes for a fine team next year.

The Doctor—Mr. Manter.

An Old Fashioned Girl—Mary Nugent.

The Little Minister—William MacKusick.

The Night Owl—Ray Sinatra.

The Man without a Country—Edwin Strong.

To Have and To Hold—"Bill" Russell.

The Last Days of Pompeii—Final Exams.

The Maker of History—Mr. Willis.

Count of Monto Cristo—James Esdaile.

The Portion of Labor—Miss Ackley's

French home work assignments.

Captains Courageous—John Gore.

Harry Benson.

A Little Maid of Concord Town—Selma Cohen.

If I were King—Stanley Robinson.

When Knighthood was in Flower—the good old days.

Seats of the Mighty—The teachers' chairs.

The Talisman—Francis Mahaney.

Shakespeare, the Boy—Hymen Silverstein.

The little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—Herbert Swan.

In the Maine Woods—Malcolm Tasker.

Camping Out—That gone feeling on a returning from a dance without your key.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**

Little Women—Catherine Grady.

Lovicy Irwin.

Clara Brown.

Regina Bradley.

The Cavalier—Philip Ruskin.

The Innocents Abroad—Business Seniors.

The Sky Pilot—William Morrison.

In the Palace of the King—In Mr. Clarke's private office.

The Pilot—Harold Turner.

Two Years before the Mast—Second and third year Latin.

Our Mutual Friend—Miss Alma Blaisdell.

Three Musketeers—Richard Whorf.

Matthew Walsh.

Richard Canton.

The Broad Highway—The third floor corridor.

The Sea Wolf—"Breeze" Freeman.

The Call of the Wild—The sounds heard during a girl's gym period.

Up from Slavery—Entering the Sophomore class.

Silent Places—Rooms 14 and 15.

Mysterious Island—Snake Island.

They That Walk in Darkness—Girl Haters.

The Crisis—Waiting to see if you pass.

Huckleberry Finn—Sidney Blandford.

**WELL, WELL!**

Little Anna had just taken her first geography lessons. One day her mother saw her throwing her new doll into the well.

"Why, Anna," said her mother, "What do you mean by throwing your newest dolly into the well? Don't you know that you can never get her again?"

"Oh, yes I will, mother," said the child, "'Cause teacher told us that the world turns upside down every day!"

**BASKET BALL.**

Winthrop started the season well, beating the alumni 23 to 18. The second team also won 13 to 8. Then the first league game.

**Jan. 6. Winchester at Winchester.**

Winthrop 25, Winchester 15.

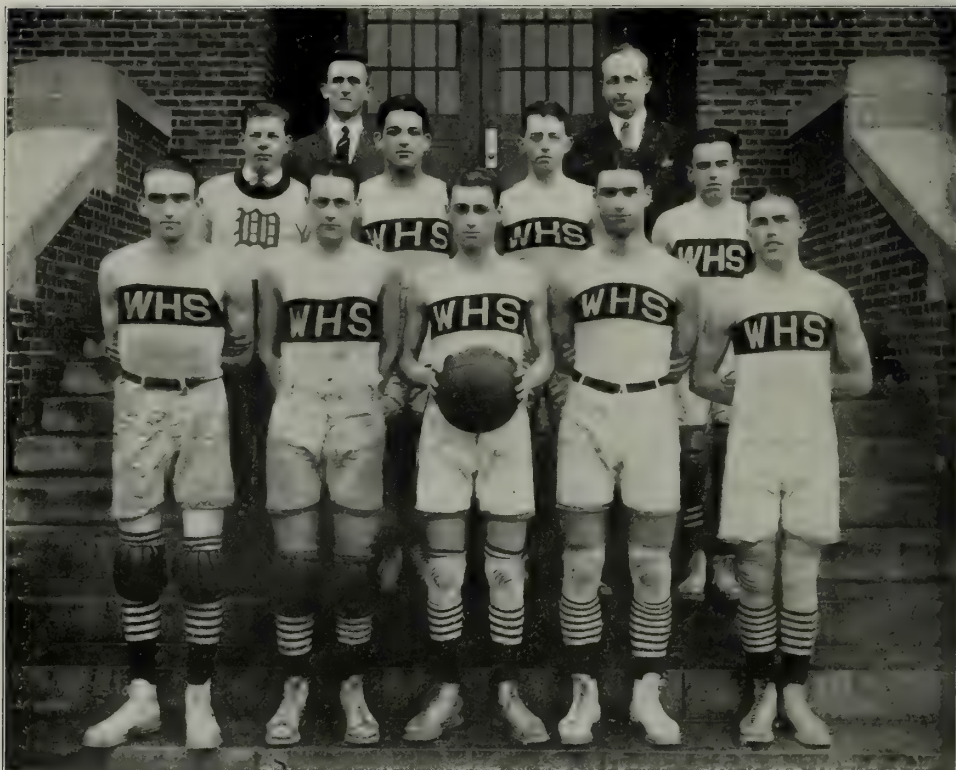
We handed Winchester a little surprise. Tansey starred for Winchester while every man of Winthrop played a fine passing game.

**Jan. 7. Worcester Academy at Worcester.**

Winthrop 12, Worcester 15.

Jimmie Foote made 8 of the 12 points. Gore and Benson each counted one basket.





**Jan. 13. Watertown at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 19, Watertown 5.

Moskee's men were supposed to win but Benson and Gore, with fast pass work, made them look foolish.

**Jan. 17. Wellesley at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 29, Wellesley 10.

Again the passing game brought us through.

**Jan. 20. Brockton at Brockton.**

Winthrop 19, Brockton 17.

Billhardt was well covered and could not get in his long shots. Russell starred for Winthrop with his "unconscious" shot in the last few seconds.

**Jan. 25. Chelsea at Chelsea.**

Winthrop 28, Chelsea 19.

Chelsea was readily disposed of for the sixth straight victory. Benson showed class in the one-hand shots under the basket.

**Jan. 10. Natick at Natick.**

Winthrop 33, Natick 13.

We proved ourselves superior to Natick.

**Feb. 10. Watertown at Watertown.**

Winthrop 13, Watertown 9.

Capt. Gore was out of the game with influenza, but we made the best of the loss and once taking the lead we covered up tightly and played a defensive game.

**Feb. 3. Natick at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 24, Natick 11.

We kept a lead and finished strong. Gore, Benson, and Stavredes starred.

**Feb. 28. Wellesley at Wellesley.**

Winthrop 33, Wellesley 17.

The captain of Wellesley was their star. Our passing game won again.

**Mar. 13. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 26, Chelsea 12.

Chelsea was downed for the second time.

**Mar. 7. Brockton at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 15, Brockton 16.

An overtime period was necessary and we were nosed out.

**Mar. 22. Winchester at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 22, Winchester 11.

Winchester met her Waterloo again. Our passing completely fooled them.

**Mar. 17. Bangor at Tufts College.**

Winthrop 26, Bangor 31.

Tough luck! Bangor nosed us out and eliminated us from the Tuft's Tournament. Well! anyway we saw some fine games.

**Mar. 27. Brockton at Tuft's College.**

The better team (Billhardt) cut loose, and, in company with Hannon, dropped in sufficient to keep Brockton in the lead. Wile was given a chance to play the last few seconds.

Brockton 24, Winthrop 17.

Thus Winthrop High finished a very successful season. Everyone played his best, and, although we did not bring home all of the bacon, we got most of it. We must be content and wait to see Capt. Wile and his team come through next year. All of this year's team will be graduated, so it's up to you, Horry, to keep up our good name in basketball. Good Luck!

**FIELD HOCKEY.**

Hail to the field hockey champions! For the second year in succession, the Winthrop High girl's field hockey team has won the Greater Boston Championship.

Winthrop opened the season with only four veterans; namely—Mary Lochhead, Captain; Louise Murphy, Manager; Esther Peterson, and Ruth Evans. However, the team developed rapidly, and we soon had one of the fastest teams around Boston. Our girls surpassed their rivals in team work and clever stick play.

The regular line up follows:

Esther Peterson	L. W.
Mary Lochhead	L. I.
Edna Muldoon	C. F.
Marjorie Douglas	R. I.
Doris Enos	R. W.
Vivian Carr	L. H. B.
Ruth Evans	C. H. B.
Margaret Barter	R. H. B.
Ruth Anthony	R. H. B.
Louise Murphy	L. F. B.



Roosevelt Boyd     R. F. B.  
 Carolyn Magee     G.

Gladys Wood, Marie McCann and Irene Peterson were substitutes.

A great deal of credit for the successful season should be given to the second team, which kept the first team hustling all the time. The team was very fortunate in having two capable coaches, Miss Fogg of Sar-gent, and Miss Nowers of the faculty.

The summary of games:

Winthrop 5, Woburn 0.  
 Winthrop 11, Winchester 0.  
 Winthrop 1, Lexington 1.  
 Winthrop 4, Arlington 2.  
 Winthrop 5, Watertown 0.  
 Winthrop 5, Winchester 0.  
 Winthrop 2, Arlington 2.  
 Winthrop 2, Lexington 0.  
 Winthrop 4, Woburn 0.

Now, "23," it's up to you to win that cup for good!

### TRACK.

With a substantial number of veteran runners from which to choose, Winthrop High started early in the season to make its presence felt in track circles. The senior relay team, consisting of Captain Weibel, McKenney, Gore, and Lawler, gathered its first laurels in the Y. M. C. A. meet by pinning defeat on Gloucester. Late in January Winthrop was defeated by Browne and Nichols School and by Dummer Academy, chiefly because of Winthrop's lack of training.

In the Legion meet, held February 22nd, the relay team—composed of Weibel, Stockwell, McKenney and Lawler—was defeated by Hyde Park, the champion team of Boston, but finished way ahead of South Boston in the fastest race of the meet. Weibel was shut out in the semi-finals of the fifty-yard dash. Tasker and Flannery ran in the half-mile but failed to place.

Winthrop was among the leaders in the State meet on March 4th. Sam Weibel won his heat in the 60-yard dash, but was unable to place in the semi-finals. Jack Knell sprang a big surprise and walked away with the 35-yard dash for juniors. The senior relay team again brought Gloucester to its doom, and beat them by nearly forty yards. The junior relay team—consisting of Ward, Haley, Berry, and Levy—won the half-lap relay race on a foul. The intermediate relay team—composed of Ross, Kelly, Flannery

and Haynes—was outclassed in size and finished third. Grady, McKenney, Tasker and Higgins failed to qualify in their trial heats.

Winthrop entered a small team in the Boston College meet but scored no points. One of the most interesting dual meets of the year was that with Rindge Tech, on May 5th, when Winthrop nosed out its adversaries by a narrow margin, the score being 37 to 35. The final event of the meet was the quarter mile, in which Winthrop's only entry was Lawler. It looked as though Rindge would capture all three places, thus defeating Winthrop by a solitary point; but near the finish Lawler "turned on the juice full force" and crossed the line in third place, clinching the meet for us. Tasker won the 880, McKenney the broad jump, Weibel the dash, and Foote the mile. The first three also scored in other events, Weibel winning ten points.

On May 12th, Winthrop trounced its old friend Gloucester 68 to 40. Weibel scored 13 points. Weibel, McKenney and Lawler took first, second, and third places respectively in the 100 and 220. Stockwell won the high jump, Grady the broad jump, McClintock the shotput, Lawler the 440, Higgins the 660, and Knell the junior 50. It looks as if Gloucester didn't have a chance.

In the Harvard Interscholastic meet Weibel finished fourth in his heat in the hundred-yard dash, which was won by Norton of Exeter and clocked for 10 2-5 seconds. Tasker and Higgins finished well up in the half, which was won by O'Neil of Exeter in 4:26, equalling the long standing scholastic record for the event.

Winthrop also entered in the B. A. A. and the outdoor State meets and was awarded a good share of the points. It defeated Quincy with a score of 39 to 33.

Taking all in all, the track team fulfilled the highest expectations and had a very prosperous year. Mention should be made here of the conscientious and laudable manner in which the runners applied themselves to their training throughout the year. Often during the winter, when the track was rendered unserviceable by bad weather conditions, several of the boys went to Boston College to train. The results of their faithful training were quickly seen when the boys struck the cinders for the spring season.

Great praise should be attributed to Mr. Ronan who devoted a large part of his time to training the team, and who, only through





continual effort, succeeded in rounding into shape a team which ranked with the best in the scholastic world.

Captain Sam Weibel proved his worth as an able and efficient leader in being the heaviest scorer for Winthrop and in conducting the track team through the most successful season it has ever had.

Donald Rich of the Junior class was elected by the Athletic Association to succeed William Morrison as manager next year. The school loses few of its runners by graduation this spring, and the prospects for next year are brighter than ever before. Good luck to the track team!

#### BASEBALL.

The 1922 baseball season started off with a bang. Winthrop High, led by Captain Harry Benson and Manager Frank Mahaney, went down to Stage Fort Park, Gloucester, for the opening game in the North Shore League on April 19, and fell on Gloucester

High 13 to 0, in a contest that resulted in a "batfest" for Winthrop. Richard Johnson pitched a masterly game and came within an ace of hurling a no-hit no-run game. Only one lone hit in the ninth inning spoiled his chance of entering the Winthrop Hall of Fame. Captain Benson, Ramsey and Gore played excellent ball in the field, while Stavredes and Russell hit away at will. The former parked the ball on the Gloucester beach for the first home run of the season.

Many a ball game is won on a break, and Swampscott High drew the lucky ticket in an eleven inning game played on Ingleside Park on April 21 and took the award home with them by 11 to 10. Winthrop played a fine brand of ball and led the Swampscott lads until the fateful seventh, when errors that were more or less expensive gave the visitors the lead. Winthrop tightened up and tied up the score in the ninth, and the game went two more sessions, then the break came, and Winthrop tasted its first defeat.

How bitter was the result of the next game with Lynn English, staged at Ingle-side Park, following the Swampscott game, that went to the visitors by 13 to 8. Two straight defeats was a hard dose, but the Lynn nine was a much better team and the veteran team got the decision. Winthrop,

Johnson had a fine team behind him when the bases were stuffed in the eleventh, and the Winthrop team pulled a beautiful double play. Score: Winthrop 11, Lynn 10.

On Saturday, May 29, Lynn English again won by a five run margin at Little River Playground, but this time the score was



although showing much improvement and better baseball, was simply outclassed. Winthrop had several chances to score, but lost them through poor headwork in not running out hits.

In the next game played at Lynn Classical on Wednesday, May 26, the Winthrop boys showed plenty of fight that lasted for eleven innings, enough to get the verdict. Our boys trailed the Lynn team for eight innings with a five run handicap. Timely hits in the ninth tied up the score, and the tenth found the same score on the board. Captain Benson and Ramsey both singled, and Mr. Clarke arrived just in time to see Bill Russell drive the two winning tallies home with a clean single to left field. Robinson started but had a severe case of aeroplaning and "Pep" Gudi and K. Johnson acted as relief pitchers.

somewhat smaller. Winthrop tried hard, and Fitzgerald and Ramsey played some sensational ball in the field; but when hits are hits they cannot be fielded. Stickels fanned no less than thirteen Winthrop batters, and the first twelve Winthrop batters went down by the strike-out route. Score: Lynn 3, Winthrop 8.

The one consolation in the licking that the English team gave us is that Classical took the short end of the two-game series and that class was lacking with the Lynn bunch. K. Johnson pitched a fine game on our own field on Wednesday, May 10, and allowed but six scattered hits. Winthrop started on its winning streak and it is hoped they will not stop. Score: Winthrop 6, Classical 2.



Beverly High was the next to face Winthrop on the local ball park, and they, too, fell victim to the all-around team work of the Winthrop ball tossers. Robinson again toed the mound for Winthrop and pitched fine ball, allowing but one pass and fanning seven men. Kellenburger, Gore, Benson and Fitzgerald led with the stick, and a total of fifteen hits was secured. Score: Winthrop 9, Beverly 3.

Did Winthrop get revenge for that 11 inning loss to Swampscott when the teams met in their second clash? Well, the best that Winthrop could do was to pile up nineteen runs at Jackson Field, Swampscott, while Kenneth Johnson held the Swampscott crowd to three hits. Johnson pitched a remarkable game and twelve Swampscott batters whiffed the breezes. Ramsey and Fitzgerald took the fielding honors and smeared many a line drive that won the praise of the Swampscott rooters. It was hard to tell just who hit the hardest for Winthrop as they batted around in the seventh and eighth innings. Captain Benson, Hazel, Ramsey and Fitzgerald hit away at will. "Nap" Stavredes, with the bases packed, counted his second four-ply hit of the season. Besides the home-run hit, Stavredes got two other singles. Winthrop 19-1.

Marblehead was the next to fall in Winthrop's path, and we again broke into the winning column at Marblehead on May 2. Stan. Robinson, after losing two straight games, went in and hurled a fine game. The few hits that the "headers" got were not in bunches and Stan tightened in the pinches. Besides pitching a great game, Robinson drove in four runs with two safeties. Fitzgerald, Benson and Ramsey covered the diamond in masterly fashion and robbed a good many hits from the Marblehead nine. Winthrop 8, Marblehead 5.

Whether it was the absence of their captain and another member of the squad that took all the good baseball out of Winthrop, or whether they just needed the defeat to keep them in the game, will probably never be decided; but at any rate the Chelsea team took the second game of the series from Winthrop 6 to 4, on Wednesday, May 31, at Ingleside Park. The brilliant baseball by the Chelsea team completely outdid any Winthrop plays of the game.

Four double plays were registered by Chelsea, and all were "doubles" of high class. K. Johnson on the mound had rather an "off day" and was more or less liberal with passes and hits. Robinson went in, in the fifth, and held the visitors for the remainder of the game. Seven Chelsea men waved their bats from Robinson's delivery and could locate but three hits. Fitzgerald and Stavredes hit well, and Russell, acting captain, made some scintillating plays in the infield.

Poor old Revere! Another sting of defeat at the hands of their greatest rivals, Winthrop High. Not in three years—six games—did Revere win a baseball game from Winthrop. This time Revere got off somewhat easier, losing only by a two point margin; but that Winthrop 4, Revere 2 looks pretty good on paper. The game played at Revere on Friday, June 2, was well worth sitting through the hot muggy day. A remarkable feature of the game was that both sides could ring up but seven hits, five of which were Winthrop singles. Revere got two safeties in the first inning, that ended their hitting. Robinson turned in a mighty pretty bit of pitching, fanning 10 men, and issuing two walks. The Winthrop team played "heads up" ball and hustled for everything in sight. Kellenberger for Winthrop hooked up with three of the five hits and swung the stick with such effective results that he was moved up in the batting list. Revere drew first blood in the first inning, when on two hits and two errors they tallied two runs. The Winthrop session was retired in order. In the second frame Winthrop scored two counters with two down. Gore doubled and registered on Kellenberger's single. Robinson was passed, and Benson hit a "teaser" to short that fooled the fielder and Kellenberger scored while the shortstop was frantically trying to pick up the ball. The fourth ended the scoring for both sides when Stavredes "placed" one between first and second. Gore beat out a slow grounder and both scored on Kellenberger's timely clout. The only incident that marred the game in any way came in the way of an injury. "Bill Russell, playing his last game for Winthrop High, smashed a finger while trying to lay down a bunt. Hazel went in in his place. Get the habit, you ball tossers of '23. Trim the Revere bunch if nobody else.



# HOO'S HOO and WY

## JUNIOR CLASS.

*Catherine Ahern*, the poor unfortunate girl who always sits in the front seat.

*Katherine Donovan*, the most recent addition to the bobbed-haired sisters.

*Tina Finkel*, Wouldn't it be awful if Tina lost her tongue, or Freddy left school.

*Georgeanna Gearhart*, The champion songstress—and heartbreaker.

*Mabel Isenberg*, As long as Mabel is around, the theatres won't go bankrupt.

*Mildred Lourie*, The ardent worshiper at Penmanship's shrine—?

*Vivian Moore*, Heavens! Who needs to say anything about Viv? We all know her—and her antics.

*Ethel Sanders*, But speaking of brains, if you don't know anything, ask Ethel.

*Stella Young*, "Laugh and grow fat" doesn't apply to Stella. She laughs at anything and everything, but as for getting fat—take a good look!

*Eleanor Hurley*, She's a darn good kid.

Looking for "Tom" Abely? Just start an argument and you will find him.

*Vivian Carr* thinks swimming in April the height of an exciting time.

Just think—*Anita Bates* hasn't grown up yet. She still plays with a "Teddy"!

What a calamity it would be if *Esther Britt* couldn't say "Oh!"

Poor "Dot" can not stay a "Loane" very long in chemistry with those eyes and that sweet disposition.

Wouldn't you fall down and die if *Ruth Genepre* said, "get out of my way?"

Seems strange *Alice Donovan* likes "Canton" crepe so well.

That's *Edna Muldoon*. Just try to make her sit still a few minutes.

Did you hear that loud "ha, ha"? Well, don't be frightened. It's only the "babe" in the *Mann* family.

*Elsie Crooker* was a bashful little maid until—

That's "Dot" *MacPherson*. Tell her a good joke and then listen to her "har, har, har."

*Horace Wile*, Horry, if you only knew how the folks of W. H. S. appreciate you and your singing you wouldn't be so bashful.

*Thomas Flannery*, Baseball has its Nick

Altrock—the stage has Fred Stone—the movies Charlie Chaplin—and Room 7 has all these combined in Tom.

*Ted Lewis*, We wonder if Ted will live up to reputations of his namesakes such as, "Strangler" Lewis the wrestler—Ted "Kid" Lewis the boxer—"Duffy" Lewis the ball player—and Ted Lewis that renowned jazz artist.

*Abe Pransky*, Pransky is our comedian. He certainly has real wit.

*Clement Higgins*, "Fliggy" has two ambitions in life—first, to find a yeastcake tree, and second to go flitting through life with a "B'ee."

*Frank Gunn*, If "Gunny" were only a girl, what chance would the pretty girls have of winning the title, "Miss Winthrop"?

Where would our football games be if *Theresa Nugent* failed to be among the cheerers?

*Rosamond Barclay* seems to be a second "Spectator."

*Mary Kingsley* is advertising for a menu that will make her grow.

*Dorothy Eaton* knows how to change the subject when someone talks about school.

*Evangeline Crocker* has a very weak voice but very strong knowledge.

*Edwina Bears* is shy when you ask her to show her talent in singing.

Either *Evelyn Farrell* or the Point Shirley Car is late mornings.

*Esther Peterson*, In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns—

No wonder "Bud" *Murray* likes chemistry; look at the number of nice looking girls that surround him.

"At" *Grady* has a lot of superfluous verbosity.

*Matilda Stone's* motto must be, "Don't be caught hurrying."

First on the list we have Prof. *Roger Brown*. The professor has given up his former occupation as "Official French Translator," in order to study "Practical Psychology."

*John Flinn* is thinking of going out for track so that he may catch the elusive Point Shirley trolley more easily.

*John Fulham* believes in practising economy—at least if it applies to home-work.

Did you ever notice that musical smile on *William Robinson*? That is because Bill is learning to play the mandolin.

Try to argue with "*Lewis*" *Patrick*.

"*Rummy*" *Ramsey* finds an attraction in Point Shirley. Can it be the clams?

"*Flash Maskell*" is our walking example of "What the Young Man Will Wear."

Ask *Tom McLeod* where he gets all those passes to the Pit.

*George Plakias* has yet to learn the value of a study period.

Your spelling training of the grades does you good service, *Elmer Shattuck*.

We ask, "Will anyone ever catch up with *Edward Thomas* in mechanical drawing?"

And there's *Tom Tierney* (T. N. T.) a close contestant to Bill Walton for the office of class "staller."

Well, now, Miss *Eleanor Stahr*, is this review or advance?

*Eleanor Plumer* wishes Mr. Sowle would pass out paper.

Was it the witness of the testimony or the testimony's witness that witnessed *Elizabeth Sheehan's* mixup?

What would you do, *Hazel Ives*, if your fingers refused to snap when you forget the lesson?

If *Mildred Mann* ever lost that giggle we would want to lose her.

*Harriet Segal* loves to expound her ideas. English furnishes lots of em.

We hear that *Mary Gillespie* is going on the stage: Probably to tend stage door, as she practises daily.

*Ruth Anderson* is so inspired by the picture of "The Father of His Country" in Room 31 that she often forgets to write anything in English tests.

*Ruth Anthony* just wants to meet the person who invented college entrance Exams.

We are going to give *Roosevelt Boyd* a megaphone for use in Latin.

We can pick out *Margaret Sawyer* easily because she hasn't had her hair bobbed.

*Alice Carsley* doesn't need any new introductions for a few years after French Club initiation.

Bouquets are flying, Duck your head, *Robbie*, or you will get beaned.

We wonder what the attraction in Room 15 is, *Willard Felch*. Explain yourself.

*Wentworth*, Another one of those stage heroes. We wonder if he can make love off the stage, as well as he can on it. Can you, *Rolly*?

*Rez*, Dapper Dan!

A little advice, *Bony*, don't *Chace* the girls so much.

*Sully* loves to make the class laugh, no matter what the consequences are. What would he do at a funeral?

*Wingersky*, A perspiring mechanic, and aspiring student; Oh yeah!

When *McGunigle* tries to be funny he isn't, but, when he isn't trying, he is.

*Hill's* motto, "Slow but Sure!"

*Glover*, Coach Manter: "Glover what can you do best on the team?" *Glover*, "I can catch flies, sir." (Yeah, but what kind of flies?)

*George Moore*—Irrepressible, joyous, irresponsible; What a fine representative of Hart, Schaeffner and Marx *George* would make.

*William Honan*—alias "Nasty," our coming football star, is fond of reading, but we're thankful he doesn't play quarter-back (?) Ask Miss *Drew*, she knows.

*James Esdaile*—is a wizard at "stalling," a rare gift he vehemently utilizes in History. in spite of *Charles Jackson's* firm contradictions; the general could sell a perambulator to a confirmed bachelor. If you care for a good humorous story or a laughable joke, ask *Carl Wheeler*, who makes them more humorous by his facial contortions.

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#### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

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*Max Gosule* must be very well acquainted with the office force, for he has made many trips there this year for "doing nothing," as he said.

No, *Henry Haley* isn't in a trance; he is "just thinking"; so don't disturb him.

With *Nancy Bangs*, *James Riley*, and *Marion Gilman*, any room is kept in good spirits.

*Helen Daily* is quiet in class; but Oh boy! you should see her outside.

*Jessie Stavredes'* ambition is to be an artist's model. Ne'er lose courage, *Jessie*.

*Edna Wood* is "some" athlete. You ought to see her make ten yards.

Where *Irene Gunn* is, there is always light. Yes, red light too.

*Hugh Hewitts* has wonderful stories in English. Where do you get them "*Hughie*."

*Joe King* is an expert ballroom dancer. We understand he is going on *Keith's* circuit.

Alas, now we have our prodigy *Robert Merritt*; what he doesn't know!

"*Mel*" *Honne* is a star when it comes to football. But, Oh well, football's not all.

"Bob" Aloffson, the naughty little boy of the class.

Hovey Rand is just like Wallace Reid. Oh how wonderful is Hovey when asleep!

Douglas has taken a four year course in Soph. English in order to pick out the errors made by Mr. Hitchcock in his grammar.

Mildred Brogan's translation usually ends up with a prolonged "oh."

Beatrice Brown and Lucille Nevers, The Siamese Twins have nothing on Bee and Lucille.

Helen Goldsmith, how many tops of pencils a year do you eat in Room 15?

It would be the eighth wonder of the world if Alice Hall ever stopped combing her hair.

Grace Mullaney is a doll, complete with a bow on her hair.

I wonder how many knitting needles Louise Sperber has worn out.

Eunice Swift, Une petite Tot.

Step up ladies and see Riley! Riley! The wonder man of the High School, James Riley.

Please don't run over Byron Wasson. He's fast asleep.

Richard Whorf's only ambition is to "trod the boards"; Probably he will.

Richard Francis Canton looks just like an Arrow Collar advertisement.

While Virginia Drury is nervous, they say, If she don't stop getting thin, she'll soon fade away.

And Claire Hutchinson is so quiet and meek, That someone has said, "Does she ever speak?"

We now come to Olive with hair long and red, She's sometimes so quiet, you'd think she was dead.

And Dorothea Pratt, with hair somewhat brighter, Is known to the gang as a terrible fighter.

Margaret Smith, they'll never forget our dear little "Tinks!"

Robert Binsson must be a smart boy, for he regards French as a toy.

Francis Ward says, "These freshies get my goat."

Dick Johnson the great high school pitcher. He pitches excuses to Miss Blaisdell.

Charlie McCarthy "Hale and Hearty."

Albert Riley is so smart that he takes French apart.

Gavis Walls is gay when he spies "Gwenie."

Next we see Anita Dingwell the "Goddess of the Waves"; we can't knock her because we know they are natural.

Aha! here they are "The Gold-dust Twins," who prove to be none other than Hope Frankland and Irma Chase.

Lavinia Starkweather refuses to recite.

Dorothy Walker and "Connie" Tewksbury are both good girls and always know their lessons. That is the extent of our knowledge concerning them.

Last but not least is Clara Goldblatt, who we expect to see starring in drama.

Although Teddy Stockwell often goes fishing, he never forgets his "Bates."

I guess "Honey" Bostrom believes in "Ignorance is bliss."

"Bernie" Brogan is expecting a letter any day from "Miller Huggins" telling him to come to New York.

John Metcalf the "Ladies man."

Colby the "nightowl."

Lingley's answers in Physics usually are: "The book says so," or, "I never heard of it."

No wonder Wells gets high marks.

Allen—He'll soon be a teacher de Española.

Ginsberg—Is our class arguer. It's his middle name. Wait until he takes up law next year. He'll argue poor Mr. Ronan blue in the face. "Ginnsy" wins the tin dollar.

Maley—is a regular "Caruso." He goes through the hall singing best selections from "Ginsy's" orchestra. He even rivals our unrivalable Louis Patrick.

A. Schober—doesn't swallow the books much. She has brains in her feet, even, Just think!

Roslyn Frankenstein—She's small, but she's somewhere near the top of the class.

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## FRESHMAN CLASS.

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Margaret Foran, In history she is usually half awake, But when it comes to dancing, She always takes the cake.

Miss Kent has the honor of writing the best "long winded" oral theme in the class.

Arthur Bulfinch, an anchor is all you need, my boy, for your oral themes are quite all right when you're once secure in position.

Roger Titus, we have a suggestion for your future ambition!

Margaret Wallace, it must be wonderful to be smart like you, no studying, oh no, not much!

Winthrop Lyons, a primary class in spelling is the only hope for you!

Dorothy Pennie, "Silence is golden," that's



what we think of you in school. Don't deceive us!

*Porter Webster*, it's all a matter of destination isn't it? To class—a snail you go, to meet a girl—a rapid “loco.”

*Dorothy Creighton* “Red, red as a rose.” When her lesson she doesn't know.

The last fad that “*Dot*” *Russell* and “*Peggy McCann*” brought into the class was earrings.

*Pauline Hansen* has a vivid imagination. Remember the description of her oral composition “the man with the Palm Beach suit who wore a derby.”

*Walter Baker*, what color are your eyes? I've never seen them open.

*Theodore Bears* is always ready for an argument.

Will *Chandler Brown* ever stop answering “huh” and “yup”?

*Joseph Doherty*, you're not guilty are you?

Where did *Robert Egan* acquire that military pose? It isn't from gym (ask Mr. J. W. Manter).

*Raymond Flannery*, would that we had your charming smile! It gets the teachers all right.

*Natalie Hoberman*, the girl always wearing an innocent smile. Never mind, your size warrants it.

How did *Elmer King* learn to comb his hair so many ways?

We wish *Helen Kennedy* wouldn't yell so loud in her recitations. It might wake up some of the study pupils.

“Learn to smile” is *Helen Sullivan's* advice to all; and best of all she practices her advice.

*Wellington* or “*Dukie*” *Stewart* is a regular “Latin Shark.”

*Charles B. Ried*. Poor old “Bert” is not much of a flirt, but all old bachelors eventually kick up the dirt.

*Herman McEachern*, ain't he grand! like a piano.

*Evangeline Jenkins*, your bobbed hair is certainly becoming. But look out Evangeline, that the damp weather doesn't get you!

*Clinton Reed*, we congratulate you on your magnetic power, and we'll be envious when it attracts other pleasures than sessions.

*Roger Titus*, you certainly have queer ideas for one of your size. A pen or pencil often seems to serve you completely when a rattle is unavailable.

*Marie Pimentel*, tell us the secret of those pretty curls.

*Dorothy Cusiter*, the lass who still defies

the latest style of hair dressing by her bewitching curls.

*Violette Ridgeway*, what is that which adorns your brow? Ah! I perceive; it is a fishhook.

*Charles Berry* is quiet (?) a little fellow that combs his hair diligently every noon.

*Raymond Sioffi*, Ray's name in Italian means “handsome” Hmmmmmm,—well judge for yourself.

*Mary Carnicelli* and *Margurate Leviston* carry on a regular debating class in history.

We surely like *Elva Williams'* oral recitations, especially when we can understand them.

*Geraldine Totman* always has perfect recitations. How does she do it?

And now we come to *Edward Brumby* and although very small he is the biggest joke of our class.

*Milton Brush* and Mr. Watson are such good friends that Milton may be seen any day sitting in the front seat.

*Phillip Cravetz* is the one with the bushy hair.

*Kenneth Hanson* is the only original inventor of home-made Latin.

*Melvin Johnson* has been troubled with a radio bug.

*Berand Basch* just loves to argue with teachers but he never wins.

*Salvadore Perone* is our French shark.

*Louis Racca* is our future basketball star.

*Johnny Roth's* jokes are always greeted with a great uproar (coming) from him alone.

Remember, *Arthur Gordon*, when raising your hand in class, that that is a signal for recitation and not for the “next dance.”

*Gordon McGrath* the lad who is more interested in the complexities of the coiffures of his class than in the solution of arithmetic problems.

Don't worry, *John Harkins* and *Charles MacPhetres*, you know “great oaks from little acorns grow.”

*Lillian King* and *Laura Phillips*, the twin consiences for Freshman Bus. B.

You never seem to get those little yellow slips. No wonder you're “Happy” *Doane*.

If you happen to need a big wide grin apply to *Molly Price*; she gives them away.

“R. U. A. Shifter,” You sure are a qualified number. *Dot Gaddis*, you shift your lessons, with great easiness, to the next fellow.

Yes isn't it horrid that they put such a grown up young lady in with the little freshies, *Lillian Harwick*.

Little *Alice Cunningham* just "adores" earrings, but don't you think they're rather big for a "Little Cunning Ham" like you, Alice?

*Ruth Herbert's* smile cannot be extinguished.

*Vincent Petrucci* is the source of your pencils and pens the fruits of borrowing?

*Marie Tewksberry* is a great aid to the town. She helps to support the post on the corner of Pauline and Pleasant Sts.

Although one of the smallest in the class *Margaret Steele* puts up the biggest argument.

*Edmund Morrison* the class grinner adores memorizing. Ask Mr. Ronan.

"*Jackie*" *Knell* will soon be "trodding the boards,"—or will he get a medal for a dash across the stage?

Surprise package—*Allan Currier*. Where does he get the brains? There's not room for many in his head.

Famous saying—"No, I didn't do my homework," by *Harriet Taylor*.

*Fred Gillespie* is carrying on the family banner. How many more are there, Fred?

What do you use on the old bean, *Hewitt*? Axle grease?

*Edward Blossom*, Mr. Manter's star pupil—(star-gazing).

"*Gertie*" *Stanford* is a relief from all those Freshmen.

The Freshman Class is lucky to have a good pal, a good sport, a good student, and a good musician, all wrapped up in little *Fred-die Martel*.

Why don't you do anything to be slammed about, *Helen Brousseau*?

*Henry Brooks*—"Angel Child."

Isn't *Rufus Madison* the sweetest little thing?

We won't hold your name against you, *McGarigle*.

*Guy Lothrop*—"Be different, have a laugh like mine."



# ALUMNI

WHERE THE ALUMNI MAY BE FOUND

- |                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Abbott Academy                      | Dartmouth College                 |
| Gwendolyn Bloomfield '19            | Chester McClintock '19            |
| Boston Art Museum School            | Winthrop Nazro '19                |
| John Whorf '20                      | Philip Segal '19                  |
| Boston Normal School                | Eliot Hall '19                    |
| Eleanor Abely '20                   | Emmanuel College                  |
| Sara Larkin '20                     | Anna Fulham '19                   |
| Catherine Herbert '19               | Dean Academy                      |
| Boston School of Physical Education | Harry Dean '20                    |
| Ruth Sawtell '20                    | Phillips Exeter Academy           |
| Boston University                   | Frank Ross                        |
| College of Business Administration  | General Electric School, Lynn     |
| Benjamin Miller '20                 | Norman Flye '19                   |
| Arthur Brown '20                    | Georgetown University             |
| Fred Perlmutter '19                 | Albert Mannix '19                 |
| Norman Ford '20                     | Gordon Barry '20                  |
| College of Liberal Arts             | Harvard University                |
| Inez Wingersky '19                  | George Murphy '20                 |
| Ellamae Flynn '21                   | Morris Marden '21                 |
| Henrietta Perkins '21               | Fred Mullowney '21                |
| College of Secretarial Science      | Leland Powers School of Oratory   |
| Beatrice Carro '20                  | Thelma Seibert '20                |
| Helen Dervan '20                    | Esther Segal '20                  |
| Elinor Doherty '20                  | Mass. Agricultural College        |
| Grace Gillespie '20                 | Donald White '19                  |
| Helen O'Toole '20                   | Mass. Institute of Technology     |
| Flora O'Toole '19                   | Francis Galassi '20               |
| Vivian Smith '20                    | Frank Hallam '20                  |
| Iris Wingersky '20                  | Stanley Stedfast '20              |
| Mary Lee '19                        | George Devlin '19                 |
| Agnes Sands '19                     | Donald Gardner '19                |
| Gertrude Murphy '19                 | Donald McNeil '21                 |
| Bowdoin College                     | Harry Smith '21                   |
| Crawford Churchill '20              | Stewart Perry '21                 |
| Boston College                      | William Staples '21               |
| Francis Littleton '20               | Miss McClintock's School          |
| Bradford Academy                    | Elizabeth Allen '20               |
| Dorothy Curtis '21                  | Middlebury College                |
| Burdett Business College            | Elizabeth Gordon '20              |
| William E. Burke, Jr. '20           | Mt. Holyoke College               |
| Ruth Kirk '20                       | Jeannette Simpson '20             |
| Miss Capen's School                 | Margaret McIntyre '19             |
| Helen Curtis '20                    | New England Conservatory of Music |
| Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg       | Sadie Liberman '20                |
| Robert Nicholls '19                 | Normal Art School                 |
| Chauncy Hall                        | Harold Lindergreen '20            |
| Fred Hutchinson '19                 | Northeastern College              |
| John Cronin '20                     | Sanborn Strong '20                |
| Colby College                       | Lewis Swett '20                   |
| Richard Pike '19                    | Harold Wheeler '20                |



James Dempsey '19	Simmons College
Paul Hayes '19	Eva Band '20
Fred Holthaus '19	Alice Porter '20
Laurence Jennings '19	Ruth Sullivan '20
Robert Bell '20	Smith College
Kenenth Reid '21	Elizabeth Blandford '20
Norwich University	Tufts College
Lewis Hill '20	Charles Harris '20
Edwin Jenkins '20	George Kemp '20
Jack Lewis '20	Harold Sisson '20
Ohio Wesleyan	Harry Spunt '20
Irene Russell '20	Hyman White '20
Radcliffe College	Harry Daniels '19
Dorothy Littlefield '19	Wellesley College
Salem Normal School	Louise Whittemore '20
Annuncia Farina '19	Wentworth Institute
Sargent Dramatic School	A. Terrile '20
John Clayton '20	West Point Military Academy
Sargent School	Frederick Howell '19
Barbara Johnson '19	Wheaton College
	Ruth Gordon '20





# EXCHANGE

John C. Wright

"The Echo" acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges.

"*The Colby Voice*," Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

"*The Golden Rod*," Quincy H. S., Quincy, Mass.

"*The High School Herald*," Westfield H. S., Westfield, Mass.

"*Lasell Leaves*," Lasell Seminary, Auburn-dale, Mass.

"*The Monitor*," Wellesley H. S., Wellesley, Mass.

"*The Palmer*," Palmer H. S., Palmer, Mass.

"*The Peals*," Orange H. S., Orange, Mass.

"*The Quill*," Barret Manual Training H. S., Henderson, Ky.

"*The Red and Black*," Rogers H. S., Newport, R. I.

"*The Rensselaer Polytechnic*," Troy, N. Y.

"*The Red and Blue*," St. Joseph's H. S., Manchester, N. H.

"*The Red and Gray*," Lynn English H. S., Lynn, Mass.

"*The Round-Up*," Reading H. S., Reading, Mass.

"*The Semaphore*," Stoughton H. S., Stoughton, Mass.

"*The School Bell*," Big Stone Gap H. S., Big Stone Gap, Va.

"*The Student*," English H. S., Providence, R. I.

"*The Taconic*," Williamstown H. S., Williamstown, Mass.

"*M. H. S. Review*," Medford H. S., Medford, Mass.

"*The Carnegie Tartan*," Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Penn.

"*The Jabberwock*," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"*The Purple and Gold*," Nute H. S., Milton, N. H.

"*The Western Star*," Western Junior H. S., West Somerville, Mass.

## AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"*The Colby Voice*." Your magazine is excellent, but we think it could be improved by adding some stories.

"*The High School Herald*." Greetings to the "Herald," an enjoyable paper.

"*The Red and Gray*." Your editorials and stories are the best yet.

"*The Semaphore*." How does it feel to be on the "W. H. S. Echo" exchange list?

"*The Monitor*." This magazine has good short stories but the joke department could be improved by enlarging it.

"*The Palmer*." You publish remarkably good stories.

## AS OTHERS SEE OUR BI-MONTHLY "ECHO."

"We are always looking forward to receiving your paper, and should be mighty disappointed if it didn't arrive! It is well written and the jokes are snappy." *The Golden Rod*.

"A snappy little weekly paper. All the departments are good, but why are they not larger? *The High School Herald*."

"Your ads could be arranged better. Otherwise a fine paper, indeed!" *The Quill*.

"An interesting little paper. The editorial 'Confidence' is very good. A peppy paper. 'Nuff said!" *Red and Black*.

"Your paper is one of the most interesting that has come to our table. We welcome you with outstretched arms. We read with interest the athletic notes, of which your paper has very many." *The Red & Blue*.

"You certainly have an ambitious paper. Maybe some of us wish that the Aeneid would be more like your 'The Big Crash.' " *The Round-Up*.

"Your paper is much appreciated. Please let it come again." *The Periscope*.

"Your paper is eagerly read in Pinkerton." *The Pinkerton Critic*.

# COMMENCEMENT

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Parents and friends of the graduating class and members of the school committee: On behalf of the class of 1922 it is my pleasure to extend to you a cordial welcome to our class day exercises. This day marks for us the passing of our happy school days and the beginning of other days that mean so much to us. In our school days just past, we have grown up together, forming friendships and associations that will be the foundation of our business and social future. We therefore desire that these class day exercises may cement for all time, the friendship and associations thus made, and that this occasion will always linger in our memories. We ask you to enjoy the day with us and enter into the spirit of the occasion just as though you were one of us.

And now, my dear classmates, I know it is not necessary to remind you of the part we are to play in these exercises except to say, that everything today is done in a spirit of fun and good fellowship. Regardless of how you may be referred to, remember it is all in fun and no slight is intended, but go on the principle that every knock is a boost. We ought to be proud of this day and thankful that we are a part of it. I do not know how to describe it better than with the opening lines of George Cohen in his show, "The Tavern."

" 'Tis great to have been born to live a day like this."

JOHN GORE '22.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1922.

For ye who would recall  
The memories dear of high school all,  
We evoke the tongue of Father Time  
To give ye forth the words sublime.

So Father Time, old man so sage,  
We pray thee, of thy boundless age,  
To bring to us those memories dear  
Of days long past, of friends sincere.  
(Father Time speaks in sepulchral tones)  
Methinks I hear the call of mortal man  
upon my earth below asking for knowledge  
of the past. For him will I unveil the crys-

tal that he may gaze into its magic depths and give to the world the wisdom hidden there. Now will I take myself to mortal sphere to satisfy the clamor of the throng. Come ye mortals. Gather round about me, the Father of all Time, to hear the knowledge that ye wish.

The crystal shows me a scene four years back in early fall. I see some young folks laughing and chattering as they climb their noisy way up the stairs to the grand assembly hall. How strange the boys look as they simper along the corridors, their long trousers flapping in the breeze, "a world too wide." The girls are very shy and demure with their hair up for the first time.

December brings the Senior play "Tom Pinch," which is joyously attended by the first-year men. The year passes quickly, and soon I see the midget freshmen attending their social "hop." Methinks ye strutting swain are somewhat bashful for, instead of escorting your fairest one upon your gallant arm, you allow her to trip gaily along a few feet in advance with a group of other girls. Now the initial year is drawing to a close and vacation time with all entrancing arm beckons to light hearts to come and play.

Summer flits by all too quickly, and again in the Fall I see the self-same group ready to take up the activities of the coming year. These young ones are grown larger now and their mental aspect has changed. Infinitely wise they are, and oh how vain! A Sophomore is the wisest and vainest being that ever existed and he is not afraid to say so. As I search more deeply into the crystal, I perceive some boys perspiring profusely in a nearby field. They are members of the same class playing football. They are not on the first team but quite evidently hope to be some time. With Winter's arrival comes the Senior classic, "The Prince Chap," which is duly attended and appreciated by the Sophomores.

The scene changes and now are seen the girls and their escorts, braving the chill winds of Spring to attend the Sophomore dance. Inside the school on the gym floor the merrymakers are gaily dancing under the multi-colored canopy of decorations. Now the year has passed, and youthful



hearts again are filled with dreams of all the pleasures that Summer can offer.

In the Fall our little Sophomores have reached the high estate of Juniors. The growing bud of wisdom has been instilled in them and now begins to blossom forth as a beautiful flower. At last the eternal weakness of the stronger sex is beginning to crop out. The corridors are never vacant during the recess periods but are cluttered up with Cupid's couples busily chatting together. Now I see the girls exuberantly celebrating, for they have just won the field hockey championship of Massachusetts. At last the girls are coming into their own in athletics.

The next event of importance is the Senior play "Green Stockings," which is well presented by members of the Senior class. Winter is fast approaching and bringing with it the Yule-Tide holidays, for which everyone is busily preparing. Christmas come and goes; Spring arrives, bringing with it aspirants for the baseball team. On flies time, and soon the song birds and the gentle warmth of the June sun are proclaiming the annual two months' vacation.

As all good things must, vacation comes to an all too sudden end, and once more the comrades are gathered together to finish the fourth and final year.

Now my crystal shows me the football team composed almost entirely of Seniors, for these at last have gained the honor they so long have sought. Yet it remains for the girls to bring honor to the high school by winning for the second time the field hockey championship.

Christmas time brings on the Senior dance, the social event of the year. Once more old friends gather together to worship joyfully the god of dance. My magic eye now shows a goodly crowd attending the Senior play, "Barbara Frietchie." The people say that it was the finest play ever presented by the school, and many curtain calls testify to its popularity.

Springtime ushers in the baseball season and the finest team the school has had in years. It has been many a long year since a Senior class has been able to boast such a record as this team has made. Now I see

many of the school's would-be actors strenuously cavorting in the Senior Vaudeville entertainment before admiring eyes. The entertainment seems to be enjoyed by reason of the rounds of applause that sweep over the room.

With the arrival of June the Senior "Prom" is the center of interest. To most of the class it cannot but be a somewhat sad occasion, for it is a farewell dance, the last time that as a class the comrades shall dance together.

There now remains but one more event—graduation, the crowning glory of all. After four years of earnest toil I see the class receiving their diplomas, the just reward of their efforts. To this graduating class I all honor give, for they are about to take up the tasks that a failing generation has left for them.

It is most fitting that reference here be made to the untimely decease of two classmates, Gladys Jones and Elliot Johnson. Time can never take away the memories of our associations with them. We loved them; we cannot forget.

How different now does the crystal show the class that entered the high school four years ago. Then they were boys and girls; now they are men and women stalwart and strong, ready to take up life's battles. Years will pass, friends may die, but ever unto eternity shall these dear comrades remember the good fellowship that existed among them as the class of nineteen-twenty-two.

HAROLD TURNER '22.

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Once a maid lost her strap,  
And reclined in a bachelor's lap;  
"O, pardon!" she cried;  
And the monster replied:—  
"Keep your seat—I'm a sociable chap!"

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On Tuesdays in Miss Ackley's Junior French Class no one is allowed to speak a word of English unless he pays a fine of one sou (one cent). We won't have much left out of one week's allowance according to the way Miss Ackley goes "a mile a minute!"

## CLASS PROPHECY OF 1922.

Last night was the 14th of June, 1935, just thirteen years since my High School Class Day. Well, after living safely through so many unlucky days, I thought I would celebrate by my favorite indoor sport, a seance. Stella Galassi had her studio on a nearby street; so I dropped in for an agreeable evening. The first thing Stella said to me, was, "How would you like to see the old bunch of 1922?" Stella, by the way, was one of my old classmates.

"Great," I answered, "I've often wondered what they would be doing after all this time."

She lost no time in getting started, and soon I was oblivious to everything except just what was being shown in the crystal. First there came to my view the seashore town of Winthrop, the old stamping grounds of '22. There in the Town Hall, a new one, by the way, sat Johnny Gore, still retaining his old Senior attitude, "I'd rather be first among the boneheads than Governor of Rhode Island." Johnny was the chairman of the Board of Selectmen. Believe it or not.

Suddenly I saw a great crowd of people get off the "Narrow Escape" and move in a body to River Road. I looked closer and saw John Barry, Presidential candidate, conducting a Home Town campaign in opposition to the Pink Tea campaign of Louise Murphy, the Women's Athletic Party's choice, Louise had been President for the last four years. They changed the age limits just to let her in, and she wanted the job again because she had to work so hard.

The scene shifted. This time to Snake Island where the new University has just been completed as the graduate school of Winthrop High School. Out there Bob Hazel was ably holding down the important position of dean, and Davis Belcher was teaching the leading subject, super-radio. Dot Schueler was teaching the only other subject, "Super-Psychosis." As I watched, Phil Ruskin entered one gate of the College playing the fiddle. He went straight across the flats and out the other gate, playing his way through college, as it were.

Over on Deer Island Dr. Deane Baker was experimenting with his anti-sleep serum. He had Laurie Bicknell and Dewey Olofson sleeping twenty-four hours a day. When they had been sleeping steadily for about a week, he took some of their blood and then

injected this serum into a human being. The result obtained was a sleepless individual.

Out in the Brewster's, Ted Atcherley and Charlotte Trowbridge, now starring in the movies, were working hard under the direction of Ken Sawin, writer, director, and producer. All Ken left for anybody else to do was watch it. On another part of the island "Montana Jim" Stokes was slumbering until time to go into the fray as the villain.

The scene slowly shifted to New York by way of Long Island, where Harold Turner was cleaning up all the golf championships with his new patented idea "Walkless Golf." At the same club Norm Kellenberger had just cleaned up Prince Ah-Chew of Japan for the Davis Cup.

The globe slowly turned and disclosed the college town of Princeton. It was Prom week and among the colorful crowd I saw the old inseparables, Ruthie Evans, Mary White, Dottie Donovan and Doris Enos, now confirmed "Prom Girls," on their way to the annual marble game with Oxford and Cambridge, and Dartmouth. Accompanying them were Bill MacKusick, captain of the English team; Wee McClintock, coach of the Dartmouth aggregation; and Bill Russel and Frank Mahaney, clean-up man and publicity expert respectively for the Princeton team. Over in the Gym was Howie Freeman with his "Ultra-Collegiate Dance Orchestra" of world wide radio fame.

Slowly the view travelled North to New York where it seemed that every other face was a familiar one. Down Broadway came Mildred Brittain, Helen Cammal, Verna Coffin, Florence Exley, Helen Flanagan and Eva Hannaford, on their way to a rehearsal of Ray Sullivan's new musical comedy "Ink." Right after them and headed for the same place came Ruth Colson, whose dancing had surprised the world and even excited a little applause out of a Boston audience.

In a musical store window a large sign announced that Celia Branz would sing selections from the latest opera, by radio, accompanied by Beulah Cooper on the piano.

Around the corner was a Bolshevik meeting conducted by Catherine Devlin, a walking delegate for the "International Order of Reddy Reds." She was clamoring for the release from jail of Kip Patterson, who had been incarcerated for whispering too loudly in a public library. Beatrice Abrams and Alice Ahearn, very busy doing nothing,



sauntered up to ask about the meeting. Viola Bostrom joined them and told them the latest developments on her 98th street milkweed farm.

Just then Ethel Brooks and Clara Brown came along on their way to the airdrome. They looked prosperous and indeed they were. The president had appointed them both to benches in the supreme court. With them were Doris Cunning and Marion Dealy, who were pilot and observer of the justices' airplane. Sadie Cherney, in overalls and grease, brought up the rear. She was a mechanic who came to tell the judges that their pet plane had sprained an ankle and couldn't fly.

Up at the City Hall Bunny Joyce, representative of the Hannibal Road Crusher Co., was bidding for a contract to put a rubber spring sidewalk in the middle of Broadway. Winthrop Gordon, the other contractor, advocated his new line of paper mache street car tracks.

Then the globe showed the office of the New York World. There in the editor's chair was "Hy" Silverstein and next to him, taking dictation by telephone was Bertha Alexander, his stenog. At the City Editor's desk was Art Davis, listening to the excited reports of June Eaton and Sid Blandford who had just come from the public performance of a great robbery.

At the Polo Grounds, Kenny Johnson was pitching sterling ball, and "Peanut" Benson, so-called because of his immense size, was so far errorless at second.

In the stands Mutt Bostrom was selling candy, peanuts and chewing gum to the starving spectators. Jimmy Foote was selling score cards for the people to draw pictures on. Down in front was Sam Branz, successor to Woolworth. With him as his guest was Hyman Ednas, maker of diamond rings to retail at a half a dime apiece. "You can't tell them from glass" is his business motto. Back of him was Jimmy Fraser who won the international nine-pin championship in 1934, and has been feasted and dined all over the world since.

The yachtsman, Breeze Freeman, owner of the contender for the cup, "Breeze II," was there with his family—you know, his father and mother and three brothers.

Over on one of the back streets was Mary Fielding's new physical examination parlor. There Ellen Haley and Sarah Foster were measuring the energy necessary to roll a stone down a fifty per cent grade. Augusta

Fingold stood near by at a table covered with apparatus, measuring the number of calories a person must eat a day to count money in a bank.

While this was going on, who should knock on the door but Davie Lavien, selling silk stockings. With him was Allen MacQuarrie an exponent of the other end of the business, selling snappy silk shirts for special occasions. Their chauffeur was George Lawler, who drove one of the new Smith Trucks.

Around the corner was Margaret Barter's school of elocution. There she taught children and others to speak.

Then slowly but surely the scene went to the Pennsylvania station, New York. There stood Madeline Anthony resplendent in her new uniform as train announcer. She was chatting with Mildred Burke who was behind a lunch counter. Nearby, in a light grey uniform, was Eleanor Daniels, the only woman R. R. Police in the country.

Alighting from a locomotive that just pulled in were the two Evelyns, Gillespie and Ingalls, who held the record for the fastest time between East Boston and New York. From her cramped position in a hundred and ten foot private car emerged Helen Fraser who was getting first hand information on her new book, "Roughing It by Rail."

Just getting on a train to Frisco was Joe McIntyre, manager and instructor of Sam McPhetres, world famous fast-dancer. With them and on the same vaudeville bill was Bill Morrison, champion track star—(railroad track). Mildred Frankenstein and Gertrude Ednas were touring the world speaking on the subject: "Shall we let the men vote again?" Ruth Gardner and Mary Hutchinson went along to write their lectures for them.

Just around the corner were Alice Haskell and Viola Harron, owners of the great "Haskon Line," guaranteed to be adaptable to any conversation. In the same building with these girls was Raymond Munro, owner of the new Munroboats, paddle, sail, push, or anything. With him as his publicity man was Willard Paine. Frank Perrone, of the Perrone Spaghetti Products Co., had his offices in the next building. Above him was Walter Peterson's school of art. "How Not to Draw" was the main subject.

Down in Greenwich Village in the "Orange Elephant Tea Room" were Margaret Knipe, proprietress; May King, queen of the models; Rose Liberman, teacher of "Painting,



Facial and Otherwise," Mary Lyons, movie actress; and Eleanor McLatchie, who was starring in "Bimmie Bay," opposite Bud Tarker, the dancer.

At the New York Opera House is the Russian Ballet starring the great actress, Mabel Mitchell. In the ballet proper were Dot Miskelly, Marie McCann, Sadie Nickerson and Margaret Munro.

Now the scene takes another cross-country run to Boston, where the first figure we see is that of Al Saunders, directing traffic six ways in Copley Square. As we watch, he pinches Al Smith and Howie Winterbottom for racing down Boylston Street in their Sputz cars.

Out of the Copley Plaza comes strolling a pleasant group headed by Harold Young, a wealthy financier, and made up of Alton Wells, a loan shark, and Doris Orpin and Helen Murljacich, two State secretaries who were taking down every word Young said to use as possible evidence in his three simultaneous divorce suits. Anna Nathanson was strolling along behind with a camera to get a few closeups of the group for the evening "Moon."

Over on the common Mary Lochhead is having a hard time helping Mildred Levine to keep the baby carriage traffic in order.

In the Little Building is Albina Marotta, advance agent for Mary Nugent, who is making a campaign to furnish overcoats to the freezing Africans. Downstairs are Elsa Pearson and Doris Pendleton in their model lunch room, with emergency hospital combined. Rae Perlmutter, Marion Phipps, and Dot Rigg were working in Slattery's showing the newest gowns and such. Ada Rosenberg was selling pencils outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, where Florence Pennie had her news stand. Down Tremont Street came Edith Stewart, Bernice Smith and Florence Royle on their way to the theatre. Ruth Swift and Ethel Smith, hardened first nighters, were on their way to see the new show "Manhattan Isle," in which Bessie Wessels and Daisy Whitman had important parts in the second row of the chorus.

Minerva Whittier, a scribe for the "Traveler," was watching Katherine Welton, the "Human Fly," climb the Oliver Ditson Building without the use of her hands.

Just around the corner in Winter Street was the new office of Frank Savel, Consolidated Junk, Inc. Beneath him was Johnny Raynes, premier banjo artist on Keith's Circuit. Sid Stevenson and Nap Stavredes

were visiting with Johnny and trying out for the summer's contract at Jeffries Point.

As I saw that picture fade out of the crystal, the medium said, "That's all of the class that I can find. The others are either too far away or too near. Five dollars, please."

I paid her the five, and as I was going out of the door ran into Elizabeth Whittemore and Frances Wormhood.

"You mean old thing!" they said in unison. "You're queering our game. We wanted to write the class prophecy, but you've stolen the only real good idea," and Elizabeth hit me over the head with her umbrella.

Oh, what a pain in my head! and how chilly I am! Why, I'm on the floor! It's dark. My room-mate is saying, "For goodness sake, will you get back into bed and stop your raving about your dear classmates?"

So I turned in again and went to sleep.

All a dream.

HOWLAND FREEMAN '22.

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#### THE GIRL OF TODAY: HER IDEALS.

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I am a sincere believer in the fact that the greater part of our fictitious "Follies" are the product of the minds of the people at large. I agree entirely with the person who said, "Five years ago the subject of all fervid discussions was 'The Modern Girl.' " Like all other topics which are taken up by the public in general, we are condemned and excused almost at random.

But who is better prepared to discuss the question of the girl of today than we girls, ourselves? Do we not know better than anyone else what our true selves are? Admitting we do appear independent and have our own little idiosyncrasies as did the girls of the past generations, is that any reason why people who do not know should undervalue our true character?

When you say that you did not have the freedom that we have when you were our age, do you stop to think that the world about you did not move as swiftly as it does now? Fifty years ago people discouraged all of our modern inventions. Anything that they were not used to was foolish, and should not be allowed to go on, and it is the same way now. If the present day fashions are the product of the minds of the same generation that produced all of our marvels of science and invention, is it not safe to say that they are just as much for the ben-

efit of the generation to come as all these modern wonders are?

There is such a hopelessly large collection of magazine and newspaper articles, vindications and condemnations, but they all lead to the same goal, be littling the ideals and ambitions of the girl of today. If the people who write these defend us, the best defence they seem able to offer is either that we are young and irresponsible or that some one else is to blame for what we do.

We girls of today consider the past, present and future. We take the mistakes of the past generation, and we see that these mistakes are not made in our lives. We are determined to know all sides of every question, and as much as we can of the world beyond our immediate range of vision, so that when the great questions of life come before us we will not be driven blindly by the varied opinions of a past generation, but that we may think and consider what we consider the right direction.

In this manner we are also thinking about planning and preparing for the future. We are studying to see what the needs of the generations to come may be, and with a faith in ideals such as the girl of today possesses, we cannot fail.

But then comes the worse menace to our highest ideals and our truest hopes and ambitions, Distrust. Is all our faith and strength of purpose to be stolen from us by distrust? It is this very spirit of suspicion on the part of the older generation that will undermine the very foundations of our desire to represent the finest and noblest generation of true womanhood that the world has ever known.

We are not courting notoriety as a great many people seem to think. On the contrary, we want to study our problems by ourselves and to be left alone. Perhaps this is the reason for all our misleading outward appearances. If we take pleasure in dressing fashionably and comfortably, surely this is a pastime which is above condemnation. If you would take into consideration the great contrast in the amount of vitality in the girls of today and the girls of yesterday; if you would think of the tremendous importance which the love of sports of all kinds has gained in the lives of this young generation; the health, vitality and appreciation of nature and freedom that these impart to us, you might not condemn our free and comfortable mode of dressing. You

would appreciate the fact that we are not creating fashions which will attract attention, but that we are endeavoring to combine economically into simple costumes all the qualities which our needs as healthy lovers of sport, scholars, or girls of the business world demand.

We feel that criticisms set against us are superfluous, and we resent them for many reasons. We have faith in our own standards and in those who we know are backing us. If you criticize our ideals you criticize our parents, particularly our mothers, who are the real source of every high and noble ambition that we have. When they have shown by word or sign that they approve of our conduct, every effort to condemn our actions is resented by us as a direct assault on the standards and opinions of those by whom they have been sanctioned.

When comparing the many "follies" of today with the "good old days" always think of this before you judge; that "Souls do not change; it is only fashions."

CHARLOTTE TROWBRIDGE '22.

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#### AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

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What honor is there in this great world that can surpass the privilege of being an American citizen? Only while considering other countries, especially in these critical and precarious times, can we realize the full significance and greatness of that title with which we are endowed. America upholds the most sublime principles of democracy—the principles of freedom and liberty. Her standards form the criterion for the world.

Centuries ago, before this continent was known, a man could haughtily say, "I am a Persian," or a man might boast, "I am a Roman; but how little weight have these empty vaunts now, and where are these powers which at one time ruled the world? They fell from their lofty pinnacles long ago, fell simply because they lacked American principles of freedom and liberty, and American ideals.

America holds the most honored and esteemed place among nations, and is indeed equal to the position. America is the stronghold of humanity. It stands out as a shining beacon to unfortunate voyagers on the perilous sea of life. It is the refuge for the oppressed. It is the refuge for victims of the tyrannical rule of despotism, and for all who, in their own lands, suffer the pri-



vation of liberties which only an American may enjoy. Ever since the time when the word "America" signified only thirteen little colonies under the harsh rule of England, the love of freedom has been the predominating trait of the people of this nation. Our land is the land of the free.

We read in history, of the wonderful character of the Athenian in civic life, wonderful because of his high ideals of citizenship. Upon becoming a citizen, an Athenian youth took an oath, vowing to bring no disgrace upon his city, but to transmit it to his posterity better, more beautiful, and greater than when he found it. What an ideal for the American youth! If every American boy and girl took a similar oath, what a brilliant future our nation would have!

American principles are cherished above all worthy possessions by American citizens. In the Declaration of Independence, a document drawn up by our forefathers, and expounding the true American views of democracy, we read, "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness." That is the American creed. Our forefathers fought for those ideals, which have lived after them as the fruits of their labor. Generation after generation has toiled, served, and even sacrificed in order that those ideals might exist. In the recent World War we saw the American principles of freedom extended into Europe. At the thought of losing their liberty at the hands of the ruthless Germans, the countries of Europe immediately rose up and repelled the invading hordes.

American citizenship now carries with it graver duties and responsibilities than ever before. The very greatness of our nation imperils its situation. Its lofty position, the steadfast, invulnerable foundation on which it so firmly stands, the sacred devotion and loyalty of its citizens—all incur the envy of invidious countries, and the secret desire for its downfall. As soldiers of humanity, American citizens must uphold the honor and glory of their nation, and present a stout bulwark of ardent patriotism in opposition to those pernicious animosities.

Patriotism is not necessarily a product of war. At the thought of oppression by a formidable adversary, a tremor runs through the heart of a nation. Its citizens, incited by martial agents, rally immediately to the call for patriots and exert them-

selves to the utmost in an effort to bear their country safely through the crisis. Cheerfully they serve and sacrifice for the nation's cause. By no means can we deny that this is patriotism. It indeed is. But a far deeper devotion and love must be in the heart of a citizen to serve his country in the everyday walks of life in time of peace, when so many acts of patriotism pass by unnoticed, than when the roll of drums and the martial blare of trumpets stir our emotions.

A nation is composed of individuals. In other words, the individual makes the nation. If the individual neglects to maintain the American principles and ideals which his forefathers so valiantly preserved, he is failing in his duty as a citizen of the United States of America. As a result, America will lose its honor; it will fall from its enviable status; its illustrious fame will cease to ring over the earth; the mighty foundations of the greatest democracy of the world will tremble and sink into the dust, and the name of "America" into oblivion.

How shall we determine the greatness of a nation? By the amount of territory that it possesses? Because a country occupies a large space on a map, are we to judge that nation as great? Unfortunately, we may too readily find numerous instances which show the grave fallacy of such a manner of deduction. Indeed, a nation with its citizens scattered to the four corners of the earth can hardly be expected to receive the fervent devotion of its citizens.

May we interpret a nation's greatness by its power? Is greatness synonymous with power, acquired through the selfish, vain ambitions of a few leaders of a country, at the expense and sacrifice of its pacific and submissive citizens? Power is insatiable. It drives the country before it in its blind course, to end finally in despotism and misery at the hands of avaricious tyrants who have been impelled onward by their own reckless greed for power.

Does wealth determine a nation's greatness? Wealth too often drags in its shining, disastrous track ruin and discontent. Too often wealth causes strife and contention among the citizens of a country. Again, wealth, as all other earthly things, is fleeting and uncertain, bearing only anxiety and distress to its possessors.

Thus we see that neither magnitude, potency, nor wealth determines a nation's greatness. They are but outward signs.



The true greatness of a nation lies in the strength of character of the individual citizens who compose the nation. It is by the character of the individual that we measure the greatness of a country. The men and women, boys and girls are the community, the state, and the nation. If they are loyal citizens, upholding the principles of American democracy to the best of their ability, they are advancing the interests of their country, and are adding to the glory and integrity of America in the eyes of the world.

As citizens of America, we should be proud of our nation, proud of its glorious achievements, proud of its peerless position among the countries of the earth, but, most of all, proud to be heirs to such a great land and to liberties such as are unequalled in any other part of the universe. America's future is in our hands. Whether we profit today by opportunities to benefit our country, develop our character, through loyal service and co-operation in advancing the best interests of this great nation, will determine the America of tomorrow. Hence, let us resolve to do our share, so that in years to come, our descendants of coming generations may look to us as examples of true, patriotic American citizens, and that when they see the gleaming stars and stripes floating high in the breezes, whether in time of war or in peace, they may look upon them with sparkling eyes and with love of country fixed deep in their hearts, and each one proudly say, "I am an American citizen."

JOHN R. BARRY '22.

#### CHARACTER.

A good character is the greatest possession one can have, and the most precious heritage which one can leave. It will always be esteemed during life, and revered after death. It is what you might call the rudder in the ship of life in one's existence on this earth. It is like the most precious jewel that can be worn. A good character radiates like the sun-beam from the heavens and always gives happiness to those who possess it. It is the standard bearer of confidence to those with whom one has dealings, in social, financial, or other activities. It is like the sparkling waters of the spring for it gives refreshment to those who seek it, and it is the compass which will pilot one through life to the safest ports of honor and success.

Character is formulated in our early childhood and develops rapidly as time goes on throughout our whole life. He who possesses a good character is far richer than he who has accumulated only great wealth, or attained high social or political standing. It can illuminate the soul to the brightness of the sun, or it can be dimmed and injured by the formation of evil habits.

The child upon coming to the age of reason is taught habits and speech which mould its character, and the next step is the development of that character by training and education. As the child grows into youth, and then into womanhood or manhood, that character is further developed to such a marked degree that it shines before the world as the standard by which that person is weighed and measured.

Good character is one of the predominant factors in school life, and asserts itself especially among the students on the athletic field as well as in the school-room. Those with a good character command the respect of their teachers and fellow students, and it is the means of creating benefits and friendships which last forever.

A good character has always been recognized as the supreme virtue by all the great preachers and writers, and they have impressed upon the world the necessity of those qualities for the highest ideals of citizenship and the advancement of civilization.

On the contrary, character may be dimmed and blemished by conduct, associations, and practices. It may be blackened and tarnished as one goes through life and be the means of bringing to him destruction and moral ruin. A person with a bad character is always under suspicion and looked on with contempt,—with fear and disgust, and never worthy of confidence. Such a person is a human prey upon society and shunned by those with high ideals. His habits and practices are such as to create nothing but distrust. He has no standard in moral, financial or social circles except with those of his own level. Instead of inspiring confidence and respect, he is generally a burden and a menace to society. He is lacking in all the essentials which go to make up a full and complete man, and invariably, by the formation of vicious habits and practices, brings remorse and ruin to himself.

The people who first settled upon our shores and established a government, the

best the world has ever known, were noted primarily for their sturdy and upright character, and from the time of these early settlers to the present, the representative leaders of this great country of ours have been men and women of the highest and strongest character,—leaders who have controlled and shaped the destinies of our great nation.

The character of a nation is judged by the character of her people. It should, therefore, always be the greatest aim of each and every individual who is anxious to maintain the highest and best citizenship of this glorious country of ours, regardless of race or color, to develop and preserve all those virtues and principles which will insure the best, the noblest, and the strongest of character.

CLARA M. BROWN.

### EFFICIENCY.

When war broke out between the United States and Spain, President McKinley found it necessary that he communicate with the leader of the insurgents, Garcia by name. At that time Garcia was concealed in the mountain-passes of Cuba where neither mail nor telegraph could reach him. Someone suggested that a fellow by the name of Rowan be sent upon this perilous mission, because, if anyone could reach Garcia, Rowan could! Accordingly, Rowan was sent, and Rowan did deliver that message.

Thus Hubbard cites the efficient man, in his, "Message to Garcia."

The point in this story which I wish to emphasize is this:—Rowan was given a letter to deliver. He did not ask, "Where is Garcia?" or any other useless question; but went right to his task, and accomplished it gloriously! Rowan was an efficient man!

But, you may ask, what is efficiency and who is the efficient man? The efficient man is the industrious, competent, observant man, and efficiency is the utilization of those faculties which God has given us to the best of our abilities.

Some people think that efficiency is some grotesque figure of theory, or the pet term of some fanatical orator. Such people have been misled. For instance, I cite efficiency in its simplest form:—Mother butters the pieplate before putting the makings of a pie therein. A fine, appetizing pie results. It is needless to narrate the result if Mother

had not observed this very simple form of efficiency.

Of course, the business world offers more opportunities for the employment of efficiency. For instance:—Mr. Brown asks one of his employees to look up the account of Jones. If that employee is efficient, the account of Jones will be found promptly. If he is not—well it means a long list of questions for his boss to answer; such as "What drawer shall I look in?" "When did he buy the goods?" "Do you mean Jones or Smith?" Wouldn't you crave for an efficient man if you were that boss? Certainly you would!

In grandfather's day, it was a tedious task to climb seven flights of stairs to the household department of a department store. To-day we shoot through space in an elevator—another triumph of efficiency and the efficient man.

You have doubtless observed that the tools of efficiency are but "tricks of trade." 'Tis true. But why is it that some women cannot put a whole cake on the table? Why is it that some men cannot hold a job? Why is it that some children progress more rapidly in school than others? Simply because the person thus deficient has preferred to stay in the same old rut rather than to try to better himself!

Like everything else in this world, efficiency is not handed out on a silver platter. Quite to the contrary, it is by personal observation and by the correction of one's faults, that efficiency is gained.

In very complicated problems in the factory where efficiency means the greatest possible production with the least possible expenditure of energy and money, efficiency experts are employed who have spent years of study in the field of "short cuts," and "tricks of trade,"—so-called. Nevertheless, when summoned to a factory, they do not strut thru its rooms and diagnose the "defect" as "chronic lazyitis," or any other ridiculous ailment. No,—they question the workmen, test parts of machinery and apply common sense to that which they have observed!

Therefore, in view of all the foregoing illustrations and explanations I ask, "What wide-awake American citizen, knowing the worth of efficiency, would hesitate to adopt its principles?" I may safely say none!

Prepare yourself now, so that when the opportunity comes to you to deliver that "Message to Garcia," you will be as efficient as Rowan was! PHILIP RUSKIN '22.

### WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

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Theodore Roosevelt has been quoted as saying, "In 1880 I was graduated from Harvard College, and then began my education." Perhaps some people would consider that this was meant as a good-natured satire on Harvard, but the career of Theodore Roosevelt would make it entirely safe to assume that college life is valuable, not so much for what the graduate knows, as for what he will be able to learn. At the time of graduation from college, one cannot understand life truly, but because of the lessons that he has learned at college he will be able to understand more thoroughly his experiences in the years to come. Perhaps this is the subtle meaning that is hidden in our habit of calling the end of college life, "commencement."

I do not mean to imply that great things are not achieved by those people who have not had a college education, for life is a university. Without the college education, however, knowledge must be picked up by bits all through life. This is the longest and most costly way. College training gives some of this in a short period of time, and saves the individual very many mistakes.

There are three classes of young people that possibly should not have higher training. First, the person who finds it economically out of the question. There are few of these, indeed, for the means of making one's way through college are so numerous as to make a higher education accessible to nearly everyone. Second, those who could never lead, but who would be capable of doing good work under direction. Third, those who are not generous-minded. In some ways higher culture is not democratic and narrow-minded people would not gain by a liberal training.

By convincing statistics, the United States Bureau of Education has proved that college students receive the largest salaries and most frequently attain distinction. The great majority of college students go into commercial and industrial enterprises. Business concerns need men who can think straight, and it is found that college men have received the training to do this better than those who have not had their advantages.

A man says that he must have college graduates for secretaries, because others do not have the adaptability or are not able to interview visitors. Adaptability and

poise help a great deal in this struggle to earn one's living. James Russell Lowell once said to an audience of undergraduates, "I have only this one message to leave with you. In all your work in college, never lose sight of the reason why you have come here. It is not that you may get something by which to earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be the sweeter to your taste."

Furthermore, life would mean little if there were nothing but work in it. There must be some people in a community to lead the social activities while the rest follow them. The government of the towns and cities needs all the aid it can get to carry on the affairs of the section in a satisfactory manner. At college one gains the training that will enhance his ability to live happily with others as a neighbor and citizen.

Many lasting friendships are made through college. One has the advantage of meeting people from all parts of America and from foreign countries and of exchanging ideas with them. In this way the pride of provincialism is bound to be lost, as one hears what wonderful things there are in other parts of the world.

Former President Hyde of Bowdoin College has left this classical enumeration of what an individual gains by going to college,—*"To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of one's own; to carry the keys of the world's library in one's pocket, and feel its resources behind one in whatever task he undertakes; to make hosts of friends in all walks of life; to lose oneself in generous enthusiasms and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen; and to form character under professors who are Christians,—these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one's life."*

MINERVA WHITTIER '22.

### CO-OPERATION.

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Man is a social animal. His well-being is dependent upon his friendships, his associations. And thus it is that he has developed the present civilization through thousands of years, from the crudest, humblest beginnings. Thus, also, it is that he has been able to subdue the wild beasts about him. His very desire for companionship has



caused him to form organized government by which man and man may live side by side with the greatest possible freedom; this same instinct has caused him to create organized industry, so that natural products, combined with human labor, give forth, to their fullest extent, subsistence to mankind.

So powerful is this natural instinct that any attempt to suppress it is followed by ruinous results. Witness the case of China,—proud, ancient China, from which the whole world could once have derived advanced knowledge in many branches of science. Centuries ago the gates of that great empire were closed to the world; and when they were reopened, at a comparatively recent date, lo! China was centuries **behind** the rest of the world in nearly every respect!

Witness the case of Russia. M. Tchicherin, the Bolshevik foreign minister, tells that the boycott on Russian commerce and industry is threatening his country with ruin. In his plea for recognition at the Genoa Conference recently, he stated that Russia desired and **needed** nothing more than the association with and the co-operation of the rest of the world!

Among individuals the influence of co-operation is particularly keen. The clubs, whist parties, dances, banquets and other numerous forms of social gatherings all contribute to the joy of living.

It was just that lack of co-operation which caused the great wars in history—the Roman wars, the Napoleonic wars, the Revolutionary and the Civil wars—and the recent World War, with its huge toll of human lives and works.

The recent stagnation in business and much of the unemployment were the results of the refusal of Capital and Labor to co-operate. The disarmament conference at Washington was the direct outcome of the friction between the nations of the world. Statesmen present at that conference stressed the supreme importance of co-operation and unity in the settlement of future differences.

All of us in our hearts hope and pray that war may be abolished forever. Most of us believe that the limitation of armament is the key to permanent peace. But very few realize that **whole-hearted** co-operation and **freedom** of association on the part of all nations would lock the war god behind the bars forever.

This co-operation—this freedom from restraint, of our natural instinct of association, is the only means by which civilization and humanity may exist and advance. It is the antidote for the poison of the human greed and selfishness, which cause the most destructive of wars, and the sorriest of misfortunes.

Just as an army is as trustworthy and efficient as each of its individual soldiers, so mankind will advance in proportion to the progress of each person. And by what better means can universal friendship and association be established than that everyone travel along the stern pathway of life, smiling and pleasant where the road is smooth; grinning and enduring where the path is rough—and friendly and congenial everywhere!

HYMEN SILVERSTEIN '22.

#### ORGANIZED SPORTS FOR WOMEN.

Until quite recently, women have played very little part in the athletic world. However, many schools have been established for the training of instructors in physical training, and high schools have begun to take up the matter of physical education seriously. Heretofore it was thought that by reading a book on physical education one would be able to teach all that was necessary; but because of the value of this sort of training, and as it can readily be seen that this subject is an important one, it should be taught only by capable instructors.

Few people realize the scope of physical education. At the present time it includes such sports as baseball, basketball, field hockey, swimming, and track, as well as gymnasium work.

A discussion of this subject from the view of the ethical value of sports for women is rather an interesting one. It involves two considerations which should be clear to all those who instruct in sports; first, the value to the individual; and second, the value to the community. Very few people understand the importance of the latter, which really hinges on the former. For sports develop the best in a person, thereby helping raise the standard of the community.

In order to develop games for women for the good of both individual and community, different principles from those carried out in men's sports must be used, for sports are conducted to better fit a woman for her place in life, not to make her a member of

a championship team nor a record breaker. The keynote of women's sports should be the joy and the fun of playing, not the "win at any cost" spirit. A certain amount of determination to win is a good thing, but when this overshadows the real sport of the game, it is time to stop that game.

Aside from the physical and ethical value of organized sports, we should consider the aesthetic and psychological benefits. The aesthetic value of games is shown in improved personal appearance and habits which help to contribute to a high standard of living. The psychological side treats of the strengthening of the mental and moral qualities. Success in life is based upon competition. If a woman is not mentally alert she will never attain a high position in life, and likewise if she is not morally clean, she will not attain success. Perhaps the hardest qualities to develop are those of attention and concentration. When a girl is first learning to play a game, usually more than half of her mind is on something else. Consequently, when the rules are read, she is not paying attention and does not apprehend them. As the game proceeds she commits countless fouls because she has not heard the restrictions placed upon her. However, after a period of training, the most heedless girl can become a steady player. Steadiness becomes a habit and is made evident in the girl's business life.

The basis of all games is team work. It is far better to have a team who play together well than to have girls who know nothing about team work, but rely on one outstanding star. In order to make a good player, a girl must be unselfish. That is, she must be willing to pass up personal glory for team work.

By all means, girls should be instructed to play fairly. "Rather win a game fairly than defeat the greatest opponent by unfair play,"

should be the slogan. There is no training which girls need more than that which cultivates a sense of honor and loyalty. Games do a great deal to develop these qualities. Since there are so many varieties of athletic activities, every girl should be able to find the sport which would best be adapted to her both physically and mentally.

Although sports do not train every trait of character, I believe that organized sports for women, when put on a proper basis and supervised by intelligent instructors, will do more for the training of the moral character than any other course of instruction.

#### Valedictory.

Classmates:

During our school years we have been doing our best to play the game of life fairly and squarely. We have attained success as a class because we have worked together, doing "team work." We owe much to our teachers who have helped us on our way by setting for us these standards of good sportsmanship: fairness, honesty, and loyalty. The time has now come when we will go forth and fit ourselves into new teams. Those who go to college will become members of newness will become a part of some organizations; while those who take up business in some phase of business life. We must continue to keep in mind the ideals of sportsmanship upheld by the school, for these ideals apply equally well in the game of life.

"This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the School is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—

'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

MARY LOCHHEAD '22.



---

In Memoriam

---

ELLIOT JOHNSON

Died August 7, 1921

---

GLADYS JONES

Died April 7, 1922

---



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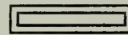
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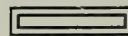
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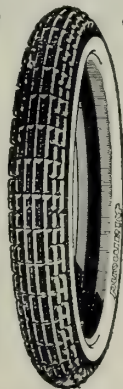
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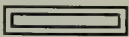
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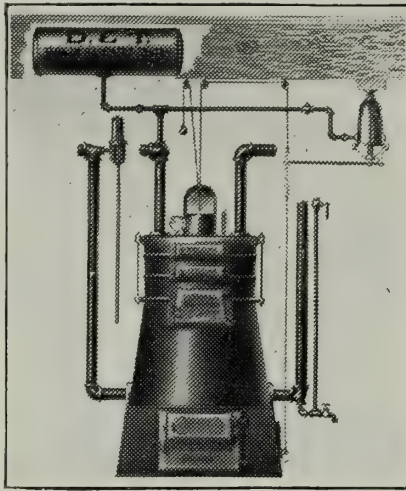
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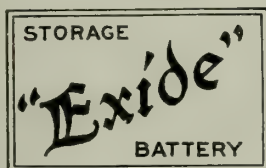
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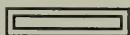
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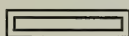


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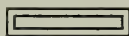
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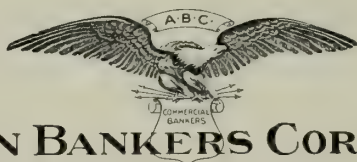
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Demand Loans 120,446.72	Surplus and
Bank Building	Undivided
and Vault ..... 30,975.87	Earnings ..... 55,885.37
U. S. and Muni-	Reserved for
cipal Bonds ... 134,141.94	Taxes ..... 2,211.10
Investments ..... 445,578.74	Deposits ..... 1,271,724.25
Cash and due	
from Banks ... 117,598.30	
<hr/> \$1,429,820.72	<hr/> \$1,429,820.72

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**COMMENCEMENT NUMBER**

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*In recognition of his long and devoted service to our schools, and his unfailing interest in the pupils' welfare, we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty three, respectfully and lovingly dedicate to Superintendent of Schools Frank A. Douglas this Senior Number of the Echo.*





***A N O P E N L E T T E R***  
***to the Members of the Class of 1923***

In bidding you farewell as undergraduates of Winthrop High School, I welcome you to the great body of loyal Alumni to which you will now belong.

You have served your school well. You have entered heartily into all the activities of school life; you have partaken in the discussions of the class room; you have achieved distinction on the athletic field; you have done your full part on the public platform and on the dramatic stage. Now you go out to do your part upon the stage of life. Enter upon it with the same buoyancy and enthusiasm with which you have grasped the joys and labors of school life. Work hard and play hard. In both you will reap bountiful rewards. Give your best endeavors every day and the future will have no terrors for you. Cultivate an even disposition and do not be easily discouraged. Know your own ability and try always to improve your talents.

"To thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

EDWARD R. CLARKE.  
Principal.

# The Winthrop High School Directory

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**School Committee**—Frank F. Cook, Chairman; Albert R. Steadfast, Secretary; Horace A. Magee.

**Superintendent of Schools**—Frank A. Douglas.

**School Physician**—Raymond F. Parker.

## The Faculty

**Principal**—Edward R. Clarke; **Sub-master**, Louis J. Peltier.

**Assistants**—Latin, C. Grace Ayres; French and German, Crescentia Beck; Chemistry, History and Physics, Beatrice Blaisdell; Spanish, Helen J. Cady; Secretary, Dorothy Cousins; English, Anne M. Crow; English, Lucy A. Drew; French, Martha L. Eveleth; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Geometry and Algebra, George D. Grier-son; French and Spanish, Harriet J. Hite; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Algebra and Physical Training, John W. Manter; English, Gladys A. Merrill; Domestic Science, Elizabeth Nowers; Science, Algebra and Biology, Lenna M. Peabody; English, Mildred Pestell; Bookkeeping, Civics and Arithmetic, Anne M. Pfanenstiehl; Arithmetic and Penmanship, Alice Reynolds; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Geography, J. Clifford Ronan; English, Spanish and Latin, Pauline Shapleigh; Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Wesley A. Sowle; Latin, Ella Tewksbury; Domestic Science, Ruth E. Tisdale; Physics, French and Chemistry, Robert W. Wales; History, Barron C. Watson.

**Eighth Grade Teachers**—N. Elliot Willis, Head of Department; Laura M. Burrill, Ethel B. Crosby, Mary F. Eldridge, Marion S. Hanson, Elva Nickerson.

**Special Teachers**—Assistant Manual Training, Herbert G. Banham; Free Hand Drawing, Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Supervisor of Music, George H. Dockham; Physical Culture, Florence T. Key; Public Speaking, Clara M. Spence; Manual Training, Eber I. Wells.

## Athletic Association

Horace Wile '23, President; John Metcalf '24, Vice-President; Carolyn Magee '23, Secretary; Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer.

**Field Hockey**—Carolyn Magee '23, Captain-Manager.

**Football**—William Honan '23, Captain; Carl Wheeler '23, Manager; Seymour Colby '24, Assistant Manager.

**Basketball**—Horace Wile '23, Captain; Charles Russell '23, Manager; Allen Floyd '24, Assistant Manager.

**Baseball**—Walter Ramsey '24, Captain; Herbert Swan '23, Manager; Charles McCarthy '24, Assistant Manager.

**Track**—Alfred Grady '23, Captain; Donald Rich '23, Manager; Hugh Hewitt '24, Assistant Manager.

## Athletic Council

Edward R. Clarke, Horace Wile, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Steadfast, Harvey Sleeper, John W. Manter.

## Class Officers

**Seniors**—Horace Wile, President; Dorothy Loane, Vice-President; Alice Donovan, Secretary; Miss Gordon, Treasurer; Fred Christopher, Marshal.

**Juniors**—Joseph Guidi, President; Esther Chisholm, Vice-President; Selma Cohen, Secretary; Miss Weeks, Treasurer; Loring Manton, Marshal.

**Sophomores**—Herbert Ridgway, President; Olive Fisher, Vice-President; Margaret McCann, Secretary; Miss Pfanenstiehl, Treasurer; Clayton Nickerson, Marshal.

**Freshmen**—Stanley Richardson, President; Ruth Canton, Secretary; Miss Tewksbury, Treasurer; Joseph Barry, Marshal.





## CLASS ORGANIZATION

Horace E. Wile .....	President
Dorothy D. Loane .....	Vice-President
Alice E. Donovan .....	Secretary
Miss C. Ruth Gordon .....	Treasurer
Frederick E. Christopher .....	Marshal

## CLASS OF 1923

Thomas Edwin Abely  
 Catherine Ahern  
 Ruth Elinor Ames  
 Elmore Roy Anderson  
 \*Elsie Ruth Anderson  
 Ruth Isabella Anthony  
 Harry Sevey Baker  
 Edith Ruth Baldwin  
 William Scott Bancroft  
 \*Gertrude Idelle Band  
 Dorothy Barbour  
 Edmund William Barry  
 Bernard Basch  
 Anita Durbeck Bates  
 Rosamond Beddeos  
 Agatha Theresa Bennett  
 \*Theodora Roosevelt Boyd  
 Arthur George Boylan, Jr.  
 Louise Helena Boylan  
 \*Regina Angela Bradley  
 Rebecca Bertha Branz  
 Esther Covert Britt  
 \*Ruth Eileen Broderick  
 Roger James Brown  
 Fred Colin Campbell  
 Seth Shackford Card  
 Vivian Cutler Carr  
 Marion Gladys Carro  
 Alice Esther Carsley  
 Boardman Howes Chace  
 Frederick Edmund Christopher  
 James Henry Corbett  
 Evangeline Anna Crocker  
 Agnes Cronin  
 Elsie Muriel Crooker  
 Irene Elizabeth Curran  
 Roslyn May Doane  
 Elizabeth Veronica Doherty  
 Alice Elizabeth Donovan  
 Daniel Joseph Donovan  
 Katharine Louise Donovan  
 Robert Joseph Dowling  
 Chester Reginald Duncan  
 Harold Edgar Duncan  
 Samuel Epstein  
 James Newton Esdaile  
 Evelyn Marie Farrell  
 Irene Rita Farrell  
 \*Helen Thayer Felch  
 \*Willard Shattuck Felch

Tina Finkel  
 Thomas Francis Flannery  
 Grace Louise Foley  
 \*Anita Franklin  
 Dorothy Freidberg  
 John Augustine Fulham  
 Lillian Agnes Gaffny  
 George Augustine Gallagher  
 Georgeanna Gearhart  
 Adelaide Ruth Ginepra  
 Leland Bancroft Glover  
 Angeline Cecelia Goodall  
 Alfred Vincent Grady  
 Catherine Elizabeth Grady  
 Norman Ralph Gravin  
 Joseph Francis Greeley  
 Francis Richard Gunn  
 Walter Blake Haines, Jr.  
 Walter Frederick Hartt  
 John Earhart Hayes  
 Eleanor Gertrude Hazel  
 Hilary James Hennessey  
 Kaiane Jacqueline Herakir  
 Clement Edwin Higgins  
 Theodore Edwin Hillberg  
 Doris Hinchcliffe  
 Louis William Honan  
 Claire Eleanor Hurley  
 Ruth Melling Ingalls  
 Phyllis Dora Irish  
 \*Lovicy Isabel Irwin  
 \*Mabel Rose Isenberg  
 Hazel Jeannette Ives  
 Charles Franklin Jackson  
 \*George Henry Jenkins  
 Elsie May Jones  
 Malcolm Lyman Jones  
 Mary Catherine Kingsley  
 Alice Mae Lind  
 Dorothy Dibblee Loane  
 \*Mildred Lourie  
 Dorothy Drummond MacPherson  
 \*Carolyn Sturgis Magee  
 \*Katherine Mildred Mann  
 \*Susan Hilda Mann  
 \*Lillian Agnes Marotta  
 Frederick Southerland Maskell  
 Geraldine Collette McCarthy  
 \*Francis William McGrail  
 Albert Sharpe McGunigle

William Merton McKenney  
 Leland Frederick McKrae  
 Vivian Albertine Moore  
 Bessie Moro  
 \*Clyda Moulton  
 Edna Mary Muldoon  
 Arthur Carpenter Murray  
 Albert Weeks Nevers  
 Theresa Jane Nugent  
 \*Twila Gertrude Overturf  
 Lewis Patrick  
 Esther Constance Peterson  
 Grace Louise Pingree  
 George Thomas Plakias  
 \*Eleanor Rand Plumer  
 Doris Spaulding Porter  
 Abraham Irving Pransky  
 Anna Gertrude Rabinowitz  
 Donald Binns Rex  
 Eliot Pitman Rexford  
 Donald Hyde Rich  
 Stanley Osborne Robinson  
 Charles Henry Russell  
 \*Ethel Hurline Sanders  
 \*Margaret Frances Sawyer  
 \*Harriet Ida Segal  
 Charles Elmer Shattuck  
 \*Elizabeth Agnes Sheehan  
 Elbert Ignatius Sinatra  
 Fred Solomon  
 \*Eleanor Stroman Stahr  
 Matilda Hennis Stone  
 Edwin Warren Strong, Jr.  
 Herbert Lewis Swan, Jr.  
 Julia Esther Tait  
 \*Edward Richard Thomas  
 Thomas Joseph Tierney  
 Julia Marie Tosi  
 Maxine Tucker  
 Gertrude Uman  
 \*Franklin Temple Waite  
 William Randolph Walton  
 Roland Leslie Wentworth  
 Carl Russell Wheeler  
 Inez Rose Wiczorek  
 Horace Earl Wile  
 George Carol Wingersky  
 Gertrude Mary Winter  
 \*Samuel Roderick Weibel  
 \*Catherine Verna Young  
 Laura Estelle Young

\* Honor Students

**HORACE WILE**

President '23; President A. A. '23; Basketball '22 (2nd), Captain '23; Football '22 and '23; Senior Vaudeville '22 and '23; Echo Board '23; Assembly Programs '22 and '23; Operetta '23.

**DOROTHY LOANE**

Vice-President '23; Social Committee '22; Senior Play '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**ALICE DONOVAN**

Secretary '23; Vice-President '22; Social Committee '21 and '22; Senior Vaudeville '21; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**FRED CHRISTOPHER**

Marshal '23; School Play '21 and '22; Senior Play '23; Football '22 (2nd); Assembly Programs '21 and '22.

**MISS C. RUTH GORDON**  
Treasurer

**CLASS OFFICERS**

1923

**\*MARGARET SAWYER**

Valedictorian '23; Echo Board '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23; Secretary Spanish Club '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; French Club '23; Social Committee '20.

**\*GEORGE JENKINS**

Salutatorian '23; Debating Club '22; Secretary '23; Debating Team '23; Track '22 and '23; Science Club '21, '22 and '23.

**\*LOVICY IRWIN**

French Club '22, '23; Latin Club '20, '21; Scriba '22, '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**\*WILLARD FELCH**

Debating Club '23; Debating Team '23.

**\*CAROLYN MAGEE**

Secretary Athletic Association '23; Field Hockey '22, Capt.-Manager '23; Echo Board '23; Latin Club '20, '21, Junior Consul '22, Senior Consul '23; French Club '22, President '23.

**\*SUSAN MANN**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23.

**\*SAMUEL WEIBEL**

Vice President '21; Football '21 (2nd), '22 and '23; Track '21, Capt. '22, '23; Echo Board '23.

**\*MILDRED MANN**

French Club '22, Vice President '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**\*HARRIET SEGAL**

Commencement Exercises '23; Class Gift Committee '23; Social Committee '20; Echo Board '23; French Club '21 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22, Treasurer '23.

**RUTH ANTHONY**

Field Hockey '22 and '23; Echo Board '23; French Club '22, Secretary '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.



**\*FRANKLIN WAITE**

Editor-in-chief, Echo '23; Commencement Exercises '23; Baseball '22 and '23; Debating Club '23; Debating Team '23.

**\*EDWARD THOMAS**

Marshal '19; Business Manager, Echo '23; Echo Board '22; Debating Club '22, President '23; Debating Team '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '23; Dress Committee '23.

**ROLAND WENTWORTH**

Commencement Exercises '23; Class Day Exercises '23; School Play '21 and '22; Senior Play '23; Social Committee '20; Class Day Committee '23; Debating Club '22 and '23; Debating Team '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23.

**\*ELEANOR STAHR**

Class Day Committee '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**THOMAS TIERNEY**

Class Day Exercises '23; Basketball '22 (2nd) and '23; Baseball '21; Debating Club '23; Debating Team '23; Echo Board '23; French Club '22.

**CATHERINE GRADY**

Class Day Exercises '23; Echo Board '23; Social Committee '23; Senior Play '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**FRED SOLOMON**

Echo Board '23; Football '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**GERTRUDE WINTER**

Spanish Club '22 and '23; Science Club '21.

**GEORGE PLAKIAS**

Football '22 and '23; Basketball '22 (2nd) and '23; Baseball '22 and '23.

**\*ELIZABETH SHEEHAN**

French Club '22; Treasurer '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Class Gift Committee '23; Assembly Programs '21.



**ELBERT SINATRA**

Commencement Exercises '23; Orchestra '21 and '22, Concert Master and President '23.

**GEORGEANNA GEARHART**

School Play '22; Senior Play '23; Social Committee '20, '21, '22 and '23; Dress Committee '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Class Day Committee '23.

**ALFRED GRADY**

Track '21, '22, Captain '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Social Committee '23; French Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**ESTHER PETERSON**

Field Hockey '21, '22 and '23; Social Committee '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Class Day Committee '23; Dress Committee '23.

**SETH CARD**

Science Club '22, President '23; Echo Board '22.

**ANITA BATES**

Vaudeville Committee '23; Social Committee '23; Latin Club '20, '21 and '22; French Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23.

**ALBERT MCGUNIGLE**

Class Day Exercises '23; Class Day Committee '23; Football '22 and '23; Basketball '22 (2nd), '23; Baseball '23; Echo Board '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**EVANGELINE CROCKER**

French Club '22.

**SCOTT BANCROFT**

School Play '22; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23; Social Committee '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**RUTH AMES**

Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**ALBERT NEVERS**

Debating Club '22 and '23; Debating Team '23; Science Club '20, '21 and '22; French Club '23.

**THERESA NUGENT**

Class Day Committee '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Dress Committee '23; Social Committee '21.

**JACK HAYES**

Marshal '22; Senior Play '23; School Play '21 and '22; Social Committee '20, '21 and '22; French Club '23; Cheer Leader '22 and '23; Assembly Programs '22 and '23.

**\*HELEN FELCH****WALTER HAINES**

Baseball '23 (2nd); Track '22.

**MATILDA STONE****HERBERT SWAN**

Basketball '23; Baseball '23, Manager '23; Echo Board '23; French Club '23; Operetta '23; Vice-President Debating Club '23; Debating Team '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**\*RUTH BRODERICK****ARTHUR MURRAY**

Echo Board '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**DONALD RICH**

Manager Track '23; Echo Board '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23.





**STANLEY ROBINSON**

Baseball '21, '22 and '23; Debating Club '23; Debating Team '23; French Club '22 and '23; Science Club '23.

**DOROTHY BARBOUR**

Secretary '22; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**ARTHUR BOYLAN**

Football '22 (2nd) and '23; Senior Play '23; School Play '19, '20 and '21; Operetta '23; Senior Vaudeville '23; Science Club '19.

**\*ANITA FRANKLIN**

Echo Board '22 and '23; Class Gift Committee '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23.

**CHARLES RUSSELL**

Manager Basketball '23; Senior Vaudeville '22.

**GRACE PINGREE**

Senior Vaudeville '23; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23; Science Club '20. Orchestra '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**\*FRANCIS McGRAIL**

Science Club '21, '22.

**HAZEL IVES**

Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**DONALD REX****\*RUTH ANDERSON**

Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23.

**FRED CAMPBELL**

Football '22 and '23; Track '23;  
French Club '20; Spanish Club '21.

**LOUISE BOYLAN**

French Club '22 and '23; Spanish  
Club '22 and '23.

**HILARY HENNESSEY**

Football '23; Track '23; Basketball  
'23 (2nd).

**DORIS PORTER**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club  
'20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and  
'23.

**JAMES ESDAILE**

Science Club '21 and '22; French Club  
'22 and '23.

**ELEANOR HAZEL**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club  
'21 and '22; Spanish Club '23.

**MALCOLM JONES**

French Club '22; Latin Club '20; As-  
sembly Programs '22 and '23.

**INEZ WIECZOREK****GEORGE WINGERSKY**

French Club '22; Spanish Club '23;  
Science Club '22.

**\*REGINA BRADLEY**

French Club '22; Latin Club '20, '21  
and '22; Scriba '23; Spanish Club '22 and  
'23.



**THOMAS ABELY**

Latin Club '20, '21, '22, and '23; Science Club '22 and '23.

**KATHERINE DONOVAN**

Field Hockey '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**ROGER BROWN**

French Club '23.

**TINA FINKEL**

Spanish Club '22.

**BOARDMAN CHACE**

Science Club '21 and '22.

**ELSIE CROOKER**

Class Day Exercises '23; Assembly Programs '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**EDWIN HILLBERG****RUTH INGALLS****LEWIS PATRICK**

Football '21 (2nd) and '22; Vaudeville Committee '23; Senior Vaudeville '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23; Operetta '23; Cheer Leader '23.

**REBECCA BRANZ**

Senior Vaudeville '22; Assembly Programs '21, '22 and '23; Operetta '23.



**HAROLD DUNCAN**

Science Club '21, '22 and Vice-President '23; Orchestra '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**GRACE FOLEY**

Senior Play '23.

**DANIEL DONOVAN**

Football '22 (2nd) and '23.

**\*CLYDA MOULTON**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**CARL WHEELER**

Manager Football '23; Science Club '20 and '21.

**\*ELEANOR PLUMER**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '23.

**DORIS HINCHCLIFFE****ROY ANDERSON**

French Club '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**CLEMENT HIGGINS**

Track '22 and '23; Senior Vaudeville '23; Spanish Club '23; Dress Committee '23; Operetta '23.

**SAMUEL EPSTEIN**

Track '22 and '23.



**PHYLLIS IRISH**

Field Hockey '23; Science Club '21, and '22.

**ROSAMOND BEDDEOS****\*VERNA YOUNG**

French Club '21, '22, and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23.

**ALICE LIND**

Assembly Programs '20, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

President Class '22; Vice-President Athletic Association '22; Social Committee '20 and '22; Class Day '23; Class Gift Committee '23; Football '22 and '23; Basketball '22 (2nd); Assembly Programs '23.

**GERALDINE MCCARTHY**

French Club '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22.

**EDMUND BARRY****MARY KINGSLEY****ELEANOR HURLEY**

Echo Board '23; Spanish Club '22.

**CATHERINE AHERN**

Science Club '21; Spanish Club '22.

**NORMAN GRAVIN**

Track '23.

**ANNA RABINOWITZ**

Spanish Club '21; Science Club '21.

**\*MILDRED LOURIE**

Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**LILLIAN GAFFNY**

Spanish Club '22.

**ABRAHAM PRANSKY**

Science Club '21.

**BESSIE MORO**

Assembly Programs '22.

**\*GERTRUDE BAND**

French Club '22; Science Club '21.

**\*ETHEL SANDERS**

Spanish Club '22.

**\*ROOSEVELT BOYD**

Field Hockey '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.

**VIVIAN MOORE**

Field Hockey '23; Spanish Club '22 and '23.





**LELAND GLOVER**

Science Club '21, '22 and '23; French Club '22; Baseball '23.

**DOROTHY MacPHERSON****ANGELINE GOODALL**

French Club '21; Latin Club '20.

**MARION CARRO**

Spanish Club '22.

**\*LILLIAN MAROTTA****ELIZABETH DOHERTY****EVELYN FARRELL****DOROTHY FREIDBERG****EDNA MULDOON**

Field Hockey '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23.

**GERTRUDE UMAN**

Assembly Programs '21.

**CHARLES JACKSON**

Science Club '21 and '22; Debating Club '22.

**ALICE CARSLEY**

French Club '23; Spanish Club '23.

**ROBERT DOWLING**

**ROSLYN DOANE**

**KAIANE HERAKIR**

Spanish Club '23; Dress Committee '23.

**JULIA TOSI**

**MAXINE TUCKER**

**ESTHER TAIT**

**RUTH GINEPRA**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**EDITH BALDWIN**



**VIVIAN CARR**

Field Hockey '22 and '23; French Club '22 and '23; Social Committee '23; Vaudeville Committee '23.

**ESTHER BRITT**

French Club '22 and '23; Latin Club '20, '21, '22 and '23; Spanish Club '23; Operetta '23.

**WILLIAM McKENNEY**

Track '22, '23 and '24.

**\*GERTRUDE OVERTURF****FREDERICK MASKELL****IRENE CURRAN****HARRY BAKER****\*MABEL ISENBERG**

Spanish Club '22.

**CHESTER DUNCAN**

Latin Club '20; Orchestra '20, '21, '22 and '23.

**ESTELLE YOUNG**

Spanish Club '21.



**ELMER SHATTUCK**

**AGATHA BENNETT**

**LELAND McRAE**

Science Club '20; Social Committee '22.

**WALTER HARTT**

Assembly Programs '22; Baseball '23 (2nd).

**THOMAS FLANNERY**

Baseball '23 (2nd); Football '23 (2nd).

**EDWIN STRONG**

Track '22 and '23.

**FRANK GUNN**

Football '22 (2nd) and '23; Social Committee '21 and '22; Vaudeville Committee '23; Class Gift Committee '23; Chairman Dress Committee '23; Operetta '23.

**BERNARD BASCH**

**JOHN FULHAM**

President '20; Football '22 and '23; Basketball '22 (2nd) and '23; Social Committee '20 and '22; Vaudeville Committee '23; Class Day Committee '23; Senior Vaudeville '22 and '23; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23; School Play '20 and '22. Senior Play '23; French Club '22 and '23. Operetta '23.

**JAMES CORBETT**

School Play '20; Assembly Programs '20, '21, '22 and '23; Track '23; French Club '22.



**GEORGE GALLAGHER**

Social Committee '20, '21, '22 and '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Class Gift Committee '23; Dress Committee '23; Senior Play '23; Assembly Program '22 and '23; Vaudeville Committee '23; Football '21 (2nd), '22 and '23; Track '21 and '22; Science Club '21.

**ELSIE JONES****JOSEPH GREELEY****AGNES CRONIN**

Social Committee '23; Science Club '23; Assembly Programs '22.

**WILLIAM HONAN**

Football '21 (2nd), '22, Captain '23; Basketball '22 (2nd) and '23 (2nd); Social Committee '22 and '23; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**IRENE FARRELL**

Social Committee '23.



# HOO'S HOO and WY

## JUNIOR CLASS

**Brogan**—"Four men on!" **DON'T STRIKE OUT.**

**Leroy Belcher**—"Roy" does not yet quite get the idea of ancestors. Why not ask Miss Merrill to explain, "Roy"?

**Carro** isn't as sticky as his name.

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words." Now we know why **Gardner's** so quiet.

**Guidi** has a better batting average in the corridor than he has on the baseball field.

**Herland** intends to be a great violinist **SOME DAY!!!**

**Stockwell** intends to be a future Track man; a flagman on the B. R. B. & L.

**Svensson's** one ambition is to be a chemist, but if he breaks the instruments that belong to the company he works for, the way he breaks the school's, he'll be paying the company money in order to work for them.

**Gerald Wells** is going to be our future H. G. Wells, only without the writings.

Many a wise man can speak on nothing. You ought to hear **Franklin**.

**Gordon Douglas**—"Duggy" says that he was forced to cancel an engagement with Paul Whiteman in order that we might benefit by his "moaning sax" Friday afternoon.

**Richard Canton** has been a busy man dancing all night, studying all day, and in his spare time managing the business end of a well-known paper, and even finding time to give the track team a few points.

**Wesley Farnham** is a quiet young man in school but wait until he starts pitching!

**Eli Lourie** can break more chemical apparatus in one period than the rest of the class in a year.

**John Monahan** is the little guy with the big noise.

Whenever the class lacks humor "**Val**" **Olofson** contributes his act.

**Fritz Kriesler** has his only rival in **Abraham White**.

Any time Mr. Manter's voice fails, "**Tub**" **Tewksbury** is ready to step in.

Another one of our musicians is **Ray Sinatra**. When it comes to playing "Kitten on the Keys" **Zez Confrey** has nothing on him.

**Ina Minto**—"Nuff sed. Actress, poetess, scholar, artist—she surely is versatile.

**Joe Bradley**—"Good things come in small

packages," and **Joe**, in spite of his size, ably fills a berth on the baseball team.

**Klier**—No, don't get excited. It's not a non-stop talking contest; it's only **Klier** reading.

**Dorothy Dorr**—

Stately and tall,  
The friend of all.

Our **Dotty** sure can jazz the worries during the gym period.

**Gracia Bancroft**—**Gracia** is our vaulter. She vaults over everything, even the high honor roll.

**Grace Mulloney**—

Demure and very cute of face  
Is our winsome little **Grace**.

**Mildred Brogan** furnished us with amusement in the French class. Her "fishy" kerchief made even the teacher smile.

"**Tot**" **Swift** has the reputation of never sauntering in before eight-nineteen and forty seconds. Her name doesn't mean much.

"**Tet**" **Chisholm**—A friend in need is a friend indeed. **Tet** just loves Latin and when she goes into that room she is "Standing with reluctant feet, where the hall and room do meet."

**Joseph Wise**—"Man lives not by name alone."

**Gladys Wood** is the star athlete of Coll. A, but sometimes even that great distinction does not save her from visiting the Latin teacher after school.

**Dick Johnson**, our noted pitcher, supports the wall of Room 9 every recess. Maybe some day he'll support more than the wall.

We don't dare slam **Henry Stansbury** because he will be "boss" of our paper next year.

"**Dick**" **Canton** says, "Variety is the spice of life."

**Hovey Rand** is as long as a session is short.

**Whorf** needs no introduction—His antics speak for themselves.

If **Lingley** is missing, you'll probably find him near the "**Dorr**."

You sure had your share of tough luck, "**Mel**" **Horne**. Luck for **Revere**!

No, that's not **Marjorie Douglas'** Latin mark. That's the number of goals she scored this season for the hockey team.

**Margaret Smith** is glad she lives near the ocean, so she can be near the "Whorfs."



**Montgomery Wells** is a high-stepper—over the hurdles.

**Seymour Colby** never knows what his English lesson is.

**John Fenton** is an aspiring young athlete. When he gets into a game he is the personification of joy.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS

**Sarah Miller**—Is there any thing more interesting to you than studies, Sarah?

**Gordon McGrath**—Spanish shark. Seems to be pretty "bright" in Science too.

**Isadore Rosenberg** will never get held up for speeding in the corridors.

**Gladys Harwood**—Dignity must be an awful thing to attain, Gladys, when you only measure four feet eleven.

**Francis Jennings**—Why the blush? We'll admit its becoming though.

**Beatrice Savel**—Doesn't your tongue ever get worn out, Beatty?

**Stella Simson**—Charming and petite, Brown eyes and sandled feet.

**Clayton Nickerson**—Will you ever grow up—in mind? Only babies play with toys!

Whenever we hear a lot of chattering we know where to find "**Van**" **Jenkins**!

What a sudden change in **Melvin Johnson**. My, how he's aged!

**Webster MacKusick**—Well, "Webbie," you ought to have a rare collection of poems in your mind by this time.

**Dulcena Cowley**—Try and count "Dully's" many auburn curls.

**Marjorie Taylor**—Believe it or not, "Midge" really recited once without blushing!

**Charles Reed**—He seems quiet. But my! oh! my! Listen to him recite. You'd be surprised.

**Ruth Neilson**—Our future champion check "chucker."

**Clayton Crocker**—If "Clay" would study as much as he talks. Well! But, then, that's another story!

**Orland Johnson**—Some girls aren't even lucky enough to be gifted with a "sweet voice" like yours!

I wish we all dared to take life as easily as **Louis Racca**!

Do you know how it feels to give a perfect recitation, **Harriet Taylor**?

To add to our latest inventions we have with us "walking encyclopedias"—a superb example: **Phillip Fleisher**.

It's too bad that **Charles Dickens** couldn't have lived long enough to have **Frank**

**Farquhar** a hero in one of his novels!

Books are usually hard to digest, but **Lester Finke** gets them down all right!

**Olive Fisher** just adores school so much that she usually stays until 3:05.

**Margaret Belcher**—A perfect gal, a perfect gal, nuff sed.

**Alice Peters** will probably find herself in Congress some day; then she can talk to her heart's content.

**Cornelius Donovan** has a name with a history. Ask him.

**Fred Gillespie** is so small he gets lost in the crowd.

**Scott Dixon**—Why so speedy, Scott?

**John Barry**—(In Latin) I couldn't do that part.

**Robert Cohen**—The little fellow. Oh! but the French he knows.

**Robert Suzman**, the big man. But after all he's not so big.

**Helen Kennedy**—You mustn't talk so loud, Helen.

**Eleanor Kelley**—The little girl that always says "We didn't have that."

**Fred Martel**—Ours would be an A-1 class if we were all like Fred.

**Elva Williams**—Elva is very partial to sayings. "Huh" seems to be the latest.

**Leita Crossman**—"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse"—like Leita's.

**Joseph Wolf**—Bright eyes! Why art thou so dull?

**Margaret Leviston**—Your sins must be forgiven; I see you are wearing your hair up.

**Clayton Nickerson** is six feet tall,  
From his feet up to his dome;  
And every time he falls headlong,  
He's six feet nearer home.

**Henry Rock** is a brick when it comes to sports.

"**Dapper**" **Barney** dazzled the Geometry class recently by flashing a vividly scarlet handkerchief before their eyes.

The "silent trio"—**Misses Robinson, Wingersky** and **Robinson**.

**David Carpenter**, a "dapper" young man, learns his lessons with the help of a rattan.

The "prize" squad in the "Gym" class contains such diminutive sophomores as "**Red**" **McNaught**, "**Dick**" **Does**, **Milton Band** and "**Charlie**" **Adams**.

**Virginia Crooker** as a 'cello player draws a "mean" bow.

We poor mortals could get a lot of points from **Alice Peters** and **Natalie Story** if we could only hear what they were saying!

**Robert Rockwood**—Which part of your last name refers to your head, Rock—Wood?

**Helen Sullivan**—We wonder if the song "Learn to Smile" refers to you?

**Roger Titus**—Remember the day that Titus was "Silas Marner"? It was a wonderful portrayal of the "little," "thin," "weak," "nervous" man.

#### FRESHMAN CLASS

**Francis Ballem** likes to have his sessions on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

If **Guidi** ever grows we would never know him.

You all must know **Margaret King**. She goes out for field hockey and soon will be famous.

**Flannery** has such a hard time. Oh! Yes.

**Ione Woods** and **Connie Cole** make it hot in Gym. Did you ever see Coal and Wood that didn't?

Note the patent leather hair comb on **Baker**, that's the kind that gets 'em.

**Ferrar's** name isn't **Farrar** and he doesn't sing in "Grand Uproar," either.

It's a shame you can't grow, **Richard Abrams**, for you have such a bewitching smile!

**Horace Kreinick**, circumstantial evidence points towards the fact that what should have been height has gone into your brain.

**Dolly Leviton** is a regular shark at Algebra. How does she do it?

**Frieda Pransky**, you're a lovely little dancer. We enjoyed you at the vaudeville.

Although **Dorothy Temple** is quite new to Winthrop, we have already discovered her to be very talented in both drawing and literature.

What would happen if **Gwendolyn Hall** got a session?

**Florence Cushing**—"Is she not passing fair?" Shakespeare must have been thinking of one very like Flo when he wrote that sentence.

**Ruth Canton** and **Elizabeth Magee** seem to have taken a vow of non-separation.

"All that glistens is not gold." Too bad or **Virginia Lavoie** would have been a millionaire.

**Arthur Bulfinch** will insist upon doing the clog dance during his oral themes.

**Natalie Howland**—She hasn't bobbed her hair, but she is thinking seriously of "Bob" bing it.

**Louise Keenan's** motto is "Silence is golden" in recitation period.

It is said that Ingleside Park is going to

be changed to a golf course. This will give **Gibson** a fine chance to parade around with his golf stockings.

Now what's in a name? Our **Johnson's** name is Walter but he certainly doesn't resemble the musical Walter.

**Swenson** usually gets out of history as the "Toonerville Trolley" is generally late.

What would happen if **Gillon** said, "Get out of my way?"

**Allison Stuart** would like to get a hold of the person that invented French.

**Margaret Tully**—You read so many western stories I bet you can ride a saw-horse.

**Ena Monk**—The human vocabulary. She just eats words.

**Sarah Brooks**—Why does Sarah like "Webster's" Dictionary?

**Edward White**—Don't argue with "Glue" that the "Stephens" isn't the best car.

**Catherine Brady**—The girl with the delicate voice. I wouldn't hire you to yell "bananas."

**Stanley Richardson**—Hello "Buddy" dear. Who says that, Bud? Is that your "Sis"-ter?

**Waldo Bucek**—Otherwise known as, "Waldorf The Great."

"**Kate**" **Stevens** needs either a phonograph or a megaphone to help everyone else's hearing.

**John Webb** will be as great an orator as Cicero some day.

We wonder if **Edna Smith** is still looking into the future. (Senior Vaudeville.)

**Dot Stearns'** motto is, "Say it with Algebra."

We can't get much on **Virginia Manton**, but anyway she's a good "Scout."

**Dorothy Davis** and **Isabel Blandford** don't look alike, but they certainly are as inseparable as the "Siamese Twins."

**Max Swartz** is our "Latin Shark." Every class must have one, you know.

**Virginia Fowler** is one of the last to join the bobbed hair ranks, but never mind, Virginia, you'll go out of style with the rest of us.

**Helen Remick**—Helen, we love the way you say what you don't mean, you'll be a comedian some day.

**Elmer Brown**—We can't get anything on you, Brownie, so—" 'nuff ced."

**Veronica Preg**—You're awfully quiet, but we'd miss you.

**Grace Pigon**—If she has any faults, she leaves us in doubt.

**Doris Terry**—"Babs" likes pebbles now. She used to like "Stones."



### HOCKEY

Another field hockey championship for Winthrop High! For the third successive year Winthrop has carried off top honors, and is now permanent possessor of the Greater Boston championship cup given by Harold Clark Durrell of Arlington. When candidates reported for practice at the opening of school, seven regulars and most of last year's second team showed up; so Coach Nowers had plenty of good material. The league got away to a late start because the admittance of two new schools to the league caused a rearrangement of the schedule.

Winthrop defeated Watertown 3 to 0 in the opening game. The team struck its stride after the first half and was never threatened. Marjorie Douglas starred with two goals.

Winchester came to Winthrop for the second game, and was defeated 2 to 0. Winthrop scored both points in the first half and was content with holding her opponents in check in the last half.

Then Winthrop invaded Melrose determined to break a tie for first place. It was thought that the game would be fast and closely contested. It was fast, but Winthrop smashed out a 5 to 0 victory. Edna Muldoon starred at wing, and our passwork was the best of the year thus far.

The team won its fourth game of the season, and strengthened its hold on first place by defeating Woburn 3 to 0. Winthrop again did its scoring in the first half and the defence did its part in the second.

The team entered the last half of the schedule all to the good and continued its winning streak when it defeated Dedham 6 to 0. Everyone on the offense scored at least once.

Then the big game! A win meant that Winthrop would clinch the league title without playing the last game. Arlington had

not been defeated, but had played one tie game; so they were only one point behind Winthrop. They certainly fought hard, but Winthrop had the championship in sight and couldn't be stopped. When the dust settled, the score was 7 to 1 in Winthrop's favor. It was lucky that the championship was captured then and there, for the weather man evidently did not wish us to play Lexington. Ice hockey would have been more suitable.

Those who played first team hockey this year were: Marjorie Douglas, Gladys Wood, Edna Muldoon, Irene Peterson, Dorothy Campbell, Esther Peterson, Vivian Moore, Ada Foley, Vivian Carr, Katherine Donovan, Ruth Anthony, Roosevelt Boyd, Phyllis Irish and Carolyn Magee.

Marjorie Douglas, our captain-elect, is a veteran of two years' experience. She led the team in scoring and as right inner was in the game every minute.

Gladys Wood, who played the other inside position, is next year's manager. She was second high scorer for the season.

Edna Muldoon has also played on the first team two years. She played center forward the first year and this year was shifted to right wing, where she more than held down her position.

Irene Peterson did fine work as center forward this year. "Rena" usually had to bully with larger and older girls, but none showed more ability than she.

Dorothy Campbell alternated with her in several games and showed that she, too, was clever in stickwork.

There were three aspirants for the left wing position, Vivian Moore, Esther Peterson and Ada Foley. "Viv" played a good game this year. Oh, Boy, can she run! Ada Foley was the only freshmen to get in a game this year. As "Pete" had some tough luck she got in only two games, but she accounted for four goals in that short time,





#### HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row—V. Moore, M. Douglas, Capt.-Mgr. C. Magee, G. Wood, D. Campbell, I. Peterson. Second Row—R. Boyd, V. Carr, E. Muldoon, E. Peterson, R. Anthony, P. Irish, K. Donovan. Back Row—Coach Nowers, Miss Key.

one against Dedham and three against Arlington.

The defense players very seldom get a chance to score a goal, but they are just as important to the team as the offense. We had an excellent defense this year which perfectly balanced our strong offense. Many schools fell below in one way or another, and that is how Winthrop won out.

Vivian Carr played a great game at left halfback, a position which she has covered for two years. She also scored a goal,—something for any halfback to be proud of.

Katherine Donovan earned the center half position by her hard and fast shots and her ability to cover ground quickly. She played like a veteran.

Ruth Anthony, our right halfback, is another veteran. She has a strong hit and made the most of it. Her playing this year could not be improved upon.

Roosevelt Boyd, right fullback, is undoubtedly one of the best fullbacks in the league. She has played a difficult position for two

years and has never been lacking in judgment.

Phillis Irish filled the left fullback position this year and certainly did it well. Her hard shots often sent the ball down the field, and her coolness never deserted her.

Carolyn Magee, Captain and Manager, has played goal for two years. The team didn't give "Cally" much chance to play this year.

Winthrop has had three most successful years at Hockey,—three years without defeat. The summary of the season:

- October. 17. Watertown at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 3, Watertown 0.
- October 20. Winchester at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 2, Winchester 0.
- October 24. Melrose at Melrose  
Winthrop 5, Melrose 0.
- November 1. Woburn at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 3, Woburn 0.
- November 14. Dedham at Dedham.  
Winthrop 6, Dedham 0.
- November 24. Arlington at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 7, Arlington 1.



#### FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row—Tewksbury, Walton, Spector, Weibel, Capt. Honan, Donovan, Fulham, Plakias, Solomon. Second Row—Gunn, Gallagher, McGunigle, Svensson, Metcalf, Wile, Rock, Mgr. Wheeler. Third Row—Howard, Rand, Fenton, Rosenberg, Titus, Bochterle. Fourth Row—Coach Manter, Hennessey, Guidi, Boylan, Asst. Mgr. Colby. Back Row—Barelay, Maskell.

#### FOOTBALL

From the standpoint of us who are in school, the past football season was one of which we may well be proud, while on paper the results were nothing more than ordinary. Throughout the year it seems that there was a veritable "jinx" hanging on the heels of the Winthrop team. One injury after another weakened the team, and when it came time for the Revere game—the big game—Winthrop's chances were lessened considerably by the loss of three veterans and, what is more, the services of their leader, Captain Honan.

The big factor in offsetting the bad breaks which Winthrop received was strong and spirited team play. The team started off in each game as the "underdog" because of the necessity of filling in the veterans' positions with "green" material; but whether or not they came through with a victory, they had the support of everyone in school. When one stops to consider that the team won

five, tied one, and lost four games, finishing in fifth place in the North Shore league, the work of Coach Manter and the team certainly deserves credit.

The initial game of the season was with Brookline, a member of the strong Suburban league. A scoreless tie was the result—not so bad; but a severe injury to Melvin Horne in the early part of the game shadowed gloom over the Winthrop fans who went to see the game. "Mel" was lost to the team for the rest of the year.

More bad news! Captain Honan, in the second game, with Beverly, received a bad leg strain and he, too, "rode around" on crutches for a couple of months. Splitting even in the next few games, Winthrop played rather unsteady football. In the games they won they played well and rolled up fairly high scores; but when on the wrong side of the score, they did not look like the same team; for they seemed to lack confidence and showed only flashes of good football.



Perhaps the toughest and most thrilling game of the season was the one in which Winthrop lost to Lynn Classical. At times it looked as though the heavy and older Lynn players were going to wipe Winthrop off their feet; but a lone touchdown and point for the kick after touchdown was all the Lynn boys could score. The final score was 7 to 6 in Classical's favor.

The big objective of the year is, of course, to win from Revere, and to this great rival of ours we wish the best of luck—and they most certainly got it; for they carried away the Turkey-day game by a score of 9 to 0.

Captain "Bill" Honan played great football in the first two games, but luck was against him, for the injury to his leg in the Beverly game kept Bill on the bench for the rest of the year.

The captain's duties were handed over to Fulham, a halfback, who performed admirably under the official role of acting-captain. He supplied the necessary fight and pep to keep the team on its toes and at the same time played a great game himself.

"Mel" Horne played in the first game and received a severe injury to his leg. Having ability as a player and the qualities which stamped him as an ideal leader, he was elected captain of the 1924 grid team. But seeing the seriousness of the injury he was forced to resign captaincy. His loss will be a great handicap to next year's team.

To "Red" Rock goes the captaincy for the coming year. Rock, a sophomore, certainly is deserving of the honor, for he played a wonderful game all season. He did the bulk of the line plunging and his punting kept Winthrop out of danger more than once.

The outstanding player of the season was Weibel. His two years' experience combined with his speed and ability to carry the ball made him the most reliable ground-gainer on the team. In spite of his small stature, "Sammy" was called upon to hit the line time and again when a yard or two was needed. He played a halfback position most of the year but was shifted to quarter for a few games.

"Bill" Walton was not in the game much this year because of a bad eye. However, he was in shape for the Revere game. His work on the defensive in that game was great.

The surprise of the year was Spector, a freshman. He played flashy football and his natural ability at carrying the ball promises him a regular position next year.

The two regular wingmen, Plakias and Solomon, guarded the ends like bulldogs and spilled many an ambitious opponent.

McGunigle and Wile took care of the tackle positions in good style. They broke up most of the plays through the line and on the offensive opened up many holes for the off-tackle plays.

Campbell at one guard position and Tewksbury and "Dan" Donovan alternating at the other guard were towers of defense in Winthrop's line.

At center, Svensson played a steady game. He is a new comer at football, but showed signs of being a strong cog in Winthrop's line next year.

Captain-elect Rock will have several letter men and other promising candidates to depend upon next year, and the team should develop rapidly.

The summary of the 1922 season:

**September 23. Brookline at Brookline.**

Winthrop 0, Brookline 0.

**October 7. Beverly at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 7, Beverly 0.

**October 12. Marblehead at Marblehead.**

Marblehead 23, Winthrop 0.

**October 21. Lynn English at Winthrop.**

Lynn English 13, Winthrop 0.

**October 28. Swampscott at Swampscott.**

Winthrop 26, Swampscott 0.

**November 4. Wellesley at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 34, Wellesley 0.

**November 11. Lynn Classical at Lynn.**

Lynn Classical 7, Winthrop 6.

**November 22. Boston Trade at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 30, Boston Trade 6.

**November 25. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 46, Chelsea 6.

**November 30. Revere at Winthrop.**

Revere 9, Winthrop 0.

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#### MR. MANTER NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH WINTHROP HIGH

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At the end of a very successful athletic year it is announced, to the regret of the students, the faculty, and a host of friends in Winthrop, that Mr. John W. Manter is no longer connected with the school as coach and instructor. Mr. Manter's ten years at Winthrop High made him esteemed by all with whom he has come in contact, and his services will be greatly missed.





#### BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Plakias, Fulham, Capt. Wile, McGunigle, Swan. Back Row—Coach Manter, Tierney, Mgr. Russell.

#### BASKETBALL

The basketball team finished second in the Suburban League, winning nine games and losing three. Two of the defeats were at the hands of the championship Brockton aggregation, and the third defeat was administered by Winchester in an overtime game. Although several of the victories were won by close margins, Winthrop was clearly superior when it came to the test, several games being won by last minute rallies.

When Coach Manter and Captain Wile called out the basketball candidates, there was not a single veteran of the previous year's team returning. However, not at all disheartened, and probably encouraged by learning that Brockton was in the same predicament, the boys started working with a vim; and, after several weeks of hard practice, developed into a fairly formidable combination. The practice game with the

Alumni was lost, but it did a world of good; for many faults we discovered and quickly corrected. The result was that the team returned victorious over Watertown in the first league game, and then won a close decision over the strong Winchester aggregation, touted as one of the foremost contenders for the league title. Wellesley, Chelsea, and Natick were defeated by some exciting last minute rallies in which Winthrop showed its power by coming through with a score when it was most needed. The first Brockton game, played at Winthrop, was a much heralded event for the whole league, as both teams were undefeated, and the outcome of the game was a very important factor in the winning of the championship. The game brought out an unusual crowd of spectators and the gym was crowded to capacity. The teams played on even terms during the first half, and the second half found the players and spectators tense with excitement, as each hard earned point

now had a grave importance. Winthrop made a fine bid for the game by cutting down Brockton's lead in the closing minutes of the game, but Brockton came back strongly and won in the last minute. Winthrop next disposed of Watertown and Wellesley with little difficulty, before dropping an overtime contest to Winchester on the latter's floor, one that is feared by all teams because of its peculiarities. Brockton had previously met defeat there, but was credited with a victory when Winchester had to forfeit the game for using ineligible players. Although Winthrop's hopes of winning the championship were blasted with the defeat by Winchester, the team fought just as hard, and came through with spectacular wins over Chelsea and Natick. The final game of the season, with Brockton, although not deciding the championship, was hotly contested. Winthrop, determined to avenge the earlier defeat by Brockton, led at the end of the first half. However, as the last half wore on Brockton rushed in fresh players and came out with a substantial margin at the end of the game.

The general teamwork of the players, rather than any individual brilliancy, was the main factor of the team's success. Although not very strong on the offensive, the team undoubtedly had the best defense in the league.

In spite of being handicapped by illness in the early games, the team made a very creditable record, even exceptional, when one considers the uncertain prospects for the year.

Capt. Wile jumped center and then fell back to guard where he used his height to a great advantage. His defensive work stamped him as one of the best guards in the league and his consistent foul shooting aided in several of the victories. Plakias, Swan, and Tierney made a capable trio of forwards who played a fast passing game. While Plakias was out of the earlier games, Tierney stepped in and played a brilliant game, saving several games by his all-around work. When Plakias returned, he and Swan paired up at forward and Tierney was used to relieve one of the forwards or one of the guards. With the exception of

Capt. Wile, who shot the fouls, Plakias and Swan were high scorers of the team. They were the most reliable shots and carried the brunt of Winthrop's attack. Fulham played a roving guard and was a good defense man and a dangerous shot. McGunigle paired up well with Capt. Wile and between them they kept the opposing team well covered.

The players showed fine team work and a spirit which often carried them through to a victory when the chances looked very slim.

The second team had a fairly successful season, breaking even in its games. Stockwell, Guidi, Barclay, Racca and Tewksbury are the regulars of the second team who will return next year.

All the members of this year's first team are lost by graduation, but an experienced second team will return and Captain-elect "Pep" Guidi will have material for another capable aggregation.

The summary of the 1922-1923 season:

**December 22. Alumni at Winthrop.**

Alumni 29, Winthrop 16.

**January 5. Watertown at Watertown.**

Winthrop 28, Watertown 15.

**January 16. Winchester at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 13, Winchester 11.

**January 19. Wellesley at Wellesley.**

Winthrop 17, Wellesley 16

**January 26. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 11, Chelsea 7.

**January 30. Natick at Natick.**

Winthrop 15, Natick 12.

**February 2. Brockton at Winthrop.**

Brockton 11, Winthrop 7

**February 9. Watertown at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 20, Watertown 14.

**February 16. Wellesley at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 26, Wellesley 10.

**February 27. Winchester at Winchester.**

Winchester 24, Winthrop 22.

**March 1. Chelsea at Chelsea.**

Winthrop 18, Chelsea 16.

**March 6. Natick at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 22, Natick 14.

**March 9. Brockton at Brockton.**

Brockton 27, Winthrop 16.





#### TRACK TEAM

Front Row—Flannery, Kelly, Knell, Epstein, Gravin. Second Row—Stockwell, Weibel, Capt. Grady, McKenney, Jenkins, Wells, Barclay. Third Row—Haley, O'Toole, Campbell, Morrison, Svensson, Corbett. Back Row—Asst. Mgr. Hewitt, Hennessey, Asst. Coach Higgins, Coach Ronan, Mgr. Rich.

#### TRACK

The obscure weakling which was called a track team a few years ago has grown to one of the strongest in this section of the state. By virtue of their victory at the Massachusetts Schoolboys' Carnival in the Harvard Stadium, the team is the proud possessor of the title of State Champion in Class B. This decisive victory at the State meet wound up the most successful season Winthrop High track team has ever experienced.

The formal call for candidates was issued directly after the close of the football season. As in former years, the prospects for a good year were not very bright. Several new candidates joined the squad, and work began in earnest.

The team went to Cambridge to engage Brown and Nichols in the first meet. A determination to win kept Winthrop in the fight all the time, and in the last event they

came through with the winning point. This meet brought out the ability of "Monte" Wells, who won the hurdles in fast time and scored nine points for the team.

A few individuals and the relay team were sent to the Huntington meet. Wells scored a third place, equalling the hurdle record in his trial heat, and the relay team, composed of Weibel, Jenkins, Stockwell and McKenney, pinned a decisive defeat on the Quincy relay team.

Noble and Greenough furnished the next competition and came out ahead of Winthrop. The margin was not exceptionally large, and, considering that Noble and Greenough captured the State Indoor Title in their class, the team put up a good fight.

In the State indoor meet, the relay team furnished some thrills in the three-cornered race against Lynn Classical and Lynn English, losing to Classical by a few feet. Wells captured second honors in the 60-yard hurdles against a fast field, and Weibel survived



the trials and the semi-final in the dash.

Malden's queer shaped gym and poor track was too much for Winthrop in the next meet and the team suffered a set-back. The relay team, however, made up for this defeat by giving the Malden relay team a sound trimming at the Harvard Relay Carnival.

The Rindge Tech meet was the first of a series of pleasant surprises, the team finishing with a ten point margin. Winthrop won from Rindge last year by one point, and, as the Rindge team was the same this year as last, had expected difficulty in overcoming the veteran aggregation. Capt. Grady, Stockwell and Weibel were the high lights for Winthrop.

An interclass meet was held in May and resulted in a victory for the Seniors, with the Juniors next in order.

Winthrop took every first place in disposing of Arlington on Ingleside Park.

The team next went to Cambridge and swamped the Cambridge Latin runners 52½ to 19½. The distance runs furnished the most spectacular features of the meet.

The final dual meet was with Quincy and the contests were the closest of any meet. Barclay and Hennessey showed the results of good coaching and took first places in the "440" and mile run, respectively. The feature performance was a leap of 21 feet ¼ inch in the broad jump, by "Al" Grady.

A full team was entered in the State meet held in the Harvard Stadium. Dinner was served before the meet and at two o'clock the first event was called. Winthrop was in fine fettle and confident of scoring a good share of points. The outcome was doubtful in Class B, in which Winthrop was placed, because of the calibre of Hyde Park, winner of second place in the District School meet, and Brighton, another powerful group.

Weibel scored the first points for Winthrop, winning the dash, and soon was followed in scoring by Stockwell and Wells in the hurdle event. Capt. Grady and Stockwell scored in the broad jump, and Barclay and Svensson with points in the "440" and high jump, respectively, brought Winthrop well above the nearest competitor. The relay team, Weibel, Jenkins, Stockwell and McKenney, won a thrilling race from Fairhaven and Fitchburg, and made second best time of all the relays.

Winthrop easily finished first in Class B with 27 points. The second team, Hyde Park, scored only 13 points.

Capt. Grady was one of the most consistent scorers for the team and usually divided his points among the three field events. His specialty, however, was the broad jump and his leaps were around 20 feet on the average.

Wells and Stockwell were invincible in the hurdles, both outclassing their rivals at the state meet and scoring consistently in other competitions.

Svensson and Campbell confined their efforts to the field events and both picked up valuable points for the team.

Flannery, Gravin, Epstein and Hennessey, the middle distance men, placed consistently and scored much needed points in the dual meets.

Barclay and Stockwell took care of the "440," the former finishing third in the State meet. McKenney occasionally went out of his class to pick up a few points in this event.

The team was well fortified in the sprints with Weibel and McKenney as consistent scorers. Jenkins, a valuable relay man, filled in on the sprints in dual meets and tallied a number of points.

The relay team won three out of four starts and always made good time.

Capt. Grady, Stockwell and Weibel were the all around stars and, with other capable men in the other events, the team was as well balanced as could be desired.

Great credit is due Mr. Ronan for his work in putting Winthrop on the map of track athletics, and establishing that sport on a firm footing.

Wells will lead the team next year and will have a number of reliable men to support him.

The summary of the outdoor season:

Friday, April 27. Winthrop at Rindge Tech.  
Winthrop 41½, Rindge 31½.

Friday, May 11. Arlington at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 55, Arlington 16.

Tuesday, May 15. Winthrop at Cambridge Latin.  
Winthrop 52½, Cambridge Latin 19½.

Friday, May 25. Winthrop at Quincy.  
Winthrop 47, Quincy 25.

Saturday, June 2. Mass. Schoolboys at the Harvard Stadium.

Winthrop won the championship of Class B with 27 points against 13 for the nearest competitor, Hyde Park.



#### BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row—Bradley, Guidi, Capt. Ramsey, Robinson, Plakias. Second Row—Rock, Mgr. Swan, Waite, Johnson, Lothrop, Stockwell. Third Row—McGunigle, Glover, Farnham, MacLeod. Back Row—Coach Manter, Fenton, Asst. Mgr. McCarthy, Brogan.

#### BASEBALL

The recent season was a fitting climax to a very successful athletic year. The baseball team completed the season with twelve victories and five defeats, finishing just behind the championship Lynn English team in the North Shore League. Winthrop was picked as one of the "weak sisters" of the league before the season got under way, but turned out to be one of the surprises of the year, ruining the chances of several teams that had championship aspirations.

Bad weather delayed outdoor practice for more than a week after candidates were called out; so practice was held in the gym for a short time. Capt. Ramsey, Guidi, Fitzgerald, Robinson, Waite, Plakias and Johnson were the letter men who reported, and last year's second team players and several new candidates strengthened the squad greatly.

After getting away to a good start by beating Lynn Classical, Winthrop dropped two games to the powerful Lynn English aggregation. The next five games were all scheduled at Winthrop and, with this advantage, the team played some great ball, winning all five games. In the Gloucester and Swampscott games Winthrop got away to a bad start, but showed plenty of grit by finally coming out ahead. After administering another defeat to Peabody, Winthrop ran afoul of Revere, and suffered a decisive setback. In this game the team simply "wasn't there," and had very little chance to win, although the score was not one-sided. An easy victory at Chelsea was followed by a pair of decisive defeats, at the hands of Swampscott and Revere. The second Revere game was the worst that the team played all season. A review of the season does not show Revere to be as consistent a winner as Winthrop, and yet Revere walked away with the two-game



series with comparative ease. Such is baseball! Going back into the game with plenty of determination, Winthrop won a pair of extra inning games, defeating Beverly and Marblehead on their home fields. Beverly next came to Winthrop and was trimmed in good shape. The final game off the season, with Gloucester, was captured in easy fashion.

Capt. Ramsey, a veteran of three campaigns, was the outstanding star of the team. He was very reliable with the bat, and pulled through several victories with his timely clouts; notably, the game at Beverly, where his home run in the ninth inning drove two men in ahead of him and tied the score. Ability to run the bases well and fairly steady work at shortstop, combined with his natural ability as a leader, enabled him to fill the captain's berth most satisfactorily.

"Pep" Guidi did the receiving this year and worked well with all his pitchers. His hitting, too, was better than the average.

Robinson, Johnson and Farnham did the pitching this year and as a rule were steady and reliable. Johnson, especially, ran into some bad luck, but he came through in great style towards the end of the season. Robinson and Farnham were equally effective, and, whenever they got good support from their team-mates, pitched creditable ball.

First base was covered by Waite, who led the team in hitting, and played a steady game in the field.

At second, "Joe" Bradley cavorted, and his work in some of the first games was spectacular. He and Ramsey, at short, teamed up together in good style, and snared about everything that came around second base.

At the beginning of the season, Fitzgerald was stationed at the hot corner, but he ran into scholastic difficulties that made him ineligible. His work while he was playing was as spectacular as ever. "Aaron" Plakias started in left field, but moved over to third base after "Fitz" left. His hitting during the first games was remarkably good, and his mark for the year was among the highest.

"Red" Rock covered left field during the last part of the season, and turned in some of the season's most spectacular catches, besides hitting well.

Stockwell covered all of center field that there was, and drove out a number of long hits.

Swan, Brogan, Lothrop, McGunigle, Bernson, Johnson and Robinson all saw service in the outer gardens, and performed capably in the difficult role of utility player. Lothrop, also, played several games at first base.

Glover, MacLeod and Fenton broke into the box score as substitutes and performed creditably; Glover behind the plate, MacLeod at second, and Fenton in the outfield.

Coach Manter developed a team that played steady ball most of the time, and, after defeat, came back with aggressive, winning baseball. The uncertain prospects for the year make the season all the more successful, and the coach and players deserve commendation for their uphill fight.

Captain-elect "Al" Brogan will have good material for next year's team, and should lead Winthrop through another successful season.

The summary of the 1923 season:

- April 25. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 3, Classical 2.
- April 26. Lynn English at Lynn.  
English 21, Winthrop 8.
- April 31. Lynn English at Winthrop.  
English 10, Winthrop 4.
- May 2. Marblehead at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 5, Marblehead 4.
- May 5. Peabody at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 14, Peabody 10.
- May 15. Gloucester at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 9, Gloucester 4.
- May 16. Swampscott at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 12, Swampscott 7.
- May 19. Chelsea at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 16, Chelsea 6.
- May 23. Peabody at Peabody.  
Winthrop 6, Peabody 2.
- May 26. Revere at Revere.  
Revere 6, Winthrop 3.
- May 29. Chelsea at Chelsea.  
Winthrop 16, Chelsea 7.
- May 31. Swampscott at Swampscott.  
Swampscott 6, Winthrop 1.
- June 2. Revere at Winthrop.  
Revere 17, Winthrop 5.
- June 4. Beverly at Beverly.  
Winthrop 14, Beverly 12.
- June 6. Marblehead at Marblehead.  
Winthrop 5, Marblehead 3.
- June 11. Beverly at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 7, Beverly 2.
- June 12. Gloucester at Gloucester.  
Winthrop 11, Gloucester 6.



# ORGANIZATIONS



## DEBATING TEAM

Front Row—Tierney, Wentworth, Thomas, Waite, Robinson. Second Row—Felch, O'Toole, Nevers, Swan, Jenkins. Back Row—Manton, Mr. Sowle, Svensson.

## DEBATING CLUB

### Officers

President ..... Edward Thomas  
 Vice-President ..... Herbert Swan  
 Secretary ..... George Jenkins  
 Ways and Means Committee:  
     Herbert Swan, Chairman  
     Thomas Tierney  
     Franklin Waite

This year was a banner one for the debating club, which was for the second time under the supervision of Mr. Sowle. Several minor debates between the members of the club helped to keep up interest in the organization and prepared the speakers for the joint debates with Quincy, Everett and Revere. The team was made up of Seniors for the most part, but two Juniors par-

ticipated in the Revere debate. Both of these men return next year, and, with other promising candidates who showed ability this year, should do well in carrying on the work.

Only one member of the teams this year was a veteran, but the new men developed so rapidly that the team was very successful in its three interscholastic debates. Roland Wentworth was the best individual speaker, with Franklin Waite ranking second. Wentworth had the distinction of being chosen best speaker in each of the debates.

The first interscholastic joint debate was held on December 13, 1922, with Quincy High. The question was, Resolved: that the present three per cent restriction of immigration to the United States should be con-

tinued as a law during another three year period. The following speakers represented Winthrop:

**At Winthrop—Negative**

Edward Thomas, rebuttal  
Thomas Tierney  
Roland Wentworth  
Herbert Swan, alternate

**At Quincy—Affirmative**

George Jenkins  
Albert Nevers, rebuttal  
Franklin Waite  
Loring Manton, alternate

Winthrop won a unanimous decision at home, and Quincy was given the same award in their hall. Wentworth was chosen best speaker at Winthrop.

The second joint debate was with Everett on February 16, 1923, the subject being, Resolved, that the cities of Greater Boston should adopt the City Manager form of government. Everett has always had an enviable reputation in debating, and has not been defeated at home since 1916. The Winthrop speakers were as follows:

**At Winthrop—Negative**

Edward Thomas  
Herbert Swan  
Roland Wentworth, rebuttal  
Stanley Robinson, alternate

**At Everett—Affirmative**

Albert Nevers  
Thomas Tierney, rebuttal  
Franklin Waite  
Willard Felch, alternate

Winthrop won a two to one decision at home, and Wentworth was declared best speaker. At Everett, the judges gave the home team a unanimous vote, but Waite received the decision as second best speaker.

The last debate, with our rivals, Revere, was held on April 27, 1923. The question was, Resolved: that the French were justified in their invasion of the Ruhr District. Winthrop was represented by the following speakers:

**At Winthrop—Affirmative**

Eric Svensson  
Thomas Tierney  
Roland Wentworth, rebuttal  
Stanley Robinson, alternate

**At Revere—Negative**

Walter O'Toole  
Edward Thomas, rebuttal  
Franklin Waite  
Willard Felch, alternate

Winthrop's home team won a unanimous

decision, and Wentworth, for the third time, was chosen best speaker. At Revere, Winthrop lost on a two to one decision, but Waite was voted best speaker.

Two speakers who debated against Revere will be eligible next year, and, with the underclassmen who already have signified their intentions of joining the club, the prospects of a successful season are very promising.

The success of the present year has stimulated interest in debating to a considerable extent, and it is hoped that next year more students will become connected with the Debating Club, and participate in its beneficial activities.

## LATIN CLUB

### Officers

**Duo Consules** .....  
..... Carolyn Magee, Gracia Bancroft  
**Scriba** ..... Regina Bradley  
**Quaestor** ..... Harriet Segal  
**Praetor** ..... Miss Ayres

### Membership Committee:

Ruth Ames  
Dorothy Dorr  
Olive Fisher

### Entertainment Committee:

Mildred Mann  
Mary Stansbury  
Carolyn Wingersky

The Latin Club, founded in 1917, had one of its most successful seasons this year. Entertainments, consisting of Latin recitations, songs, dialogues, debates and papers, were given; and three plays were presented, two by the Sophomore boys and one by the Freshman boys. The Seniors also gave scenes from "The Tragedy of Dido." Such programs indicate the willingness and ability of the members to help make the Latin Club a successful organization.

One of the best entertainments presented by the Contio Latina was given in the Winthrop Theatre. Through the efforts of Miss Ayres, the motion picture "Julius Caesar" was obtained and presented before an enthusiastic audience of students.

Early in the year the Freshmen who had obtained a rank of 85 per cent or over were admitted, and soon were wearing the club pin or colors.

The members of the club, under the able supervision of Miss Ayres, have done so much to stimulate interest in the club, that next year should be fully as successful as the present.





### THE ORCHESTRA

Front Row—V. Crooker, M. Cusiter, S. Nathanson, W. O'Toole, E. Sinatra, H. Duncan, D. Garbutt, C. Coffin, D. Barkley. Second Row—B. Barkley, M. Kirby, A. Wyman, H. Goldsmith, G. Hall, E. Jenkins. Third Row—A. Roberts, L. Monahan, J. Wise, S. Krauthausen, J. Moriarty, F. Martel, L. Finkel, S. Cohen. Fourth Row—S. Colby, H. Gewirtz, V. Petrucci, J. Whipple, R. Ferrar, A. White, J. Campbell, L. Goodall, J. O'Toole. Fifth Row—G. Douglas, R. Sinatra, E. Herland, M. Gosule, C. Duncan, N. Perry, C. Reed. Back Row—Mr. Willis, Mr. Peltier.

### THE ORCHESTRA

#### Officers

President ..... Elbert Sinatra  
 Vice-President ..... Raymond Sinatra  
 Secretary ..... Virginia Crooker  
 Librarian ..... Dora Barkley  
 Concertmaster ..... Elbert Sinatra  
 Director ..... Mr. N. Elliot Willis

The orchestra this year has eclipsed any organization of its kind in the history of the school. There are forty-two members, and, as most of them have had at least one year of orchestra experience under Mr. Willis' baton, music of a very high character has been played.

On December 17, 1922, our orchestra had the honor to be the first high school orchestra to broadcast from Amrad WGI radio station. Many letters and telephone calls were received by Mr. Willis, indicating the pleasure of those who "listened in," and

complimenting the orchestra on its excellent work.

The second annual concert was held in the Winthrop Theater on March 9, and a crowded house greeted the performers. This concert is now one of Winthrop's annual musical treats.

The orchestra has furnished music for all the school plays during the year and also for the debates with Quincy and Revere. Mr. Willis has also provided a group who have played for our Friday afternoon dancing. The orchestra also furnished music for Class Day and for both Senior and Eighth Grade graduations.

### SPANISH CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Howard McGrath  
 Secretary ..... Margaret Sawyer

This year ends the third season of the



Spanish Club's activities. The entertainments presented by this organization were of a varied and interesting character. The programs included readings on Spanish sports, games, characteristics and government. The club also purchased victrola records which all enjoyed hearing. In February Senor Wenceslav Segarro from Porto Rico, visiting this country, lectured before the Spanish Club on the contrast between the American and Porto Rican woman. Mr. Hite of Cambridge favored the club with Spanish songs at one of the meetings, and pictures of South America were shown on the screen. Every one taking Spanish should belong to this club, for it is very interesting and helpful in the study of the language.

### SCIENCE CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Seth Card  
 Vice-President ..... Harold Duncan  
 Sec. and Treas. .... Mr. Peltier

#### Executive Board:

Loring Manton  
 Newell Perry  
 Stanley Robinson  
 Eric Svensson

The Science Club ended its eighth successful season with a trip to the Watertown Arsenal, the most interesting place visited during the year. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Peltier, President Card, and the executive board, the club inaugurated the plan of taking a series of field trips, and worked it out with the best of results. This is the first year in the history of the club in which such a program has been carried out, but the immediate success assures the continuance of the same system in future years.

At Medford Hillside the students had the opportunity of watching the radio broadcasting plant in action.

The club was received at the General Electric Company in Lynn by a special reception committee, and shown through the entire plant.

On another trip, the visitors inspected the new battleship "Florida" and also a destroyer at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Another somewhat different visit was to the huge refrigeration plant of the United Fruit Company. The last and most interesting trip, to the Watertown Arsenal, presented a large number of interesting exhi-

bitions. The remarkable mechanism of a modern 6 inch gun was the object of most attention, and the mechanism was clearly explained by an officer.

It is hoped that the Science Club will continue its successful career next year, as it very interestingly presents the practical side of Science.

### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Raymond Flannery  
 Vice-President ..... Kathleen Broussard  
 Sec. and Treas. .... Rebecca Davidson  
 Chairman of Debates ..... Gordan McGrath  
 Chairman of Topics ..... Robert Johnson

This newest of Winthrop High School organizations was formed last winter through the efforts of Miss Peabody, and has been very active since that time. One of the most interesting and instructive features of some of the meetings has been the custom of debating on scientific subjects. At other meetings short, interesting talks have been given by the members of the club.

In May the club visited the offices of the Western Union, and thus began a series of field trips which will be continued next year.

The organization, though small, has been especially active in its first few months of existence, and already plans numerous interesting features for its second season.

### FRENCH CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Carolyn Magee  
 Vice-President ..... Mildred Mann  
 Secretary ..... Ruth Anthony  
 Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Sheehan

Although only in its second year, Le Cercle Francais is one of the leading clubs of W. H. S., with a membership of about fifty. Because of the great number of talented persons in this organization the French club has been able to give various interesting entertainments. The meetings, held once a month, were carried on in French, a fact which added to the interest in the club. Scenes from French plays, songs, and dialogues were given and records for the victrola were bought. Near the end of the year all the Juniors who had gained an 80 per cent average were invited to join, and twenty-one were duly initiated.

Many thanks are due Miss Eveleth, whose untiring efforts helped to make the French Club what it is today.

# ENTERTAINMENT



## SCHOOL PLAY CAST

Front Row—I. Minto, C. Healy, E. Chisholm, M. McCarthy, G. Harwood, J. Knell. Second Row—R. Barney, R. Canton, H. Stansbury, R. Whorf, T. Stockwell, A. Cummings. Back Row—W. O'Toole, H. Rand, E. Svensson, L. Barclay.

## THE SCHOOL PLAY

On Friday evening, April 13, the annual School Play was presented in the Winthrop Theatre by the undergraduates. Oliver Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was very elaborately staged and greatly enjoyed by a large audience. The old-fashioned costumes were quite in contrast with those of more modern plays, and added greatly to the beauty of the production. The play is very humorous and continually brought forth applause from the audience.

Ina Minto, as the dainty heroine, was very mischievous and instantly gained favor. "Dick" Whorf, as the spoiled scion of an aristocratic family, and Esther Chisholm, as the doting elder, were the source of much merriment.

## The cast:

Mr. Hardcastle .....	Theodore Stockwell
Mrs. Hardcastle .....	Esther Chisholm
Kate Hardcastle .....	Ina Minto
Constance Neville .....	Constance Healy
Tony Lumpkin .....	Richard Whorf
Sir Charles Marlowe .....	Jack Knell
Young Marlowe .....	Richard Canton
George Hastings .....	Henry Stansbury
Diggory .....	Archie Cummings
Stingo .....	Robert Barney
A Maid .....	Marjorie McCarthy
Mat Muggins, Roger .....	Walter O'Toole
Slang, Dick .....	Hovey Rand
Aminadab, Jeremy .....	Eric Svensson
Tom Twist .....	Jack Knell
A Bar-maid .....	Gladys Harwood
A Postilion .....	Lawrence Barclay





#### SENIOR PLAY CAST

Front Row—T. Nugent, C. Grady, G. Gearhart, D. Loane. Second Row—A. Boylan, R. Wentworth, G. Foley, J. Fulham. Back Row—G. Gallagher, F. Christopher, J. Hayes.

#### THE SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play was presented in the Winthrop Theatre on Friday evening, December 15, before a crowded house. The well known comedy, "Come Out of the Kitchen," was given in excellent style, and was very well received by the audience. The play is full of delightful humor, which was brought out most effectively, and the applause indicated that the play had made a distinct hit. The cast had been well chosen and drilled, and the production was decidedly "unamateurish" in its appearance.

Catherine Grady, as "Jane-Ellen the cook," was delightfully humorous and kept the audience continually happy. John Fulham, as the "boy of all work," and Georgeanna Gearhart, as the haughty Mrs. Faulkner, also provided a continual source of merriment. Roland Wentworth, in the role of a young millionaire from the North, was typi-

cally polished and gave an excellent portrayal of the character. The entire cast entered into the roles in such a manner that the play gave the impression of a very finished production, and delighted the audience with its sparkling humor.

#### The cast:

Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane-Ellen .....	Catherine Grady
Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Araminta .....	Theresa Nugent
Cora Faulkner .....	Dorothy Loane
Mrs. Faulkner, her mother .....	Georgeanna Gearhart
Amanda, Olivia's black mammy .....	Grace Foley
Burton Crane, from the north .....	Roland Wentworth
Thomas Lefferts, statistical poet .....	Arthur Boylan
Solon Tucker, Crane's attorney .....	John Hayes



Paul Dangerfield, alias Southfield .....  
 ..... Fred Christopher  
 Charles Dangerfield, alias Brundlebury  
 ..... John Fulham  
 Randolph Weeks, agent of the Danger-  
 fields ..... George Gallagher

dancing was again in order, and ice cream  
 cones were sold.

### "THE MAID AND THE MIDDY"

On Friday, May 18, an operetta, "The Maid and the Middy," was presented for the school. It was given three times that morning so that all classes might enjoy it, and each time it was thunderously received. Shortly afterwards it was presented at a meeting of the Teachers' Association, and, still again at the Class Day exercises. The jolly music and clever dance steps, and the bright colored costumes made the production an instant "hit." No other program has been enjoyed as greatly as this operetta, and, surely, no other like production has left such a "finished" and pleasing impression. Mr. Dockham and Miss Spence drilled the cast, and certainly did most creditable work in presenting such an enjoyable entertainment. The following students took part: Georgeanna Gearhart, Horace Wile, Roland Wentworth, Clement Higgins, Rebecca Branz, Esther Britt, George Gallagher, Archibald Cummings, Oliver Fisher, Herbert Swan, Richard Canton, Charlotte Bridgeman, Catherine Grady, Beulah Barkley, Arthur Boylan, Lewis Patrick and Frank Gunn.

#### The Cast:

Billy, the Middy ..... Horace Wile  
 Dawson ..... Herbert Swan  
 The Count ..... Roland Wentworth  
 Evans ..... Archie Cummings  
 Fitz ..... Richard Canton  
 Captain Dasher ..... George Gallagher  
 Bounder ..... John Fulham  
 Young Slimson ..... Clement Higgins  
 Valerie Vane ..... Georgeanna Gearhart  
 Mrs. Gaily ..... Rebecca Branz  
 Alice ..... Esther Britt  
 Maud ..... Olive Fisher  
 Phyllis ..... Charlotte Bridgman  
 Maids .....  
 ..... Catherine Grady and Beulah Barkley  
 Middies .....  
 Arthur Boylan, Frank Gunn and Lewis  
 Patrick.

### SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

This year's Senior Vaudeville entertainment was held in the Gymnasium on Friday afternoon, March 23. The committee in charge presented a program that surpassed the entertainments of other years and was greatly enjoyed by the students and teachers. The program began shortly after school, with dancing, and by the time the performance was begun, the gym was crowded to its capacity.

George Gallagher, chairman of the Vaudeville Committee, opened with a speech of welcome, after which the following acts were enjoyed by the spectators:

Pianologue ..... Archie Cummings  
 Toe Dance ..... Frieda Pransky  
 Monologue, "Out of Luck" ..... Robert Young  
 "The Crystal Gazer" .....

..... Madaline Halford, Edna Smith  
 "Dance Syncopation" ..... Margaret Dineen  
 "The Old Way and the New" .....

..... Gatha Hubbard, Grace Pingree  
 "Just of Us" ..... George Kushner, Harry  
 Friedenburt, Theodore Bears.

"Syncopated Four"—John Fulham, Lewis  
 Patrick, Ray Sinatra, Max Gosule.

"The Merchant of Venice"—Albert McGun-  
 iple, John Fenton, Herbert Swan, Law-  
 rence Barclay, John Fulham, Edward  
 White, Horace Wile.

Pianologue ..... Ray Sinatra  
 "Rush Her"—Richard Whorf, William Ho-  
 nan, Arthur Boylan, Richard Canton,  
 Frank Gunn, Alfred Grady, George Gal-  
 lagher, Albert McGunigle, Lewis Patrick,  
 Clement Higgins, Francis Ward, Law-  
 rence Barclay, Ray Sinatra, pianist.

The entire program was enthusiastically  
 applauded by the onlookers and put every-  
 body in high spirits. After the program,

# ALUMNI

Members of 1921 and 1922 and the Institutions in which  
they are representing W. H. S.

## CLASS OF 1921

Dudley Allen, Stevens Tech.  
Dorothy Ball, Boston School Physical Education.  
John Blais, Harvard.  
Gardner Currier, M. I. T.  
Dorothy Curtis, Smith.  
Ellamae Flynn, Miss Lesley's Kindergarten School.  
Edwin Griffin, Dartmouth.  
Eleanor Herbert, Choate School.  
Morris Marden, Harvard.  
Andrew Molloy, Dean Academy.  
Frederick Mulloney, Harvard.  
Eleanor Nazro, Mt. Holyoke.  
Francis O'Maley, Dean Academy.  
Cecilia O'Toole, New England Conservatory of Music.  
Lorraine Patrick, Framingham Normal.  
Theodore Patterson, B. U.  
Henrietta Perkins, B. U.  
Stewart Perry, M. I. T.  
Eleanor Raymond, Columbia.  
Kenneth Reed, Northeastern.  
Ruth Robinson, Simmons.  
Frank Ross, Princeton.  
Harry Smith, M. I. T.  
Helen Smith, Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.  
Nadene Soule, B. U.  
Barbara Spaulding, Boston School Physical Education.  
Richard Staples, M. I. T.  
Dorothy Verdi, Salem Normal.  
Rosamond Wyman, Salem Normal.  
Evelyn Macquarrie, Salem Normal.

## CLASS OF 1922

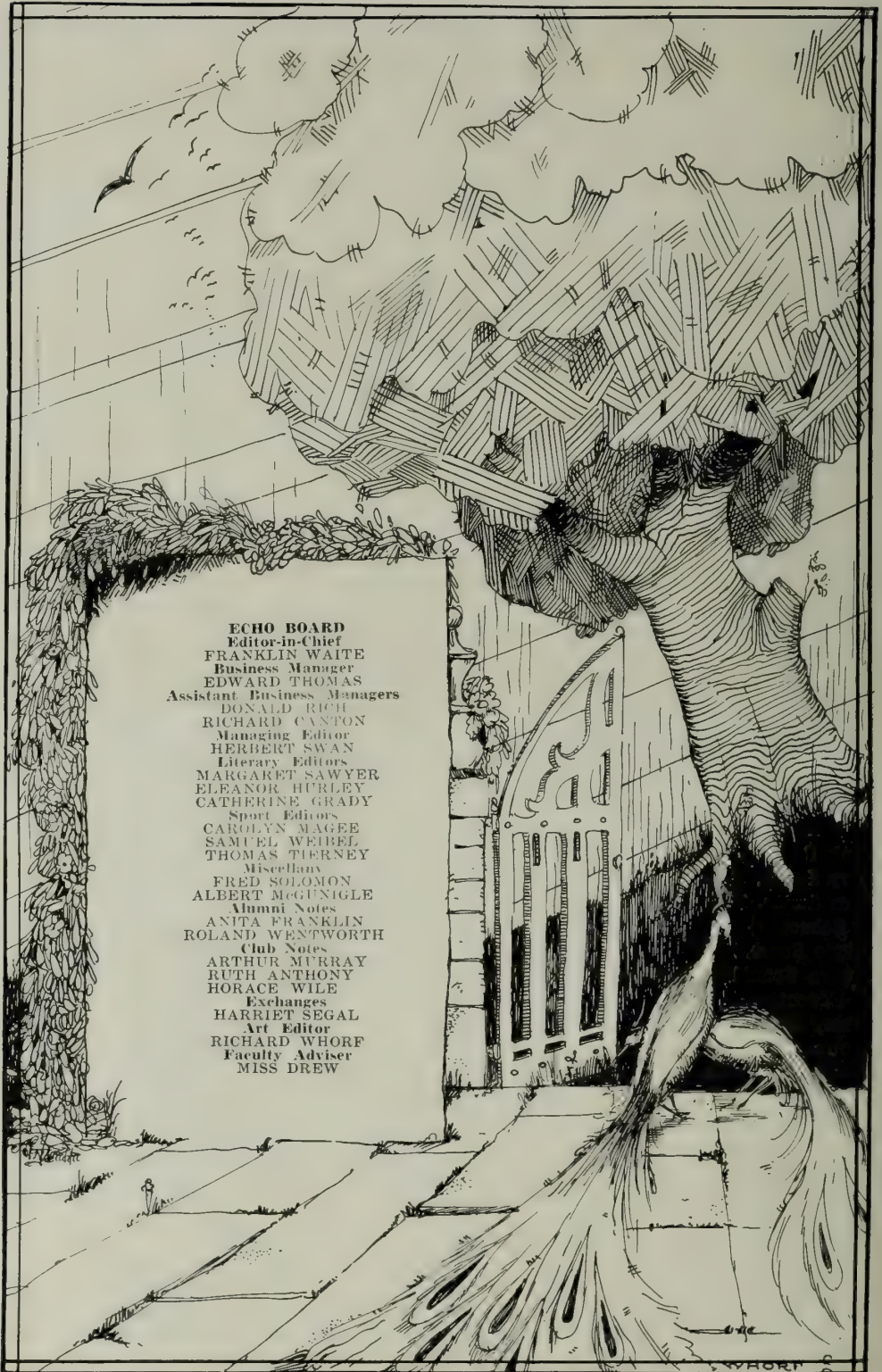
Madelaine Anthony, Smith.  
John Barry, Exeter.  
Sidney Blandford, N. Y. Military Academy.  
Clara Brown, Bryant & Stratton.  
Verna Coffin, Bryant & Stratton.  
Marion Dealy, Salem Normal.  
Catherine Devlin, Framingham Normal.  
Dorothy Donovan, Salem Normal.  
John Eaton, B. U.

Ruth Evans, B. U.  
Mary Fielding, Bryant & Stratton.  
Hayden Freeman, M. A. C.  
John Gore, Exeter.  
Robert Hazel, Dartmouth.  
Mary Lochhead, Smith.  
Marie McCann, Salem Normal.  
Richard McClintock, Dartmouth.  
Joseph McIntyre, Worcester Academy.  
Eleanor McLatchie, Miss Leslie's School.  
Dorothy Miskelly, Framingham Normal.  
Helen Murljacich, B. U.  
Mary Murphy, B. U.  
Mary Nugent, Salem Normal.  
Willard Paine, Dummer Academy.  
Walter Peterson, M. I. T.  
Kenneth Sawin, Berkley Prep.  
Mary White, Miss Wheelock's School.  
Harold Young, B. U.  
Philip Ruskin, Harvard.  
Minerva Whittier, Worcester Normal.  
Blanche Whittemore, Dana Hall.  
Daisy Whitman, B. U.  
Bessie Wessell, Bridgewater Normal.  
Harold Turner, B. U.  
Malcolm Tasker, Northeastern.  
Hymen Silverstein, Harvard.  
Dorothea Schueler, Salem Normal.  
Alfonso Sanders, B. U.  
George Lawler, Worcester Academy.  
Alice Haskell, Framingham Normal.  
Beulah Cooper, Sargent School.  
John Joyce, M. I. T.  
William Macquarrie, M. I. T.  
Mabel Mitchell, Normal Art School.  
Mary Moran, Salem Normal.  
Frank Perrone, Northeastern.

## Post Graduates at Winthrop High

Harry Benson.  
Helen Cammall  
Arthur Davis.  
Doris Enos.  
James Foote.  
Ruth Gardner.  
Margaret Knipe.  
William Morrison  
Kathryn Patterson.  
Sidney Stevenson  
Ruth Swift.









#### THE ECHO STAFF

Front Row—E. Hurley, H. Segal, A. Franklin, M. Sawyer, C. Magee, C. Grady, R. Anthony, Miss Drew. Second Row—F. Solomon, S. Weibel, T. Tierney, F. Waite, R. Wentworth, R. Canton. Third Row—R. Whorf, A. McGunigle, E. Thomas, A. Murray, H. Swan. Back Row—H. Wile, D. Rich.

It is with the deepest regret that the graduating Senior departs from Winthrop High School, to pursue his education in broader fields of endeavor. However difficult and discouraging the road to Graduation may have been, there is gained that satisfaction and contentment which is the lasting reward for meritorious achievements that required unusual determination and tenacity in their accomplishment.

There is a sincere desire in the heart of every new born Alumnus to encourage underclassmen to be resolute in their intentions and faithful to their duties, so that they may bring greater honors to their school and make more rapid advancement in their personal development.

We, of the class of '23, have spent such pleasant and profitable years at W. H. S. that it is only natural that we shall be intensely interested in her activities in future years; and we earnestly hope that the succeeding classes may find something in our history worthy of example.

Each new year has added more work, which sometimes seemed insistent in demanding attention when one was least disposed to lend his efforts in that direction; and the Senior year has necessitated the closest application to studies and outside activities. And yet, after we have worked until rebellion seemed imminent, do you suppose any of us regret it? If you were to ask a graduate, who recently has completed such exacting tasks, whether he regrets those days of hard work, it is safe to say that he would classify them as the happiest and most profitable he has yet experienced.

That the succeeding years may be equally pleasant and advantageous to those who have yet to complete their courses, and that they may allow nothing to remain undone which might add to the glory of Winthrop High, is the heart-felt wish of every member of the class of '23.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



The end of the school year marks the close of our efforts to be amusing and instructive. If, by any chance, we have omitted to remark on your paper, it was from lack of space. We have always looked forward with great pleasure to the arrival of our interesting and enjoyable exchanges and we hope that the Echo's friendly relations may continue with the following:

"The Graphic," Amherst High School, Mass.

"B. H. S. Oracle," Bangor High School, Maine.

"Key," Battle Creek High School, Mich.

"Torch," Billerica High School, Mass.

"Beacon Association," Boston University, Mass.

"Periscope," Bridgewater High School, Mass.

"Olympian," Biddeford High School, Maine.

"Imp," Brighton High School, Mass.

"B. U. News," Boston University, Mass.

"Sagamore," Brookline High School, Mass.

"Unicy," Clayton High School, N. J.

"Palto Alto," Campanile High School, California.

—————Chicopee High School, Mass.

"Volunteer," Concord High School, N. H.

"Breeze," Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

"Volunteer," Concord High School, Mass.

"Echo," Canton High School, Mass.

—————Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

"Drury Academe," Drury Academy, North Adams, Mass.

"Oracle," Englewood High School, N. J.

"H. S. Folio," Flushing High School, N. Y.

"Philomath," Framingham High School, Mass.

—————Great Falls High School, Montana.

"Jabberwock," Girl's Latin High School, Boston, Mass.

"Green Witch," Greenwich High School, Conn.

"Hopkins Arms," Hopkins Academy, Hadley, Mass.

"Chronicle," Hartford High School, Conn.

"Herald," Holyoke High School, Mass.

"Lawrence Bulletin," Lawrence High School, Mass.

"Lynn English," Lynn English High School, Mass.

—————Malden High School, Mass.

"Life," Melrose High School, Mass.

—————Milton High School, Mass.

—————Milton Junior High, Mass.

"Salemica," New Salem Academy, Mass.

"Tech News," Northeastern Tech, Boston, Mass.

"Advocate," Needham High School, Mass.

"Arguenot," Norwood High School, Mass.

"Newtonite," Newton High School, Mass.

"Bulletin," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"Record," North High School, Worcester, Mass.

"Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.

"Palmer," Palmer High School, Mass.

—————Portland High School, Maine.

"Spotlight," Proctor Junior Senior, Rutland, Vt.

"Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Mass.

"Willow Messenger," Red Willow High School, Nebraska.

"Round Up," Reading High School, Mass.

"Gale," Revere High School, Mass.

"Enterprise," Roxbury High School, Mass.

"Putnam School," Roxbury High School, Mass.

"Periscope," Searles High School, Great Barrington, Vt.

"Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randolph.

"Red and Blue," St. Joseph's High, Manchester, N. H.

"St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle," St. Joseph's Coll., Philadelphia, Penn.

"Southern Bell," Southern Junior High, Somerville, Mass.

"School Breeze," Somerset High School, Mass.

✓ "Semaphone," Stoughton High School, Mass.

"Breeze," Somerville High School, Mass.

"Crimson & Gray," Southbridge High School, Mass.

"Rensselaer Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.

"Tufts College," Tufts College, Boston, Mass.

"Bulletin," Watertown High School, Mass.

"Laconic," Williamstown High School, Mass.

"Monitor," Wellesley High School, Mass.

"Hilltop," Warren High School, Mass.

"Herald," Westfield High School, Mass.

"Tattle-Tale," Wareham High School, Mass.

"Tunxis," Windsor High School, Conn.

✓ "Argus," Worcester Classical, Mass.

"Chatterbox," Wells River, Vt.







### TARDY BUT ON TIME

The trial of Black Sanders went through without a hitch. It was proved without a doubt that he had shot and killed a prohibition officer in a raid on his carefully hidden still. He had sat through the trial without a word and heard the death sentence calmly. That night while waiting in the court jail for his removal to the penitentiary he had sent to his friend "The Rat" by means of an untrustworthy warden a note containing all the particulars of his intended escape on the following day.

On the next day he was handcuffed to Special Officer Mulligan and attended by Special Officer Grady, as they walked from the jail towards a line of taxis at the curb. At this moment sixteen men stepped from the side of the curbing and engaged sixteen different taxis, leaving one solitary car to be used by the trio.

They engaged this car and after giving directions to the driver, who was, incidentally, "the Rat," although he and Sanders gave no sign of their acquaintance, started toward their destination. As they were just emerging from a traffic jam, Sanders grabbed the speaking tube and held it to his mouth and The Rat turned a certain knob which introduced the exhaust into the interior of the car. Before the detectives could do anything toward escaping from the cab, they were overcome by the fumes from the exhaust and in a few minutes were dead. Then the car was driven to a deserted wharf and the bodies, after being tied to some window weights, thrown into the water.

"Well, Rat," said Black Sanders, "I see you got my note all right?"

"Yeah!" grunted The Rat, "and I was up all last night fixin' that exhaust on the flivver. Still, I guess my time wasn't wasted. By the way, I had to pay those sixteen fellows, that took the taxis in front of the jail, five dollars each and I had to buy this taxi

for three hundred and fifty, which makes four hundred and thirty bucks you owe me besides my commission."

With that, the two entered the taxi and drove away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The District Attorney and his assistant, who had prosecuted in the Black Sanders murder case, were at lunch together on the following day. "Yes," said the attorney, "I am positive that Black Sanders will eventually atone for the three murders to his credit. Justice may be tardy but it is always there and is never lacking."

"Well," returned his assistant, "How do you account for the great number of unsolved murder cases that we hear of each day?"

"Those are the cases that I am speaking of," replied the attorney. "If a man commits murder, he has many chances of escaping legal punishment, but he has absolutely no chance of escaping the final atonement meted out by One greater than himself."

"I see your point," said his assistant, "and concede that there is some truth to it, but it does not make me believe that it is impossible for a man to commit murder without atoning in some way for it. Take the case that we were working on yesterday. Sanders will probably escape with absolutely no punishment for the three murders that he at least helped to commit."

"Then," replied the attorney, "we differ on that point, but we will wait and see if Sanders is not punished for his crime. That will be a decision as to who is right."

"All right, I'm willing," said his assistant, as they left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the incident in the taxi Sanders and The Rat had driven to a cheap hotel in the slums of the city, where he engaged a back room and went into hiding until the pursuit should die down and it would be safe for him to return to his old life again.

After living almost entirely in the single room for two weeks, however, the monotonous life began to tell on Black Sanders' nerves and he thought that it would be safe to take a short walk from the hotel. On the very day when he was to have been executed he decided to take this first taste of freedom. Taking an old cap and pulling it well over his eyes, he left the room and the hotel.

Walking slowly down the street, he came to a spot where some workmen were doing some extensive repairing to the electric wiring under the street. Crowding a little too close to the edge of the excavation, he tripped and fell headlong into the live wires below.

\* \* \* \* \*

The District Attorney, returning from his lunch, was just thinking that this was the day that had been set for the electrocution of Sanders, when he came upon an excited crowd congested about some street repairing. Pushing his way to the front he saw the upturned face of Black Sanders leering from the nest of wires in which his body was encased.

"Tardy, but on time!" he murmured as he returned to his office.

BYRON MacKUSICK, '26.

#### FAREWELL TO US BY OURSELVES

We've been knocked about  
And talked about—  
Sometimes nearly kicked right out!  
Poor old class of Twenty-three!

We run the Echo board no more;  
The Juniors get us all so sore—  
Because, you see, they're Twenty-four  
And we're but Twenty-three!

Perhaps when skies aren't quite so blue  
And they have loads of work to do,  
Then we'll be missed a wee bit, too,  
Faithful class of Twenty-three!

There is no poet of genius bright  
A farewell ode to us to write,  
To cheer our days and darkest night,  
Staunch old class of Twenty-three!

And so we take our pen to-day  
To write ourselves a farewell lay;  
We'll miss each other any way  
Dear old class of '23!

CATHERINE GRADY, '23.

#### WISHES

O, for a fleeting, fleecy cloud  
Whereon to sail the heavenly blue,  
Above, beyond the madding crowd  
And motley crew!

O, that a birdling I might be  
To sing sweet songs the whole day long;  
Bravely to flit from tree to tree,  
The leaves among!

Or a blooming floweret let me be,  
Such as a dainty maiden plucks  
To grace her shining tresses free!  
O, for—O, Shucks!

C. ELEANOR HURLEY, '23.

#### CLASS ODE

Weak is the first flight of the fledgling lark,  
Nor does the clear-ether'd region mark  
Whither the stronger winged are wont to  
climb,  
Compelling the earth beneath their song to  
hark.

So the words of mintage immature  
Attain not of the sweeter sound and pure  
That makes the music of the muse sublime.  
But, pray, with the frailty of Youth endure!

We leave our School—dear shelter for so  
long—  
That held us safe until our wings grew  
strong,

To flutter from the nest a little way;  
Now gratefully we render her our song.  
To those who come hereafter we entrust  
The shielding of her fame with reverence  
just;

And to them we bequeath the sacred charge  
That her bright sword of truth may never  
rust.

We leave for broader opportunity  
Than Youth before was privileged to see,  
Whether we don the sober cap and gown  
Or plunge at once into the whirling sea;  
For the black cloud of war has rolled away  
Leaving a promise of a brighter day,  
When shall men pursue the healing crafts  
And shun the arts that teach them but to  
slay.

Ambition sets our eager minds aflame  
And turns our steps along the path to Fame;  
And though to all who hopefully begin  
It is not given to reach the highest aim  
Nor outward vestige of a fair success;  
Yet shall their guerdon true be not the less  
Who faithful to the first conceived ideal  
Give of Life's years and earnest toil the  
best.

We leave, the last rites of departure almost o'er.

Around those learned halls we'll sport no more;

But, deep in fervent hopes and fleeting fears,

We'll frequent other haunts of higher lore:

Still wistful memory shall stray again

To familiar, youthful scenes beloved then

As now; we'll still recall in later years

Old companions dear and former friends.

RUTH ANDERSON, '23.

### SPRING FEVER

Ever have spring fever? You didn't? What was the matter then when I saw you zealously studying a Latin book upside down? Want to see some one with a bad case? Come quietly to this window. See, under the tree, that fellow with his hat over his eyes? He should be sketching that tree, but he evidently thought the tree would be doing more good in this world sheltering him from the sun. Poor fellow! But I don't blame him. I would be sketching castles in the air if I didn't have to stay awake to collect data and say symptoms with pen and ink. Oh yes! I am writing a theme—or an essay. My teacher said "Spring Fever" was a good subject. I should much prefer demonstrating spring fever to writing about it. Symptoms? No, I haven't noticed any symptoms as yet, but if you see me reading a Latin book upside down, or yawning and assiduously doing nothing, you may be quite certain I have spring fever.

A friend just told me a corking way to rake up the yard. First you must find an old, broad brimmed hat, then don a pair of old gloves. If they are not dirty, rub them in some dirt until they turn a luscious mocha color. If you want to do so, you may find a rake. Now that your stage costume is complete you must find your stage. A nice soft, grassy spot will do nicely, thank you. Now, don't laugh, you want to wear your hat on your face. You guessed it! A nice quiet nap on the fresh grass. You see the dirty gloves give the appearance of much zeal and the rake may be occasionally wielded before you lose consciousness. The person who gave me these suggestions evidently suffered from our prominent malady.

A perfectly fine remedy for that disease, caused from a close study of some dry piece of literature (English, German, French,

Spanish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew or Sanskrit), is to stroll slowly in solitude to a log beside a rippling brook under the shade of an apple tree, or a cherry tree, or a pine tree, or a—~~or a—~~or a—Goodness! I was going right along with you! As I was saying, pick out a nice mossy log in a shady nook by a rippling brook; ascertain that it would be expedient to rest there; then rest and muse. I don't care what you muse about as long as it is not a violent subject which may disturb your slumber. I—Who's this? (Don't go, it's only my brother.) Thought you were going to play baseball? What? Had to break it up 'cause the other fellows were sleepy! What are you going to do now? Take a nap! Oh!

Now to resume. A very common occurrence while spring fever is raging is the queer answer to a perfectly sane question. You must admit there is something wrong with the fellow who, when asked who invaded Gaul, replies, "Lynn English." The best thing for him to do would be to devote himself assiduously to resting his eyes.

What is spring fever? No one knows. It is a queer disease. You would think it a violent disease akin to convulsions, because the patient rolls his eyes so ferociously. But that is a perfectly harmless action, —because it is practically all he does do. You might think it akin to sleeping sickness if the patient did not retain his appetite and manage to eject a feeble "Ho-Hum" every few minutes. If you want my opinion, it is better not to talk about it and to seek some effective remedy, any cure, but be sure your remedy is expedient before you apply it. Here I should close, and, contrary to all precedent, do so.

CLYDA MOULTON, '23.

### THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

On an Underwood all day long;

But the thoughts that arise within my breast

Would never make one sweet song.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Deep down in a dreary rut,

Till my eyelids drop and my finger-tips  
Are as dead as Old King Tut.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Thumping to beat the Dutch;

But my dad says I need never have gone  
To school to acquire the "touch."



O, well for the grinds of the class  
That they gloat in the din and strife!  
But a hundred and twenty a minute speed  
Is nothing in my young life.

Thump! Thump! Thump!  
Thumping out letter and bill!  
But Oh! for the touch of a broken machine  
Or the sound of a "type" that is still!  
C. ELEANOR HURLEY, '23.

#### MILADY'S BOUDOIR

A mirror—  
Wherein with ever charming grace  
Reflected lies milady's face;

A frock—  
Tossed daintily upon the chair  
When homeward came milady fair;

And slippers—  
Which to the music's throbbing beat  
Had lately borne two twinkling feet;

A rose—  
Whose petals like milady's brow  
Are pure and white in slumber now;

A moonbeam—  
Shining bright with silvery light:  
Thus is milady's room at night.  
CATHERINE GRADY, '23.

#### SHOPPING FOR HIS HAT

Have you ever seen a man hat hunting  
with his wife? No? Then I'll tell you about  
it. First she insists that he try on one of  
those brown felt hats. They're so stunning.  
Yes—she knows they're for younger men,  
but really he's not so old—only three years  
older than she—why, the way he talks you'd  
think he was nearing middle age. Oh, what  
an adorable green golf cap. They're quite  
the rage and it would go splendidly with his  
complexion. Well, perhaps it does make his  
ears stand out a bit, but if he held his hand  
over them and pulled the cap down quickly  
it would be all right. Was he ever satisfied  
with anything she picked out? Even if he  
were he wouldn't admit it. Well, he could  
do his own picking after this. Mon Dieu! !  
What a hat! They're not wearing those  
any more. Why not get a straw hat? He'll  
need one soon. Yes—that cute one over  
there. The straw is golden brown and has  
a purple and red striped band. Wouldn't

it look stunning with his green checked  
suit? Yes, wrap it up. Oh, you haven't one  
his size? How would a white panama look?  
Do try one on. Oh—take it off! Now that  
band clashes with your eyes. Maybe an-  
other color could be put on,—but the  
thought of that one! You're sorry, but it's  
closing time? Why, we haven't been here  
two hours, have we? Well, we'll have to  
come down again in the morning.

MIRIAM LEVIN, '24.

#### FOLLY

The time I roved the sylvan dells  
To flee the haunts of men,  
To listen to the tinkling bells,  
To roam the verdant glen,—

The time I met you in the glade  
Within the forest's heart,  
Deep hidden by the willow shade,  
We both were fain to part.

The time I stole a tender kiss  
From lips so tempting red—  
Oh, was it then a thing amiss,  
And should I hang my head?

Yet in those times so sweet and jolly  
Was I, perchance discreet?  
Was it, then, naught but sweet folly?  
Perhaps—but oh so sweet!

CATHERINE GRADY, '23.

#### THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUEBIRD

A bluebird, sign of happiness,  
One day upon my sill  
Flittered down and then began  
A pretty song to trill.

He told me of the happy isle,  
The land where dreams come true,—  
The ever gentle atmosphere  
And ocean ever blue;

The gentle music of the trees,  
The soft caressing wind;  
How, when the moon came out so bright  
The fairies roamed with him.

There were so many things to tell  
And the time was short, you see;  
So he said, "Some day when your work's  
done,  
I'll take you there with me."

ROOSEVELT BOYD, '23.

## ON DISCOVERING ONESELF

At last, after many years of experiences, experiments and extraordinary happenings, I have discovered what I am destined for. I should be a conductor. The glamour of riding in a train at a fast rate of speed excites in me a feeling of exhilaration and satisfaction that I have never experienced in any other way. One of the things that appeals to me is the easy time of it that one has. The only thing to do is to collect the tickets, and, if this is as easy as walking down the aisle to collect afternoon sessions in school, I should have it easy. I should like, I think, to help to carry out the bundles for women with children on the trains.

In my cosmopolitan life I have been somewhat of a student of human nature and as a conductor I should have every opportunity to further this study for all types of people ride on the trains. When the train stops at the station I should get off, and, standing at the bottom of the steps, help all the ladies off like a gentleman. When the train starts I should jump on, wave my hand and walk into the car like a king in his throne room.

Every day for the past week I have been trying on a conductor's uniform. It is very becoming to me, and looks much better than any of the coats-of-mail, middies, confederate uniforms and other such liveries worn in the school plays by would-be thespians.

When I go to get my position I am going to tell the superintendent I wish to select my own hours and train, or I shall not dispose my most valuable person as railroad property. I really do not need any experience in this line for I am naturally adapted to it; therefore I have determined that the best thing for me to do is to secure a position on that wonderful little railroad, the B. R. B. & L.

My characteristics are very much suited to the life of a conductor. I am kind, generous, honest, and gentlemanly. I always keep myself neat and clean. I could, I am sure, extract politely a ticket from the tightest kind of a fellow. Taking everything in mind and weighing it with due consideration of every important point in the making of a conductor, I think and believe that I was created for a conductor and that I can do the most for the world in that position; and if I do no good, I can at least do no harm.

SCOTT BANCROFT, '23.

## NEIGHBORHOOD SPECULATION

There are amusements and amusements. Some are to be carried on with a crowd, some with a few people, a great many in which two may participate,—but very rarely does one find an amusement which is carried on by and for the sole benefit of one person. But such an amusement exists, although its advantages and possibilities remain unknown to the uninitiated. Great is the enjoyment which one fully "in the know" can derive from the game, or amusement christened by those who practise it, "Neighborhood Speculation."

The only requisites for this amusement are,—first, a perfectly good neighborhood, preferably one into which people move quite often; second, a good point of vantage for the real speculating part (by the way, we believe speculation is derived from the Latin word "speculator" meaning scout or spy, so you see how it fits in here) and third, a keen sense of speculation.

Now to proceed with the game; on a day on which you have nothing else to do, settle yourself on the aforementioned point of vantage—it doesn't necessarily have to be the point, for we grant a point is rather uncomfortable to sit upon—and then proceed to speculate. Here is where the great possibilities come in.

Suppose upon the opposite side of the street you perceive a moving van on which is being loaded the furniture from the house across the way. Immediately you deduct that the folks are moving; then you begin to speculate about when the house will be rented again, who will be its occupants, whether they will have children or not, and, if they do, how many will they have. Here you will pause a moment and reflect on the children of the last tenant. Were ever such wild ones created? It was their greatest pleasure, early Sunday morning, to roll huge iron hoops through the street and by their clamor arouse you from sweet dreams. Evidently doors were not the common means of egress for those children. At any time one could perceive them popping out of windows, here, there and everywhere. This strange habit gave the house the appearance of a Jack-in-the-box with about five Jacks in it. After pondering over these queer specimens of children you pray fervently that the next neighbors will either have no children or at worst a few half civilized ones.

We forgot to explain at the beginning that this speculating process sometimes extends over a period of several days. Let us suppose a few days have elapsed. Again we perceive a moving van. Seating ourselves at ditto place (you know, the vantage point) we again speculate.

The first thing unloaded is a bed. Ah! discovery number one—the people sleep. For to what other purpose would one put a bed? Next a gas stove and provisions are lifted off. Discovery number two, the people eat. You see, this game sharpens your wits.

We are forced by circumstance to abandon the vantage point and thereby lose the remainder of the unpacking process. But on retaking it a few days later we make a remarkable discovery. There are evidently children in the family, for, digging in the garden, are two charming little girls of about twelve or thirteen attired in garden smocks, their short hair blowing in the breeze. Resolved to make the acquaintance of above mentioned children, we await our opportunity, but we are doomed to disappointment. For the next evening we gaze upon the two young things, their bobbed locks tightly marcelled, their cheeks flushed with the bloom of youth,—the drug store kind—their black wraps drawn around them, stepping into a snappy sports roadster and driving away, in the company of two young men.

Again our speculation is completely baffled. But that, you see, is the fun of it all.

CATHERINE GRADY, '23.

### FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Softly I crept away, never tarrying  
For in my hands was I carrying  
That which had been forbidden me.

I clasp'd it nearer to me,  
Each moment it was dearer to me;  
I chuckled in my glee!

Now could I behold, now could I enjoy  
That tempting thing,—that lovely toy!  
I opened it in haste.

I gazed at it—delight abated—  
Its charm I had overrated.  
Alas!—it had a bitter taste!

AURELIA SCHOBOR, '24.

### COMMONPLACES

What is it that fills my heart  
With a longing for better deeds?  
Do you think it is the sea  
    With its bounding  
    And its pounding  
On the jagged rocks?

No, it is not the great sea  
With its sullen, pounding surf;  
But a little, murmuring forest stream  
Rippling and kissing the lilies.

What is it that swells my heart  
With a love for my fellow men?  
Think you it is the wind  
    With its whistling  
    And its sizzling  
Through the rugged branches?

Rather, it is a cool, dancing zephyr  
Laden with the scent of fresh violets;  
Now dipping to kiss the dark green moss,  
Now rising to pat a knarled old tree.

What is it that melts my heart  
With a pity for dear, dumb creatures?  
Can you think it is the storm  
    With its roaring  
    And its pouring  
In the still night air?

Nay! 'tis the murmuring of the pines  
Which tower toward rosy clouds,  
And feel, with delight, the last long look  
Of the sun which is saying good night.

What is it that betters my soul  
With a simple, silent devotion?  
Do you think it is the lightning  
    With its flashing  
    And its dashing  
Cutting the deep, thick blackness?

Never! But it is the flickering sunlight  
Falling in dainty, delicate patches;  
Shifting, sifting, showing now green,  
But more often its own true gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such are the things that give man faith;  
Such make his heart leap with joy.  
For how can a man but feel silent devotion  
When he looks on God's Wonder World?

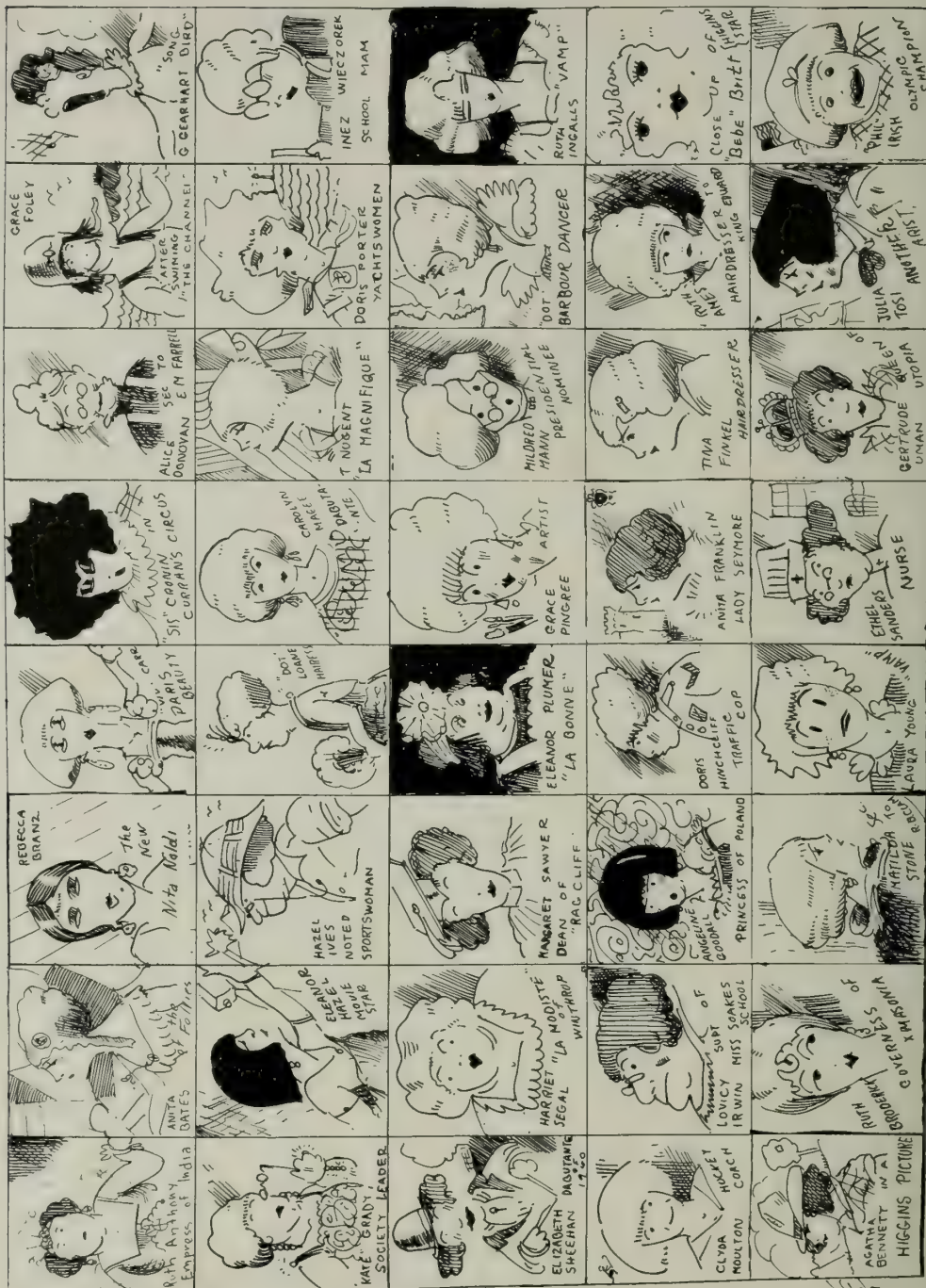
'Tis the quiet, gentle grace of God  
Reflected in the face of a primrose,  
And not the tearing, raging world  
That makes man take new hope.

CLYDA MOULTON, '23.



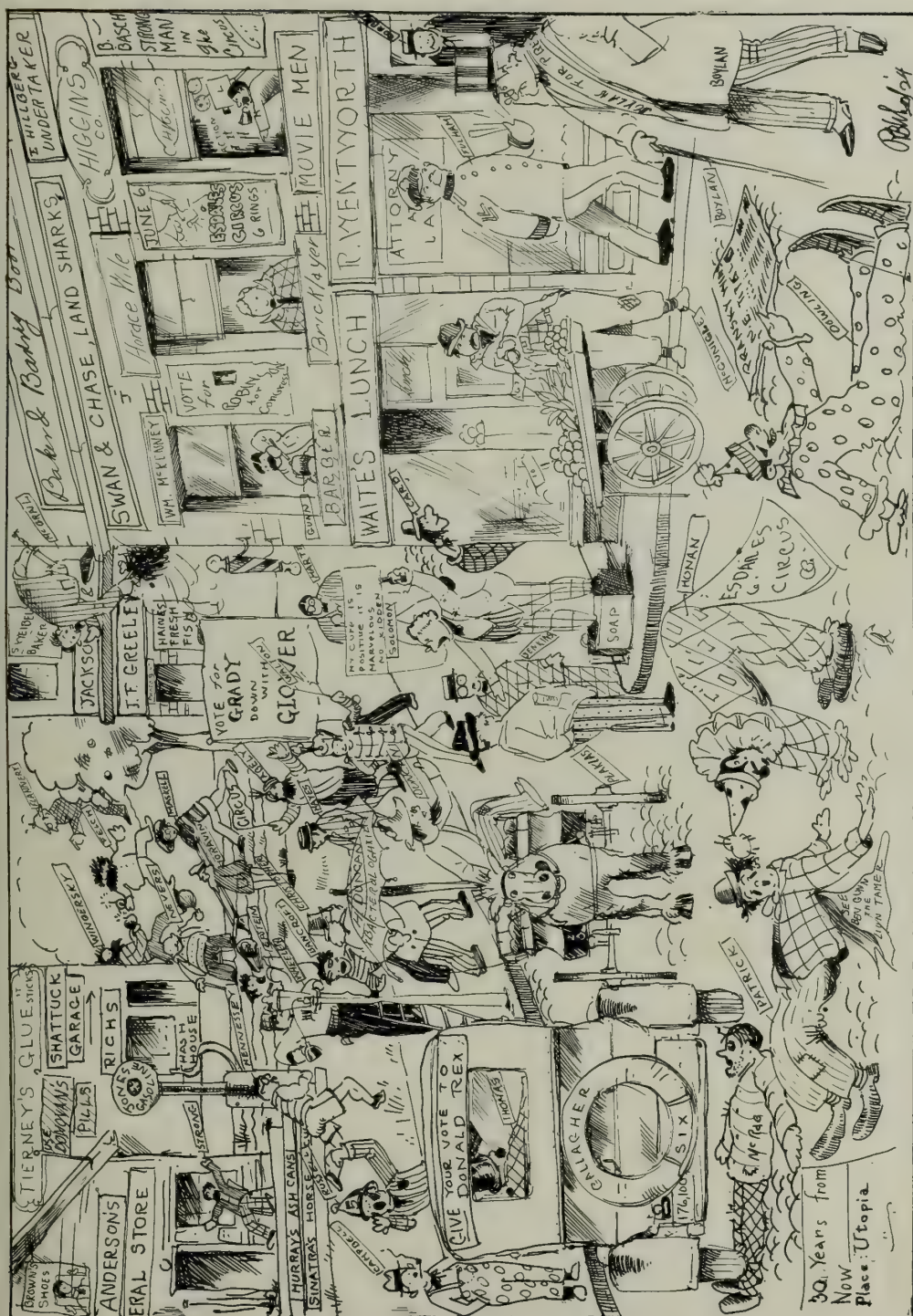
# AUTOGRAPHS

# AUTOGRAPHS



"TWENTY, AND THIRTY, AND FORTY YEARS ON"





# Senior Class Ballot

WITTIEST	"Viv" Moore and "Al" McGunigle.
MOST POPULAR	Alice Donovan and "Horrie" Wile, with "Georgie" Gearhart and George Gallagher as close seconds.
BEST LOOKING	This distinction goes to Anita Bates by a big majority, Julia Tosi coming next. Among the boys it is evenly divided between Wentworth and "Bill" Walton.
MOST TALKATIVE	"Sis" Cronin and "Kate" Grady come in for a few votes there. There is no split among the boys. Fulham gets their full support.
QUIETEST	Alice Carsley and Mary Kingsley. The quietest boy is Hilary Hennessey.
BEST WORKERS	Margaret Sawyer, first; with "Hat" Segal and "Ki" Herakir, second. Waite, Jenkins, and Thomas respectively get the votes for the boys.
BEST ATHLETES	"Cally" Magee comes out strong with Esther Peterson second. "Plaky" comes out first, beating Weibel by one vote. Wile comes next.
BEST ACTORS	"Kate" Grady and "Georgie" Gearhart. Wentworth got a big vote, and Fulham, also.
MOST PULL	No girl seems to have any. Wentworth beats Fulham by one vote.
MOST PROMPT	Honors are evenly divided between Eleanor Plumer and Mabel Isenberg. Seth Card's promptness is almost universally recognized, but a few people remembered Basch and Hillberg.
KNOW THE MOST	Is there any question? Margaret Sawyer and George Jenkins.
THINK THEY DO	Alice Lind wins; while Hayes and Fulham divide the honors for the boys.
MOST STUDIOUS	Again we have Margaret Sawyer and George Jenkins.
BIGGEST PESTS	Grace Pingree leads. Gravin comes out strong. Hayes is recommended.
BIGGEST APPETITES	Hazel Ives and Grace Foley. Bill Honan and "Plaky" enjoy our lunch room food immensely.
BEST BLUFFERS	"Kate" Grady and Hazel Ives are quite adept at bluffing. "Solly" and Abely deserve credit for trying.
SLEEPIEST	None of the girls are sleepy. Oh! No! There are many sleepy boys, but "Bob" Dowling leads with "Bud" Murray, Swan, Sinatra, and Shattuck following.
THE NICEST SMILE	Elsie Jones'. Flannery and "Al" Grady hold the honor among the boys.
BEST DANCERS	Anita Bates, with "Allie" Donovan next. Rex and Gunn lead the list of boys.
BEST DRESSERS	"Hat" Segal, with "Sis" Cronin coming close, Esdaile gets the undisputed vote of everybody.
THE PRETTIEST HAIR	Belongs to Theresa Nugent. Anita Bates and "Middy" Mann have beautiful locks also. Louis Patrick is the choice among the boys.



# COMMENCEMENT

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

### Class Day

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Senior Class, Juniors:

Again has come the close of the school year, and with it come the various occasions, both pleasant and solemn, which mark the passing of the class from the glorious institution which has sheltered it for the past four years.

At this time let us throw aside all care and thought of solemnity, and enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion. Everything that is said and done this afternoon will be in jovial spirit. Remember that all jokes and jests are without intent to harm or ridicule.

We are glad that so many of the parents and friends of the graduates can enjoy the exercises with us, and we trust that at the close of the afternoon you will be better acquainted with the class of 1923, by learning something of our personal attributes and characteristics, and that our memory will remain long with you.

On behalf of the class of 1923, I take great pleasure in welcoming you, the guests of the afternoon, to the class day exercises of the largest graduating class in the history of the Winthrop High School.

HORACE WILE, '23.

## CLASS HISTORY

By the shores of the Atlantic, -  
By the shining blue sea water,  
Stood the home of Three and Twenty—  
They the mighty of all classes—  
They the strong and brave in study—  
They the fearless in athletics —  
They the upright in their conduct.  
Small they were at first and artless,  
Knew not how to translate Latin,  
Knew not how to write in shorthand;  
Till one day in Indian summer,  
When the leaves were turning yellow,  
When the sultry sun was shining  
On the Ocean's mighty bosom,  
Marched they to the Big Chief's wigwam.  
Here they sat in solemn council  
Listening to his words of wisdom;  
Then he gave them all a lecture,

Told them where to find their home rooms,  
Talked to them with words of wisdom,  
Called them merely little Freshmen.  
So upon the path of Learning  
Forth they went to try their mettle  
As a hunter stalks his quarry,  
Quiet first and unobtrusive.  
Soon they saw they were not learned,  
Soon they saw they were but tiny,  
For the mighty chiefs, the Seniors,  
Tramped upon these tiny people,  
Treated them with lofty hauteur.  
Scarce two moons had waxed and waned  
Till the Seniors gave a drama—  
Gave the famous play "The Prince Chap,"  
Wondering sat the guileless Freshmen,  
Sat they envying all the Injuns.  
But ere many moons had decreased  
Came "Bachelor Hall," the school play,  
"Bachelor Hall," the lively comedy.  
In it was a mighty warrior  
From the mightiest of the tribesmen—  
From the tribe of Three and Twenty.

When the robin, the Opeechee,  
And the blue bird, the Owaissa,  
Northward turned their fluttering pinions  
They, the small folk, held their war dance,  
In the gym they held their war dance.  
Bright it was with many colors  
Like the prairie flowers at sunset,  
Like the purple sky at sunset.  
When at last the weary winter  
Spread its wings and slowly vanished,  
Like a gay and gaudy fairy  
Came the summer blithe and buxom,  
Came with singing birds and flowers,  
Rustling winds and skies all golden.  
Then the tribe thus freed from studies,  
Scattered into many quarters—  
Some into the fragrant forests—  
Some beside the sparkling ocean.  
Here they whiled away the summer,  
Whiled away the golden moments.

Thus three summers and three winters  
Slowly came and slow departed  
And with every passing summer  
Grew the knowledge of the tribesmen,  
Knew they all the lore and learning—  
All the wisdom found in volumes,  
Gained in skill, with every new moon  
Rose to honors 'mong the tribesmen:



Rose from Sophomores to Juniors;  
And at length it was their honor  
To be called at last Big Injuns.

Now began the year of Wisdom—  
Year of great and grand achievements;  
First the squaws, praise be unto them,  
Conquered squaws from neighboring tribes  
folk.

Came the squaws from far off Dedham,  
Squaws from Arlington and Melrose,  
Fell they conquered by our squaw braves.  
By our mighty team in hockey.  
To the wigwam by the Ocean,  
By the shining blue sea water,  
Homeward carried they the trophy,  
Cup of silver—hard earned trophy.  
With the waning hunting crescent,  
Came the silvery moon of winter,  
Came the play of highest moment,  
Came the Senior play so famous—  
"Come ye outward from the Kitchen."  
Then to entertain the tribesmen  
A Vaudeville gave the mighty Injuns—  
Senior vaudeville full of dancing,  
Full of songs and lively dancing.  
Lastly came "She Stoops to Conquer"  
By the younger tribesmen given,  
By the rising younger tribesmen.  
Long and golden grew the days now—  
Soft and warmer blew the breezes,  
As the winter turned to summer,  
As approached the glorious summer;  
Then did come the Farewell war dance.  
Sad yet happy were the Injuns—  
Gay yet sorrowful they tripped it.

Bright one morning gleamed the sunshine,  
Shone with dazzling splendor downward,  
Downward on the happy tribesmen.  
In their hands the Virgin Labor  
Placed the white and priceless sheepskin—  
Prize for toil and faithful study,  
Faithfully sought for by the tribesmen.  
As they there in sorrow, mingled  
With their tears and joyous laughter,  
Sadly turned to bid their farewells  
To the tribesmen at their parting,  
In the woods a gentle zephyr  
Heard the slowly dying echo,  
Heard it as wafted softly  
Rustling o'er the grassy hillside  
O'er the plains and far off prairies—  
Till at last the pine trees heard it,  
Till the solemn pine trees heard it;  
And the forest faintly whispered  
Fare thee well, oh Three and Twenty!

CATHERINE GRADY, 23

#### ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES

Schoolmates:

It is with a certain feeling of regret that we, the Class of 1923, take leave of the school; for today marks the end of four of the happiest years we shall ever enjoy. The past, with its mistakes and failures, lies behind; before us, the future attracts with its possibilities.

In reviewing our experiences we see that many blunders have been made, and that few of the advantages of our school life were made the best of. We now take the opportunity of offering to you, the undergraduates, a little fatherly advice and caution, so that you may, if such be possible, derive greater benefits and commit fewer errors than did the Class of 1923.

How well do we remember the first stages of our career when in 1919 we began our journey through the higher fields of learning. Freshmen, you must take heed that you do not make a false start. Do not let the novelty or the greenness of the situation turn your mind from your studies. Many a little Freshman has lost a year of valuable time because of his desire to be the class "jester."

No doubt you will feel nervous and excited when reciting before Seniors; but, of all things, be master of yourself and don't be embarrassed by the smiles of the upper classmen. Just remember that they, too, were once mere Freshman.

The Sophomore year finds those who have made the grade of the first year soaring above the incoming Freshmen with an unusual amount of conceit. Perhaps Sophomores, you, have the right to act grown-up and conceited; for that is the sole satisfaction in being a year older than you were the year before. At the same time it must be remembered that there is still a little to be learned. The teachers have not yet exhausted their abundant supply of knowledge. Ahead of you are real subjects—too numerous to mention. Yet, if you get each day's work as it comes along, there is little doubt that any subject will be too difficult for you, and your marks will show that fact. The recompense is great; your name will be listed on the honor roll under the select few from the Class of 1923.

Four years go by before most students begin to realize the opportunities that the social and athletic activities of school life

offer. Many let their Junior year idle away, and the only enjoyment they have as Juniors is the privilege of going to the assembly hall with the Senior Class. It is well to study; but, Juniors, you shouldn't spend all your time indulging in books. A track suit would, no doubt, be more becoming to your handsome figures than would a pair of heavy tortoise-shelled glasses. You should make the most of this year. Take a prominent part in each new enterprise; be a leader in every activity. This will lessen the weariness caused by monotonous study.

It is only fitting and proper that we offer very little counsel to the incoming Seniors, dignified and learned as they are. This year is to be one of the most important in your life, and probably the hardest, too. It is for you to set an example for the young and uninitiated. Do not fail to observe all the rules and regulations of school life, no matter how difficult they may be. Humble yourselves by carrying your books in a bag, even if it is merely a matter of form. Settle all your financial obligations before you see the "handwriting on the wall." Spend a little time each evening in study, so that you may act intelligent and learned before the lowly Freshmen who are anxiously watching you each minute of the day.

We might here say a few words to those who are finding it difficult to decide upon the college to which they would like to go. Don't be alarmed about the matter, for you will receive all kinds of help from every leading college the country over. Before your High School course is completed, you will be claimed by every college as theirs. Your popularity was never so great before. You will be smothered with all kinds of inducements from catalogs to personal application blanks. It might be well to offer here a suggestion—one that is truly the result of experience. Pick out the catalog with the most attractive cover, and burn the rest.

After all, there is more in school work than just Study, Study, Study. There are certain features that make school life a pleasure. For the one who carries out the various duties required of him, and does his utmost to raise the standard of his school, there is not only the reward of having earned his diploma, but, greater than that, the satisfaction which the knowledge of work well done brings to us.

THOMAS TIERNEY, '23.

## PROPHECY

SHE: Yes, this is Morningside 2-2-2-3. Why, is this you, Mac? How are you? When did you get back? Won't you come over? Yes, do! Come right now. (Business of hanging up receiver.) (Monologue.) Well! of all the old class, Mac. He's been away ten years. To think of his staying in that far off continent when nearly all our class have stayed home and helped to build our big city. I wonder if he has grown handsomer? He used to be so careless. Why, I can remember when he was in the cadet corps carrying the bass drum!

HE: (Entering) My, I'm glad to see one of the old bunch again. I've been shut off from the rest so long I guess they all forgot they had a friend in far off Patagonia. I've brought over my letters and newspapers that were sent to me.

SHE: Why, that's fine. You see, I've started the prospectus for a book on "The Growth of Utopia," and have my notes here. I have information about nearly all our classmates and their work in this thriving city. Would you like to hear about them?

HE: Yes, I certainly would.

SHE: Well, Mac, you sure have missed some exciting events. Soon after you left on that greasy old freighter, a great revolution took place in our town. Our fathers were beginning to wake up to the possibilities of this growing village. First they voted to incorporate it a city, and the next year quite a majority of our classmates were voting. We actually put up and elected **Horace Wile**, Mayor; "**Rolly**" **Wentworth**, chief city counselor; "**Ed**" **Thomas**, tax collector; "**Ben**" **Gunn**, Supt. of water works; and **Bernard Basch**, street commissioner. One of the first things accomplished under the new regime was a dredging of the harbor, an inducement for seaboard traders. A skyscraper law was soon passed. The result is those huge office buildings you saw as you came through the gut. The narrow channel was widened so that the "Dear Island" is now nothing but a light house. Where there used to be a jail for the crooked fish dealers now there is a large radio station. There our two wireless operators, **Seth Card** and **Harold Duncan**, reign supreme.

HE: Just the other night they caught a message on my boat from **Willard Felch**. He's operator on the "U. S. S. Corn Tassel." He said he had just come on duty after a



dance with **Evangeline Crocker**, the music being furnished by **Chester Duncan** and band. He added that "**Tom**" **Flannery** and "**Al**" **Grady** were on his ship, en route for England to receive degrees at Oxford; "**Tom**," for inventing a new shorthand system; and "**Al**" as the originator of the collapsible discus and folding javelin now used in all colleges.

**SHE**: Many of the keen minds of the class saw the impossibility of a city of our size opposing New York and Boston as a port; so what did they do? Why, "**Aaron**" **Plakias**, **Fred Solomon** and some other bloated bond-holders financed the plan of "extended skyscrapers." They built up in the air where New York left off! They have connected the buildings by traveling sidewalks every hundred stories. This type of sidewalk was invented by "**Jack**" **Hayes** and "**Joe Dartmouth**" **Boylan**. "**Sam**" (**Einstein**) **Epstein** contributed the "Flying Bee Bus" Corporation. You know the bee-busses that let one off at any floor on a skyscraper. The girls also came for their share of building our city, the fourth largest in U. S. A. Why, "**Viv**" **Carr**, **Carolyn Magee**, and **Esther Peterson** have organized the "Utopian Field Hockey Association," the best in the world, having beaten all the English as well as American teams. "**Dot**" **Loane**, Vivian's side partner, is manager. Their American directors, the **Mann** sisters, are responsible for the financing of this Association.

**HE**: Yes, someone wrote me that athletics have been promoted on a large scale by the whole community. I was informed that **Fred Campbell** was the one who recovered the acres of land in the marsh between Beachmont and Utopia. On this land hundreds, yes, thousands of people have their recreation. The wonderful golf course, baseball diamonds, hockey and football fields are kept green by Fred's ceaseless vigil. Waving a switch at all suspicious characters, he patrols the grounds on a motorcycle. They say that "**Snake**" **Honan** instructs football by mail order method.

**SHE**: On special days the grounds are in the hands of the ladies, and, under the direction of **Theresa Nugent** and **Margaret Sawyer**, they indulge in anesthetic dancing. **Phyllis Irish** has outdoor basketball teams. The fields have been called **Patrick's** Paddock, since "**Louie**," in honor of his experience, turned the first sod for its construction. "**Stan**" **Robinson** comes out to watch the youngsters play ball, although his chief occupation is collecting royalties on his fam-

ous book entitled "My Four Years on the Mound."

**HE**: What's this I heard about **Grace Foley** inventing the new typewriter? Or was it **Louise Boylan**? Is it true she takes dictation for **Professor Nevers** while he cruises in his "Gold Crown" airship?

**SHE**: Yes, that's so. And, while the business and recreational activities have progressed in rapid strides, the finer arts have kept pace. On the very spot where the old "Opera House" stood, the one we graduated from, now towers the "Utopian Dramatic Ampli-Theatre." The executive board consists of: **John Fulham**, president; **Elbert Sinatra**, musical director; **Fred Christopher**, **George Gallagher**, **Alice Lind** (descendant of **Jenny Lind**), **Eleanor Stahr**, and **Agatha Bennett**. They recently sent a company abroad, even rivaling the cast of "Rush Her.". They are made financially secure by the diligent work of **Thomas Abely** and **Harry Baker**, managers; and **Scott Bancroft**, treasurer.

**HE**: But what interests me is the development of the harbor. I received some newspapers some time ago telling about the dredging of Lewis Lake for a wonderful harbor. The engineers, I think, were "**Bony**" **Chace** and **Leland Glover**. In the same news sheet there was an article about "**Dan**" **Donovan**, the apple king, and how he founded the Apple Island Farm. Some of the apple sauce has penetrated as far as Patagonia. Also I read that **Donald Rex** was directing his "Efficiency Symphonie Company," which consisted of **Eleanor Hurley**, **Lillian Marotta**, chief typists; **Alice Donovan**, business lyrics; **Helen Felch**, shorthand; and **Matilda Stone**, authority on diamonds; **Roosevelt Boyd**, business historian. It seems remarkable, doesn't it, that all these friends should be working together? It must have started way back when positions were scarce and salaries poor.

**SHE**: Many of the girls secured positions in offices. **Catherine Ahern** and the two **Ruths**, **Anderson** and **Ames**, and **Mabel Isenberg** started as typists and now have prominent secretarial positions. **Evelyn Farrell** is working for one of Senator "**Sam**" **Weibel's** newspapers. **Sam** won his place on the "Playground Platform" and was instrumental in getting athletic fields for our city.

**HE**: Then you must have heard of the "Three J's Shipping Company"—**Jackson**, **Jenkins**, and **Jones**. President **Jenkins** said that skipper **Maskell** recently brought to



this country the first load of "Indian Rubber Girders," consigned to the "Russell Baggage Smashers." The beams were for loading and unloading platforms. The airships drop the trunks to the rubber landing—this saves valuable time and trunks. **Ruth Anthony, Ruth Ginepra and Dorothy MacPherson** are all working for the Utopian and Arcadian R. R. **Elsie Crooker** is the only feminine telegrapher on this road, which submerged the "Narrow Escape" some years ago. **Donald Rich** is head interpreter for "Trans-Atlantic Fish Company"—the Italian fisherman positively refused to learn the American dialect. **Anna Rabinowitz and Laura and Catherine Young** have positions in this office.

**SHE:** Did you hear about **Elizabeth Sheehan and Harriet Segal**? They have organized a woman's "Anti-Sob Society," whose aim is to save some poor ladies from spoiling their complexions. This movement has become quite popular with the debutantes and sub-debs. Its members now include **Mary Kingsley, Mildred Lourie, Hazel Ives, and Kaiane Herakir**. The clients have been administered to with various degrees of success. **Maxine Tucker** upon losing her prize Persian cat, refused to listen to the society's best talkers. "**Viv**" **Moore**, when overcome by a fit of laughter verging on hysterics, was discovered by the society sleuth **Grace Pingree**, who, thinking the poor girl was weeping, summoned the whole club. "**Viv**" had to be rescued by Chief **Roger Brown** and the motorcycle squad headed by **Captain Strong**. "**Abe**" **Pransky**, the court stenographer, said the trial that followed was too speedy for him.

**HE:** I think you wrote me that the police force was very superior, and that there was little work for the detectives, "**Bill**" **McKenney and Leland McRae**. **Edwin Hillberg** shines on the dope squad and **McGrail** as scientific deductor. I recall that the last case they tried was when "**Bill**" **Walton's** down-town offices were looted and valuable securities were stolen. The sleuths were so enthusiastic over a real case that they spent seven weeks on it.

**SHE:** But, best of all, let me tell you about the fire department. "**Hilly**" **Hennessey**, the present chief, was awarded a purse of 1000 ducats for his work in saving the employees of the "**Walter Hartt Construction Company**." He carried the last of the survivors from the blazing furnace. The rest of the force were enjoying themselves at the "Fireman's Banquet." They were:

**Norman Gravin, "Joe" Greeley, and Walter Haines**, smoke eaters of Co. A; **Elmer Shattuck, Carl Wheeler, Roy Anderson and Edmund Barry** of Co. Z. "**Jim**" **Corbett** and "**Ticker Bob**" **Dowling** were reporting the banquet for the "Utopian Setting Sun." The entertainment was furnished by "**Pansy**" **Esdaile**, the sleight-of-hand artist. He is still a bachelor but calls up the Morning-side Exchange quite frequently. Many of the operators come from our class. There's **Edith Baldwin, Elizabeth Doherty, Rosamond Beddeos, Dorothy Freidberg, Rebecca Branz, and Alice Carsley**. **Katherine Donovan**, the chief operator, says they are about to install a new system which can say "line busy" faster than any operator.

**HE:** Speaking of operators, on one of our boats we overheard a radio conversation. It seems that "**Sis**" **Cronin** sent a message to the great opera singer, **Irene Farrell**. As she could not be located it was sent via the telephone exchange to the "Setting Sun," and put in the lost and found column. All this was radio gossip, and at the end we heard that **Roslyn Doane, and Irene Curran** visited the operators' station and, thinking it a broadcasting center, asked to see "Uncle Wiggly." The moving picture industry must have achieved great success, for once on a passenger boat I saw a "movie" made in Utopia. "**Nita**" **Bates**, the matinee idol, was starring. A fellow told me of some other pictures: "Love's Labor Lost," with **Gertrude Band**; and "The Six Little Tailorettes," with **Lovicy Irwin, Esther Britt, Ruth Broderick, Eleanor Hazel, Ruth Ingalls and Doris Hinchcliffe**. The principal property was white flannel cloth which the tailorettes were sewing into trousers for the boys of this year's (1933) class. **Tina Finkel** played opposite **Douglas Volcano** in "The Four Ice Men."

**SHE:** **Regina Bradley, Marion Carro, Dorothy Barbour, and Angeline Goodall** were refugees from the stricken area. In the picture each carried scales and depicted mother justice and all the little justices.

**HE:** Well, to come back to the all-important topic of Utopia, what's this I've been hearing about the Highlands and "Murray Square?"

**SHE:** That's named after **Arthur Murray**, who started the modern educational movement. His school, surrounded by the dwellings of Utopia's elite, has turned the Highlands into the greatest residential district of the city. His staff of instructors is very competent. **Gertrude Winter** has charge of

a class in modelling; **Inez Wiczorek**, painting; **Gertrude Uman**, design; **Julia Tosi**, Greek art; **Bessie Moore** and **Gertrude Over-turf**, music; **Eleanor Plumer** and **Edna Muldoon**, domestic science; "**Kate**" **Grady**, dramatic arts; **Lillian Gaffny**, English literature; and "**Nita**" **Franklin**, French. Not to forget the men instructors, there is "**Clem**" **Higgins**, the great unknown of 1923, as coach of the crew, and **Herbert Swan**, the tennis instructor. It is on the campus of this school that **Elsie Jones** has her unique cottage. Miss Jones, the author of several books, has helped to make Utopia a literary center as renowned as Boston. The offices of our politicians are also in this section of the city. The feminine political movement long ago started has had many followers. **Clyda Moulton** was up for chief of police, but was defeated by "**Gerry**" **McCarthy**, the alderwoman. **Doris Porter** was elected city councilor.

HE: They must have been active in national politics as well, for **Ethel Sanders** has been made chairwoman of the "Woman's Suffrage League," and **Esther Tait** a national representative. Speaking of national events, let's not forget **Tom Tierney**, the T. N. T. candidate for president. When on tour with his general, **Franklin Waite**, he made several trips by airplane to distant points. Their chauffeur, "**Doc**" **Wingersky**, forgot to test the tires, and, as a result, when landing Tom was seriously injured. His companion, Waite, took up the fight, and with the help of his newspaper syndicate, and the "Echo," came through a winner.

SHE: But surely that isn't all?

HE: I should hope so! Don't you remember there were about one hundred and fifty?

SHE: No, I never counted them.

HE: We must have covered nearly all the material for your book.

SHE: Yes, and we've done two jobs at once. I've told you the events of the last ten years and you've given me many new facts.

HE: I've made a long visit and you must be tired.

SHE: No, I'm not tired, but the people out front are all asleep! Let's sneak away without disturbing them.

(Retreat on tiptoe.)

ALBERT MCGUNIGLE, '23.

Given by Georgeanna Gearhart, '23, and Albert McGunigle, '23.

#### SALUTATORY

Members of the faculty, fellow school-mates, parents and friends: We of the graduating class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three extend to you all a most cordial and appreciative welcome. Your interest in those who are about to pass on to broader fields, as displayed by your presence here today, cannot fail to remain with us as an ever constant and cherished remembrance. As the weeks passed swiftly by we have looked forward more and more to this day of days. It marks for us the last time we shall be gathered together as students of the High School; and, although there may be present an inner sense of regret at departing, we shall endeavor to cast it aside and make this an occasion you will long remember, and one we can never forget.

#### THE YOUNG MAN OF TODAY

The young man of today is not quite the same as the young man of past generations, any more than the world of today is the same as that of yesterday. That this world is moving rapidly cannot be denied. We have within the past few years seen such tremendous advances in science as to cause us to stop and wonder and marvel at it all. Each day brings forth something new to show how rapidly the world is progressing. Ships of the air flash past at terrific speed, while far below in the valley the one time isolated and lonely country-folk are "listening-in" on a concert played hundreds of miles away. Such are the times in which we live, unforeseen just as we are unable to foresee the future world to come. Does it not, therefore, follow with reason that he who has been brought up in the midst of such a state of affairs should of necessity be different from him who has not? Every generation is different simply because the conditions prevailing at one period are not the same as those prevailing at another.

The greatest changes in the young man of the present day have doubtlessly come as a result of the added opportunities which are open to him—opportunities for bettering himself not only mentally, but also physically.

Perhaps the first thing that enters our mind is the fact that the modern young man devotes more time to athletics than was the case in the years gone by. The high school which he attends pays more attention to the promotion of athletics in the school be-



cause the results gained are almost invariably good results. Participation in sports such as football, basketball, baseball and track has brought about untold benefits to the boy of school age. He has learned the lessons of never losing hope, of "fighting to the last ditch" when necessary. He has learned the necessity of keeping cool, and of thinking quickly and accurately. The fact that good "head work" is superior to mere weight and brawn has been firmly established through practical experience. Thus it is seen that the good results obtained from participation in athletics have a decidedly mental phase.

Besides these benefits from athletics there remains still a third—the moral benefits. The modern young man has learned that, in order to be successful in anything worth while, it is necessary to begin "at the bottom of the pile." His struggle for existence on the football team is a practical example of this. The advantages of co-operation and team play, and the acceptance of a certain amount of responsibility—all are lessons learned through athletics. He has learned that he cannot expect to win all the time, that he has to lose at some time or other; but he has also learned to meet defeat bravely, not to be discouraged by it, but to try just so much the harder the next time. Finally he has learned that the idea of merely winning is not to be associated with true sportsmanship and fair play; that the two ideas occupy widely separated planes which are brought to a common level only when the achievement of the one is brought about by the strict adherence to the other.

Thus the lessons derived from athletics are bound to prove of inestimable value to him later on when he goes forth into the world.

The young man of today is more particular about the kind of education he is receiving. He is not satisfied with what he gets from his textbooks only, but he goes further. There is usually some one thing which appeals to him above all others. He may have the ambition to become an engineer, or a doctor, or a business man; or, again, it may not be any of these. However, the aim to become a specialist in some one line seems to be one of the outstanding characteristics of the young man of today. The idea of knowing a little of everything, and consequently not much of anything, is now giving way to the thorough understanding

of one line or branch of endeavor. In order to achieve this ambition the modern young man does much outside reading and makes keen observations. He takes a deep interest in any practical application that may chance to come his way. More good books of an instructive nature are being read by the young man of the present than ever before. And what is the result of it? Only this: the young man of today is getting better acquainted with those problems which are troubling and which will continue to trouble the world in which he lives; so that when his time arrives to become an active citizen he will not be ignorant of what is needed to promote the welfare of the world about him, but will have something definite upon which to base his opinions and his ideals.

GEORGE H. JENKINS, '23.

#### THE RUHR INVASION

In considering very briefly the facts regarding the Ruhr invasion, we must realize that our ideas today are partly colored by whatever changes have occurred since that action was inaugurated by France. While this may be entirely fair in a consideration of the subject now, we must realize, too, that France could only conjecture what the effect of her contemplated action would be, drawing whatever parallels she might find from the history of similar cases.

A great many writers upon this subject recently have taken the attitude that France's action was, in every way, a natural outcome of preceding events, which were themselves entirely out of her control. For example, we all know that the Treaty of Versailles failed in certain important respects. Like any similar treaty it contained both short term and long term clauses. England profited especially by the former. The scrapping of the German navy, for instance, removed nearly all her fear from future attacks or invasion. On the other hand, France benefited only from the so-called long term clauses. She wanted financial indemnity for the loss encountered by her in the prolonged struggle into which Germany had forced her. Unless she were recompensed for her financial losses and given some security both for their payment and for protection from future invasion, her sacrifice during the war must have been in vain.

This is in every sense a logical argument.



If the Versailles conference failed in its purpose, the further occurrence of forceful methods was a natural outcome.

Before the discussion is continued, a few brief facts should be noted. We must realize the importance of the Ruhr district, and its value to Germany. The Ruhr district is an area on the eastern bank of the Rhine, about forty miles to the north of Cologne. It covers approximately the same area as our state of Rhode Island. In coal, steel and iron, it is one of the richest sections in the world; in the production of iron and steel machinery and implements, it stands first in Germany; and in the production of salt and textiles, it has few rivals in that country. The famous Krupp plant at Essen, the largest city of the district, frequently employed at one time as many as one million workers. In fact, the Ruhr district is the very heart of industrial Germany, and of vital importance to her welfare.

It is evident, then, that if France felt Germany was trying to evade the payments of reparations, her invasion of the Ruhr was surely well-devised. It was a plan certain to compel Germany to adopt a more open and equitable policy toward her.

The action of France was undeniably one of force, but a great many writers recently have agreed in the thought that a forceful policy was the only one to which Germany would give any consideration. In fact, France had tried more peaceful methods of persuading Germany to meet the reparations payments during the three years following the Versailles Treaty, but without success.

French leaders and officials have denied any intention of annexing territory or seizing property. In fact, they have openly stated that their troops would be withdrawn from the Ruhr as rapidly as reparations payments were made. This agreement helps to support their statement that their sole purpose is to secure reparations.

When the invasion of the Ruhr was begun, Germany allowed the impression to be gained that she would remain passive during the emergency. An organized resistance by the German workers occurred, but the German leaders claim they did not sanction or encourage it. Germany appeared at this time to invite the sympathy of the world by the claim that she had done everything in her power, and could not actually make the payments required of her. She probably expected a break to occur between France and England, or between England

and America, from which she would directly profit. There is no doubt that such a break was imminent, since the action of the French immediately injured world commerce, and threatened the peace brought about by the signing of the Armistice.

However, such a break did not occur, and this fact is in itself very significant. While England was greatly injured industrially by the blow dealt her commerce by the invasion, she was, nevertheless, careful not to protest that act. Apparently, one of the lessons gained from the World War has been to show that a nation no longer has a right to think or act without due regard to the rights of other nations. If France, who suffered most intensely from the World War, felt it necessary to endanger herself by the risk of another military struggle, in order to bring about the very ends for which she had been contesting during the whole course of the War, the other nations of the world had no moral right to challenge her methods of obtaining that for which she had been striving.

The note which Germany sent to France about a month ago was the first real indication that Germany will eventually yield to the French demands. But, if the purpose of that note had been merely to test whether or not public opinion upheld France in her recent action, the result of the note was indeed conclusive. Comment by national leaders was unanimous in showing that the terms of the note provided a greater opportunity for German evasion. However other countries may have felt when France first launched upon her project, it is evident now that all nations will unite in insisting that just demands be met, and that the wornout policy of evasion be abandoned by Germany.

Certain it is that Germany lost instead of won the World War, and happy will be the day for Germans and French alike when the German people and government, convinced of their loss, depart from the policy of resistance, and open the way to an effectual solution of the problem which is greatly disturbing the entire world.

FRANKLIN WAITE, '23.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDUCATION

The most comprehensive sentence in H. G. Wells's, "Outline of History"—the sentence which pulls the whole picture together, as the painters say—is this: "It has always been a race between education and

catastrophe." This is biologically, ethnologically and nationally proved. And it can be individually proved, if education is understood to be something intrinsic, something almost instinctive, and not something external, something decorative, something pinned on. If this is true, what constitutes an education is today an exceedingly important question, both for the individual and for his nation.

If an educated person has a good exterior, but an interior which is un-ventilated, unlighted, and with the dampness of prejudice and provincialism, hereditary or acquired, making the walls clammy, and with creeping things of essential meanness and self-interest and conceit going and coming through the foundation cracks,—then that person is marked for destruction. It is not always known "when we are marked for destruction." The house in which eighty German professors signed the declaration of war was marked, "Dalenda est" but it might as well have been marked, "for destruction," because that is what was the outcome of the deed.

It can be said then that the word "education" means something interior rather than something exterior. Such quotations as "practice makes perfect" and "experience is the best teacher" are often quoted as good rules to be followed; but it must also be remembered that without certain fundamentals there would be nothing upon which anything could be built. Therefore, in discussing the question "what constitutes an education," it would not be right to select certain subjects and say that the educated person would have to know them definitely. On the contrary, certain fundamentals, which we will all agree are necessary to build up an efficient education, should be selected. It would be unwise to go through too great a process of elimination in order to select these subjects. However, it is bound to be a process of elimination to a certain extent.

The power to speak one's native language correctly and effectively surely must be included as one of the fundamentals which an education should include. A man may have a Ph. D. after his name from any college you like, but if his grammar is shaky and he confuses adverbs and adjectives, then he is not up to the standard of education, because the educated man certainly cannot be illiterate.

One can do without Greek, biology, mathematics, philosophy, banking, account-

ing, or corporation finance, and yet be educated; but one cannot do without all of them. Education does not necessarily mean a smattering knowledge about languages, literature, philosophy, history, economics, natural science, and mathematics, although the entrance and A. B. requirements of our colleges would seem to indicate that it does. Education presupposes some real study in one or two fields of knowledge and a shrewd suspicion that other fields exist.

Your education may consist of history and certain languages, but you also must know something about other subjects. You do not need to know any chemistry, but you need to know why chemistry is, and what it stands for. If you really know history, you will know as much about sociology as you need to know, to fulfil the definition. If you really know something about literature, you will have enough philosophy to get along with. Arithmetic should be the minimum mathematical requirement. And so it goes; all these subjects inevitably overlap one another. However, a trained mind could not very well be included as a requirement, because that is more the result of an education plus experience.

Not long ago most colleges demanded Greek and Latin as necessary requirements in order to enter the school. But we cannot say a man is not educated because he does not know Greek or Latin, any more than we can say that an accomplished literary writer is not educated who cannot write intelligently on political subjects. One of England's greatest literary men, Dr. Samuel Johnson, proved this fact when he failed to write successfully on the subject, "Taxation No Tyranny." He even admitted himself that he did not understand the subject; but he could write on any subject pertaining to literature. Nevertheless, we cannot say that he was not educated, because he was, and his works such as: "Rasselas," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" confirm the fact.

Going to college is not the necessary way to solve this important problem. However, it is the easiest way, because in college subjects are systematically studied by the student. People recognize a college man as an educated man more readily than they would one who had not had the opportunity of college training. Perhaps the most apparent reason is that they have a good idea of what the college man really knows, because they realize that every graduate of a



good college has to come up to a certain standard.

The greatest trouble with the self-educated man is that he is likely to know something of too large a variety of subjects and not to develop any one of them thoroughly.

A surgeon in Pennsylvania recently operated on himself for appendicitis. The analogy is not perfect; but a person who has since childhood administered his books to himself and has done it with the result of "education" is almost as rare a case. He is possible; when he exists, he is remarkable; but there are very few of him.

There is a constant temptation to confuse the cultivated person with the educated person. So many of the latter are not the former; and sometimes the former are not the latter, strange though it may seem.

To quote Dr. Frank Crane: "By education, I refer to that training of youth which should equip him for a life of usefulness, contentment, and real success. Education means the subjection of mind and body to such discipline as shall enable one to get the most out of life, and to use his faculties to the greatest advantage. In other words, an education is the instruction of the young by their elders in all those secrets and arts which the wisdom of the world has gained, and which enable one to make his life happy and healthy, which enable him to get along with his fellow men, to understand and appreciate the rules of the game of living, to know how to treat his body so as to make it a source of the greatest efficiency and pleasure and of the least weakness and pain, and to train his mind so that he can think clearly and soundly."

ROLAND WENTWORTH, '23.

#### MODERN OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

Through the long ages of time every generation has had very great advantages over the preceding one and has profited by its mistakes. This is why the world has developed so fast. Each age has produced scores of great men and women who have made the best of their opportunities and thus became famous. We who live in an age of invention, high development, culture, liberty, freedom, and democracy have greater opportunities than the people of former generations. In this age especially there have been many fields of work opened to women, who heretofore were thought to be incapable of entering either business or professional

life. But women are fast gaining universal recognition of their abilities and rights.

One of the largest fields which has been opened to women is that of business. This is very extensive, and includes a great many branches. The lowest rung of the business ladder is the job of office girl. In every town and city there are business offices, in nearly every one of which at least one girl is employed. The office girl is fast succeeding the office boy, for she has proved to be more willing and diligent.

Not so very long ago filing was considered merely a necessary evil, a method of getting mail out of the way. But today filing is rather a complicated science and is considered of great importance. So another field has been opened to the women. Just a few years ago a new machine was placed on the market which opened another branch of work to the girl just out of school. To the girl who finds office work appealing but to whom the mental feat of learning stenography is nothing short of a miracle, the stenotype is a welcome invention. Stenotypists earn from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week. One decided advantage in using this special machine is that an expert stenotypist can take sufficient dictation to keep six ordinary typists busy. Another is that any stenotypist can read another's notes, a thing which is frequently impossible in stenography.

Any girl who has a mechanical turn of mind and who is not afraid to soil her hands can become a successful multigrapher. It usually takes from two or three weeks to learn the construction of the machine, to set the type, and to operate the machine easily. Multigraphers receive from ten to eighteen dollars weekly.

Next to teaching, stenography may be said to be the most generally "acceptable" occupation for girls. In other words it is the most "respectable and ladylike" work for which almost every girl may fit herself. Although many people may say that the field of stenography is overcrowded, one who has had long experience in business will say that there are very few good stenographers. Therefore no girl should feel that she would not be able to get a position if she studied stenography, because if she is a good capable stenographer there will always be an opening. Neatness, accuracy, precision, a good general education and a clear head are necessary for success as a well paid stenographer. Having become a successful



stenographer, if a girl wishes to advance, she may become a public stenographer or a private secretary. Both of these positions involve a great deal of responsibility.

Another branch of commercial work which has but recently opened its doors to women is accountancy. Although there are but very few women certified public accountants in the field at present, there are plenty of opportunities for women accountants to get positions. Banks and insurance companies, before very conservative in employing women as accountants, are now gradually changing their attitude. However, to become a certified public accountant one must pass a very difficult examination which cannot be passed except as a result of extensive study and experience. But this is no reason why any intelligent woman should not become an accountant, because if a few women have passed the examination more can do so.

In addition to all these opportunities in business life a woman has also very great opportunities in the professional life. She may become a dietitian, a social worker, a nurse, a physician, an oculist, a dentist, a pharmacist, a reporter, or a lawyer. Probably the newest of these is the lawyer. There have always been courts and judges ever since there have been laws; but only recently have women tried to enter the field of law, and because of the small number in the profession, there is not yet very much confidence placed in women lawyers. The very fact that every year more girls are entering upon the profession of law seems to be the best indication of the possibilities and opportunities which law holds out for women. For women who desire a political career, the law is a good background and foundation. Now, since women have gained their suffrage, a political career is open to every woman. It gives women the chance to prove they can be on an equal basis with men. However, before women will be able to enter politics successfully they must study and understand them. A woman cannot expect to know as much about politics as men who have had large experience in that line. Women claim they can make politics cleaner. Now they have their opportunity.

With all these opportunities there is absolutely no reason why every woman should not be able to support herself and be independent. In former generations there were only limited fields of work for women,—as teachers, dressmakers, hairdressers, mani-

curists, nurses, maids, governesses, etc. To-day there is hardly any branch of business which is not open to ambitious women. Since the beginning of time women have been fighting for their rights, and today they have almost won the fight. It is their duty to take advantage of all these opportunities they have gained and to be so successful that men and the world in general will have to admit that women can be enterprising, efficient workers and citizens.

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Lovicy Irwin  
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"Dot" Barbour  
A Good Sport

"Betty" Sheehan  
Absolutely Mr. Gallagher

"El" Plumer  
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"Genie" Bradley  
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Eleanor Stahr  
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Miss Drew  
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A radio bug  
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Oh, what a line  
"Bill" Honan  
Does he eat?  
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"Bud" Murray  
Let 'em roll, boy  
"Al" Grady  
Captain Al  
"Jim" Corbett  
Gentleman Jim  
"Scotty" Bancroft  
The heart breaker

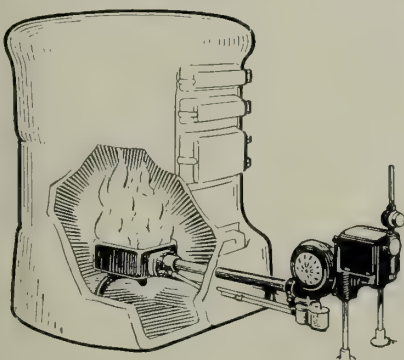
"Chet" Duncan  
"Spark Plug"  
"Fat" Solomon  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
"Tom" Abely  
A pint of peanuts  
"Junie" Swan  
Basketball Champ  
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Demand Loans .....	211,663.33	Earnings .....	63,903.39
Time Loans .....	241,448.66	Reserved for Taxes .....	2,081.48
Mortgage Loans .....	683,749.66	Reserved for Interest .....	2,800.34
Investments .....	309,000.60	Deposits .....	1,553,863.91
Other Assets .....	30,975.87		
Cash and due from Banks	123,153.40		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
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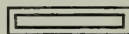
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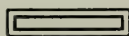
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Is Measured by  
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*"To Thine Ownself Be True; and  
It Must Follow, as the Night the  
Day, Thou Canst Not Then Be  
False to Any Man."*

This message, given to you by your beloved Principal, is one that will be helpful to you in your journey through life.

Practice it and fear not. There is no place in this world of ours for fear, especially among men who are devoting united effort to a common purpose which experience has shown to be good. Caution may be a part of wisdom but fear is an ignoble thing. Philosophers discovered that fact as long ago as when merchants wore sandals, and no hats, and did business on a very small scale. The business man today does not have to discover it. Fear dogs his steps, disturbs his sleep and threatens to undo all that enterprise and resolution would accomplish.

Therefore, go forth into the world, your world, fear not and conquer it. Expect nothing but what your own labor will give you and you in the end will be successful.

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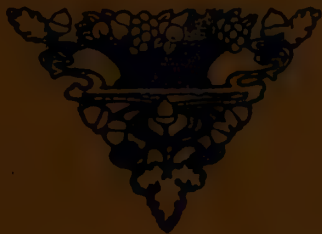
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**and DREAM**  

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**THEATRES**  

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Help Those Who Help Us



# *The* **ECHO**



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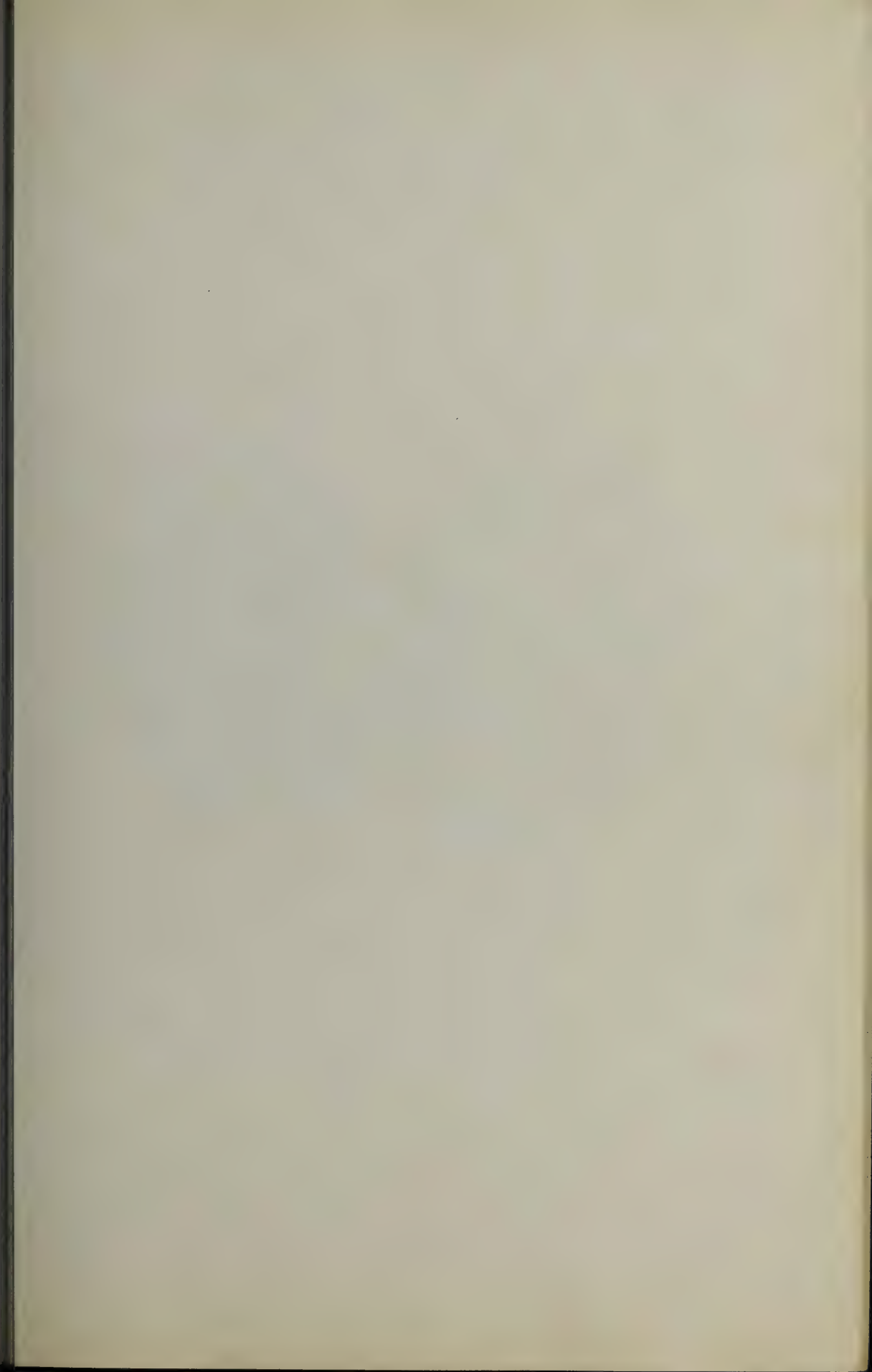
Commencement  
Number 1924

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MISS EVELETH



MISS AYRES



### *The Dedication*

*This Commencement Number of The Echo we lovingly dedicate to those tried and faithful friends, Miss Ayres and Miss Eveleth, in appreciation of the constant and untiring interest they have shown towards all our activities and the counsel so cheerfully rendered when we were in doubt.*



MR. CLARKE, PRINCIPAL

## The Faculty

**School Committee**—Albert R. Stedfast, Chairman; Horace A. Magee, Secretary; Charles A. Williams.

**Superintendent of Schools**—Frank A. Douglas.

**School Physician**—Raymond F. Parker.

**Principal**—Edward R. Clarke; **Sub-master**, Louis J. Peltier.

**Assistants**—Latin, C. Grace Ayres; French and German, Crescentia Beck; Chemistry, History, Physics, Ethelenda G. Rice; Spanish and Latin, Helen J. Cady; Secretary, Dorothy Cousins; English, Anne M. Crow; English, Lucy A. Drew; French, Martha L. Eveleth; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Geometry and Algebra, George D. Grierson; French and Spanish, Harriet J. Hite; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Algebra, Chemistry and Physical Training, Harold W. Poole; English, Gladys A. Merrill; Domestic Science, Elizabeth Nowers; Science, Algebra and Biology, Lenna M. Peabody; English, Mildred Pestell; Bookkeeping, Civics and Arithmetic, Anne M. Pfanenstiehl; Arithmetic and Penmanship, Alice Reynolds; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Geography, William Donahue; English, Spanish and Latin, Gladys Heyl; Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Wesley A. Sowle; Latin, Florence Nelson; Domestic Science, Ruth E. Tisdale; History, Barron C. Watson.

**Eighth Grade Teachers**—N. Elliot Willis, Head of Department; Laura M. Burrill, Ethel B. Crosby, Irma Knight, Evelyn Mallon, Elva Nickerson.

**Special Teachers**—Assistant Manual Training, Herbert G. Banham; Free Hand Drawing, Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Supervisor of Music, George H. Dockham; Physical Culture, Florence T. Key; Public Speaking, Clara M. Spence; Manual Training, Eber I. Wells.

An Open Letter  
TO THE  
Members of the Class of 1924

*The School is indeed sorry that you are leaving after these four happy and profitable years. We shall miss you in every one of our school activities—in the class room, in the assembly, on the stage, and on the athletic field.*

*We hope that the training in co-operation and leadership which you have acquired will stand you in good stead. Enter into the community life and college life with the same enthusiasm that you have shown in high school. Do not hesitate to give your best efforts in work and in play. You will be richly repaid because there is no joy so satisfying as the joy of service and no happiness so keen as that which results from work well done.*

*With all best wishes,*

*Faithfully yours,*

*EDWARD R. CLARKE.*

*June 18, 1924*





- Dana Spencer Allen  
 \*John Baptist Andosca  
 \*Gracia, Imogene Bancroft  
 Lawrence Earl Barclay  
 Rosamond Marguerite Barclay  
 Dora Margaret Barkley  
 LeRoy Gilman Belcher  
 Robert Louis Bernson  
 Gladys Luanne Berry  
 Henry Roland Bostrom  
 \*George Joseph Boyarsky  
 Joseph Hookey Bradley  
 \*Lucy Louise Branz  
 Bernard Joseph Brogan  
 Mildred Catherine Brogan  
 Beatrice Lucille Brown  
 Margery Rankin Burn  
 \*Dorothy Campbell  
 Richard Francis Canton  
 Lloyd Harold Carro  
 Irma Louise Chase  
 Grace Marie Cheyne  
 \*Edith Esther Chisholm  
 Lucille Coffin  
 \*Selma Lillian Cohen  
 Seymour Colby  
 Charles Coleston  
 Archie Charles Cummings  
 Evelyn Mary Curtin  
 Helen Dailey  
 Cecilia Davidson  
 Audrey Agnes Davis  
 Freeman Alexander DeGauts  
 Anita Elizabeth Dingwell  
 \*Dorothy Alice Dorr  
 Gordon Wellington Douglas  
 Katherine Gertrude Douglas  
 Margery Garney Douglas  
 Anna Mae Ezekiel  
 \*Thomas Joseph Ezekiel  
 Charles Wesley Farnham  
 John Hopkins Fenton  
 \*Lillian Mildred Fisher  
 Regis Elizabeth Fitzgérald  
 John Hinckley Flinn  
 Allen Richardson Floyd  
 \*Roslyn Beatrice Frank  
 Hope Aileen Louise Frankland  
 Robert Whitney Franklin  
 Harry Addison Friedenberg  
 Dorothy Agnes Garbutt  
 \*Edwin Russell Gardner  
 Hyman Gessman  
 Henry Gewirtz  
 Mary Gillespie  
 Marion Gilman  
 Paul Ginsberg  
 Rubin Glass  
 \*Carney Goldberg  
 Helen Giles Goldsmith  
 Max Gosule  
 Louis Herbert Grant  
 Estelle Harriet Gravin  
 \*Edith Lillian Greenberg  
 Joseph Louis Guidi  
 Irene Margaret Gunn  
 Henry Edward Haley  
 Joseph Francis Haley  
 Alice Gertrude Hall  
 Norman Carlton Harden  
 Hazel Ruth Hayden  
 \*Constance Norma Healy  
 Edward Agrell Herland  
 Hugh Hewitt, Jr.  
 Margery Howland  
 Gatha Doris Hubbard  
 Agnes Claire Hutchinson  
 Morris Jacobson  
 Richard Johnson  
 Elizabeth Silloway Kent  
 Rubin Klier  
 William Baird Leviston  
 Hyman Levy  
 John Richmond Lingley  
 Grace Leona Lowell  
 Eli Lurie  
 Ethel Edna Macumber  
 Arthur Metcalf Maskell  
 Robert Sears Mayer  
 Charles L. McCarthy, Jr.  
 Grace Mary McCarthy  
 \*Marjorie Margaret McCarthy  
 Howard Joseph McGrath  
 Katherine Angela McIntyre  
 Mary Elizabeth McIntyre  
 \*Robert Dexter Merritt  
 John Tracy Metcalf  
 \*Pauline Michaelson  
 \*Ina Christine Minto  
 Théodore Ambrose Moran  
 Grace Marie Mulloney  
 \*Sarah Lillian Nathanson  
 Dorothy Agnes Nay  
 Mary Katherine Nestor  
 \*Lucille May Nevers  
 \*Martha Grace O'Toole  
 Walter Joseph O'Toole  
 Olive Emma Pero  
 Newell Alphonso Perry, Jr.  
 \*Irene Oscara Peterson  
 Robert Henry Phelps  
 \*Anne Phillips  
 Thomas Crofton Phillips  
 Esther Gertrude Pransky  
 Dorothea Frances Pratt  
 Walter Metcalf Ramsey  
 Doris Brenda Rand  
 James Edward Riley  
 Samuel Savel  
 \*Aurelia Frances Schober  
 Louise Evelyn Serber  
 Catherine Eugenie Sewall  
 Margaret Harriet Smith  
 Ethel Sperber  
 Nathaniel Hawthorne Sperber  
 Henry Hayes Stansbury, Jr.  
 \*Mary Ellen Stansbury  
 Jessie Fannie Stavredes  
 Theodore Winthrop Stockwell  
 Eric Hilmer F. Svensson, Jr.  
 Eunice Katherine Swift  
 Alden Waite Tewksbury  
 Constance Elis. Tewksbury  
 Adelaide Tosi  
 Kathleen Amy Wain  
 Francis Vincent Ward  
 Margaret Priscilla M. Weibel  
 \*Eber Montgomery Wells  
 Gerald Montgomery Wells  
 Abraham Myer White  
 Thomas Anthony White  
 Richard Baker Whorf  
 Thomas Francis Wiczorek  
 Joseph Wise  
 Edna Margaret Wood  
 \*Gladys Eleanor Wood

\*Honor pupils.

THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO



**RICHARD JOHNSON**  
"Reuben"

President '21, '22, '24; Football '24;  
Baseball '22, '23, '24; French Club '24;  
Latin Club '21.

**EUNICE SWIFT**  
"Tot"

Vice President '24; Social Com. '21,  
'22; Operetta '24; Echo '24; French  
Club '23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23,  
'24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**DOROTHY DORR**  
"Dot"

Marshal '24; Echo Board '24; Social  
Com. '22, '24; Senior Entertainment  
Com. '24; Gym. Exhibition Com. '24;  
French Club '23, President '24; Latin  
Club '21, '22, '23, '24; Spanish Club  
'23, '24.

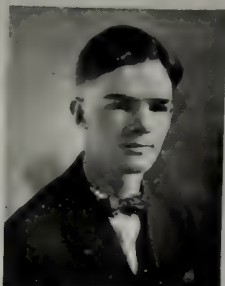
**ESTELLE GRAVIN**  
"Dinge"

Secretary '24; French Club '23, Vice  
President '24.

**HAROLD POOLE**  
Smooth

Class Treasurer

# THE WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL ECHO



## RICHARD WHORF

"Dick"

Senior Play '24; School Plays '21, '22, '23; Debating Team '24; Club '24; Social Com. '21, Chairman '22, '23, '24; Farewell Social Com. '24; Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Gift Com. '24; Dress Com. '24; Cheer Leader '23, '24; Track '22, '23, '24; Echo Board '22, '23, '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23, '24; Senior Vaudeville '23, '24; French Club '24; Science Club '23, '24.

## HENRY STANSBURY, JR.

"Henie"

Editor-In-Chief Echo '24; School Play '22, '23; Senior Play '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23, '24; Debating Club '24; French Club '24; Spanish Club '24.



## RICHARD CANTON

"Dick"

Assistant Manager Echo '24; Assistant '23; Social Com. '23, '24; Farewell Social Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Gift Com. '24; School Senior Play '24; Senior Vaudeville Programs '23, '24; Operettas '23, '24; Debating Club '24; Science Club '24.

## JOHN STOCKWELL

"Prunie"

Social Com. '22, '23; Farewell Social Com. '24; Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Basketball '22, '23, '24; Baseball '23, '24; Track '21, '22, '23, '24; School Plays '22, '23; Senior Play '24; Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24; Gift Com. '24.



## JOHN FENTON

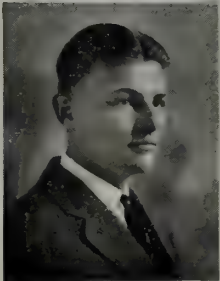
"Hop"

Managing Editor Echo '24; Baseball '23, '24; Basketball (2nd) '23; Football (2nd) '22, '23; Senior Vaudeville '23.

## JOHN LINGLEY

"Sheik"

Senior Play '24; Football '23, '24 (2nd); Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23, '24; Senior Vaudeville '21; Debating Club '24; French Club '24; Science Club '24.



## ERIC SVENSSON

"Cow"

Debating Team '23, '24; Echo '24; School Play '23; Senior Play '24; Assembly Programs '23, '24; Debating Club '23, '24; President '24; Science Club '23; Vice President '24; Football '23, '24; Track '23, '24.

## JOSEPH GUIDI

"Pep"

President '23; Social Committee '22; Football '21, '22, '23, '24; Basketball '23, Captain '24; Baseball '22, '23, '24; Track '24.



## FRANCIS WARD

"Boney"

Cheer Leader '24; Track '21, '22, '23; Operetta '24; Senior Vaudeville '23; French Club '24.

## JOSEPH HALEY

"Joe"

Basketball '24; Baseball '23 (2nd); French Club '24; Science Club '23.



**IRENE PETERSON****"Rena"**

Social Com. '21, '22, '24; Entertainment Com. '24; Gift Com. '24; Dress Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Gym Exhibition Com. '24; Hockey '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24; Farewell Social Com. '24.

**ESTHER CHISHOLM****"Tet"**

Vice-President '23; Social Com. '23, '24; Echo '24; School Pays '22, '23; Senior Play '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Program '21, '22; Debating Club '24; Debating Team '24; French Club '23, '24; Latin Club '23, '24; Hockey 2nd '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**MARGARET SMITH****"Tinks"**

Social Com. '21, '23; Echo Board '24; Dress Com. '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23; French Club '23; Latin Club '23; Spanish Club '23.

**LOUISE SERBER****"Lu"**

French '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23. Play '24.

**MARY GILLESPIE****"Andy"**

Field Hockey '24; Secretary A. A. '24; Assembly Programs '22, '24; Debating Club '24.

**SELMA COHEN****"Sel"**

Secretary '23; Social Com. '21, '22, '23, '24; Class Day Com. '24; Operetta '24; French Club '22, '23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; Play '23; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**DOROTHY CAMPBELL****"Dolly"**

Social Com. '23, '24; Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Gift Com. '24; Dress Com. '24; Field Hockey '23, '24; Assembly Programs '24; Senior Vaudeville '21; Spanish Club '23, President '24.

**LUCIE BRANZ****"Lu"**

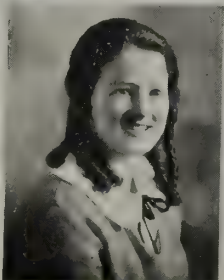
Social Com. '24; Dress Com. '24; Operetta '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**ALICE HALL****"Al"**

Chairman Dress Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Farewell Social Com. '24; Social Com. '21, '24; Echo Board '24; French Club '22, '23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; Spanish Club '23.

**IRENE GUNN****"Ben"**

Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Class Day '23; Field Hockey '22, '23; Basketball '23, '24; Cheer Leader '24



**DANA ALLEN****"Al."**

Echo Board '24.

**WALTER RAMSEY****"Rumy"**

Baseball '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, Captain '23; Track '20, '24; French Club '24; Football '21, 2nd.

**JOHN METCALF****"Sheik"**

President of A. A. '24, Vice President '23; Football '23, '24; Science Club '23, President '24; Farewell Com.

**JOHN FLINN****"Flinney"**

Marshall '20.

**ROBERT FRANKLIN****"Bob"****LAWRENCE BARCLAY****"Milky"**

Chairman, Farewell Social Com.; Social Com. '24; Senior Entertainment Com. '24; Class Day Com. '24; Chairman, Dress Com. '24; Football '22, '23 (2nd), '24; Basketball '22 (2nd), '23, '24; Track '23, '24; School Play '23; Assembly Programs '23, '24; Senior Vaudeville '23; Science Club '23.

**BERNARD BROGAN****"Brom"**

Captain Baseball '24, '22 (2nd), '23; Dress Com. '24.

**JOSEPH BRADLEY****"Joe"**

Baseball '22, '23, '24; Operetta '24; French Club '22, '23, '24; Latin Club '22, '23, '24.

**MONTGOMERY WELLS****"Monty"**

Track '22, '23, Captain '24; Baseball '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23, '24; Echo '24; Science '24.

**WALTER O'TOOLE****"Wally"**

Senior Play '24; School Play '23; Debating Team '23, '24, Club '23, Vice President '24; Senior Vaudeville '22, '23; Assembly Programs '22, '24; Track '23; Orchestra '21, '22, '23, President '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; French Club '23, '24; Spanish Club '23; Science Club '24.

**INA MINTO****"Pat"**

Valedictorian '24; Vice President '21; Secretary '22; School Play '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23, '24; Echo Board '24; Secretary Debating Club '24; French Club '23, Secretary '24; Latin Club '23, Senior Consul '24, Latin Play '21; Spanish Club '23, '24; Gym Exhibition Com. '24.

**DORIS RAND****"Dori"****ELIZABETH KENT****"Libby"**

Secretary '21; Echo Board '24; Field Hockey '24; Basketball '23; Assembly Programs '21, '22; Debating Team '21, Debating Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '24, Play '22; Spanish Club '23, '24; French Club '23, '24.

**LUCILLE NEVERS****"Cille"**

French Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**ANNA EZEKIEL****"Nan"**

Assembly Programs '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**GRACIA BANCROFT****"Graec"**

Echo Board '24; French Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '24, Junior Consul '23, Play; Spanish Club '24; Assembly Program '23, '24.

**MARTHA O'TOOLE****"Marty"**

Orchestra '23, '24; Senior Vaudeville '21, '22; Assembly Programs '21, '24; Debating Club '24; French Club '22, '23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**AURELIA SCHOVER****"Ri-ri"**

Salutatorian; Echo Board '24; Spanish Club '23, '24; Debating Club '24.

**BEATRICE BROWN****"B"**

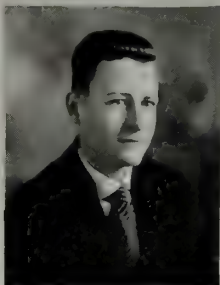
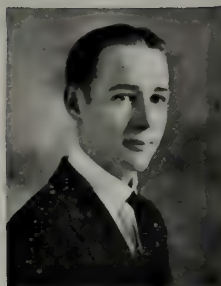
Orchestra '24; French Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**MARY STANSBURY****"May"**

Class Pianist '24; Operetta '24; Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24; Debating Club '24; Latin Club '21, '23, '24, Play '22; Spanish Club '24.





**HUGH HEWITT****"Hugo"**

Manager Track '24.

**THOMAS WIECZOREK****"Tom"**

Debating Team '24, Club '24; Track '24; Latin Club '23, '24; Spanish Club '23; Science Club '23, '24; Assembly Program '24.

**NEWELL PERRY****"Rabitt"**

Assembly Programs '24; Debating Club '24; Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; French Club '23, '24; Science Club '23, '24.

**EDWARD HERLAND****"Tubbie"**

Echo Board '24; Orchestra '23, '24, Football '23.

**WESLEY FARNHAM****"Wes"**

Baseball '23, '24.

**ARCHIE CUMMINGS****"Arch"**

Marshal '22; School Play '23; Senior Play '24; Operettas '23, '24; Assembly Programs '21, '22, '23; Senior Vaudeville '23; Orchestra '24.

**MORRIS JACOBSON****"Jake"**

Debating Team '24, Debating Club '24; Assembly Program '21, '23; Science Club '23, '24.

**ALLEN FLOYD****"Al"**

Manager Basketball '24; French Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**WILLIAM LEVISTON****"Bill"****EDWIN GARDNER****"Eddie"**

Social Committee '21; French Club '23; Science Club '24.

**GRACE MULLONEY****"Gracie"**

French Club '22, '23, Treasurer '24;  
Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**AUDREY DAVIS****"Snaps"**

Field Hockey '24; Senior Play '24;  
Operettas '24; Debating team '24;  
President Debating Club '24; French  
Club '24.

**KATHERINE McINTYRE****"Kip"**

French Club '23, '24; Spanish Club  
'23, '24.

**MARGERIE G. DOUGLAS****"Midge"**

Field Hockey '22, '23, Captain '24;  
Basketball '22, '23; Echo Board '24;  
Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**HELEN GOLDSMITH****"Hen"**

Orchestra '21, '22, '23; French Club  
'24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**MARJORIE BURN****"Bones"**

Spanish Club '23, '24.

**CONSTANCE HEALY****"Connie"**

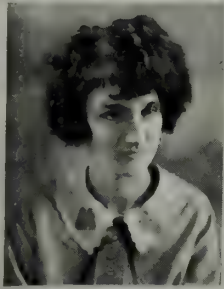
Senior Entertainment Com. '24;  
School Play '23; Assembly Programs  
'22, '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

**ANITA DINGWELL****"Nita"****GLADYS WOOD****"Gladie"**

Hockey '23, Manager '24; Basket-  
ball '22, '24; French Club '22, '24; Lat-  
in Club '21, '24; Gym Exhib. Com. '24.

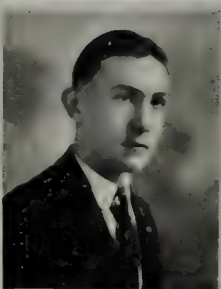
**GLADYS BERRY****"Gladie"**

School Plays '22, '23; Operetta '24;  
Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24.

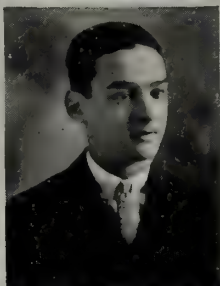


**SEYMOUR COLBY****"Lawn Mower"**Football Manager '24; Orchestra  
'22, '23, '24.**GERALD WELLS****"Gery"**

Science Club '24.

**JOSEPH EZEKIEL****"Joe"**

Spanish Club '23, '24.

**LOUIS GRANT****"Kid Grant"****FREEMAN DeGAUST****"Gowst"**

Spanish Club '23, '24.

**JOSEPH WISE****"Joe"****RUBIN KLIER****"Speed"**French Club '23, '24; Latin Club '21,  
'22, '24, Play '23.**ELI LURIE****"Eli"**Track '21, '24; Science Club '22,  
'23, '24.**NATHANIEL SPERBER****"Spider"**Orchestra '22, '23; Science Club '23,  
'24.**HENRY GEWIRTZ****"Gutzwitz"**

Orchestra '23, '24.



**CATHERINE SEWALL****"Kip"**

Assembly '21; French Club '24;  
Spanish Club '23.

**EDNA WOOD****"Spooks"**

Hockey '23; Basketball '23, '24.

**DORA BARKLEY****"Do-Do"**

Operetta '24; Orchestra '21, '22, '23,  
'24; Debating Club '24; French Club  
'23, '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23; Play  
'24; Science Club '23.

**MARGERY HOWLAND****"Marge"**

French '24; Spanish '24.

**KATHERINE DOUGLAS****"Kate"**

Spanish Club '23, '24.

**MARJORIE McCARTHY****"Midge"**

Senior Play '24; School Play '23;  
Operetta '24; Assembly Program, '21,  
'22, '23, '24; Debating Team, Club  
'24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24; Span-  
ish Club '23, '24.

**HAZEL HAYDEN****"Hazy"****DOROTHY NAY****"Dot"**

French Club '24.

**PAULINE MICHAELSON****"Polly"**

Hockey '22, '23, '24; Spanish Club  
'22, '23.

**CONSTANCE TEWKSBURY****"Connie"**

**ALDEN TEWKSBURY****"Tux"**

Football '23, '24; Basketball (2nd) '22, '23, '24; Baseball (2nd) '22, '23.

**CHARLES MCCARTHY, JR.****"Mac"**

Manager Baseball '24, (2nd) '23; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '24; Debating Team '24, Club '24; Latin Club '21, '22, '23, '24.

**LeROY BELCHER****"Samson"****ABRAHAM WHITE****"Abie"**

Track '24; Orchestra '22, '24; Science Club '23, '24.

**HARRY FRIEDENBERG****"Fried"**

Vice President '21; Football '23, '24; Baseball '22, '23; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '23, '24; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**ROBERT BERSON****"Spibby"**

Baseball '23.

**THEODORE MORAN****"Ted"****JOHN ANDOSCA****"Andy"**

Track '24; French Club '23, '24.

**HENRY HALEY****"Tiger"**

Football '23, '24; Basketball '22, '23, '24 (2nd); Baseball '23; Track '21, '23.

**SAMUEL SAVEL****"Simon"**

LUCILLE COFFIN  
"Lu"

MARGARET WEIBEL  
"Dally"

KATHLEEN WAIN  
"Kitty"

CLAIRE HUTCHINSON  
"Red"  
French Club '21.

EVELYN CURTIN  
"Ebbv"

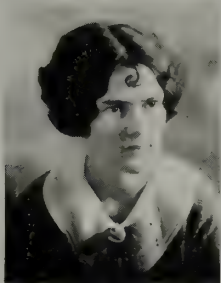
GRACE LOWELL  
"Gracie"

GRACE CHEYNE  
"Gracie"  
French Club '23, '24; Latin Club '22,  
'23, '24; Spanish Club '24.

MILDRED BROGAN  
"Mum"  
French Club '22, '23, '24; Latin Club  
'21, '22, '23, '24; Spanish Club '23, '24.

ETHEL SPERBER  
"Nita"  
Spanish Club '24.

GATHA HUBBARD  
"Hubbie"







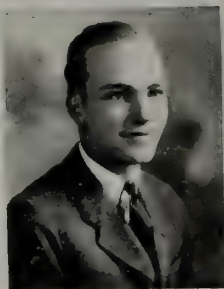
**NORMAN HARDEN**  
"Youks"



**THOMAS WHITE**  
"Stepper"  
Social Com. '22, '23; Dress Com. '24



**CHARLES COLESTON**  
"Chick"  
Science Club '24.



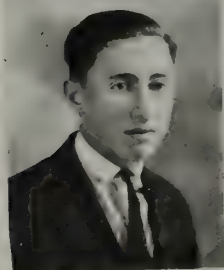
**ROBERT PHELPS**  
"Bob"



**JAMES RILEY**  
"Red"  
Football '24; Track '23.



**MAX GOSULE**  
"Mux"  
Spanish Club '23, '24.



**CARNEY GOLDBERG**  
"Goldie"  
Track '24.



**PAUL GINSBERG**  
"Gwidoocake" (Griddlecake)  
Football '23 (2nd); Track '21, '22;  
Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '23,  
'24; Orchestra '24.



**HOWARD McGRATH**  
"Span"  
President, Spanish Club '23.



**HENRY BOSTROM**  
"Honey"

**DOROTHEA PRATT**

"Dot"

Orchestra '22, '23, '24.

**IRMA CHASE**

"Bobby"

French Club '24; Science Club '21, '22.

**REGIS FITZGERALD**

"Didi"

French Club '23; Latin Club '21; Spanish Club '23.

**MIRIAM GILMAN**

"Honey"

**GRACE McCARTHY**

"Gracie"

**ADELAIDE TOSI**

"Ade"

**OLIVE PERO**

"Olly"

Orchestra '22.

**ANNE PHILLIPS**

"Phil"

Spanish Club '23.

**ROSLYN FRANK**

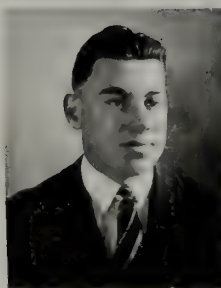
"Peanut"

Spanish Club '22, '23.

**ROSAMOND BARCLAY**

"Rosie"





ARTHUR MASKELL  
"Art"

Football '23, '24.



HYMAN LEVY  
"Hymy"

Track '22, '24.



ROBERT MAYER  
"Bob"



GEORGE BOYARSKY  
"Swett"



ROBERT MERRITT  
"Bob"

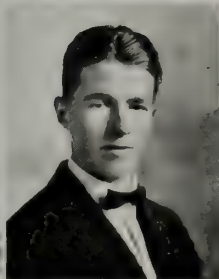
Science Club '24.



HYMAN GESSMAN  
"Shiek"



RUBIN GLASS  
"Rube"



THOMAS PHILLIPS  
"Tom"

Spanish Club '22, '23; Science Club '23; General Knowledge '23; Track '22.



LLOYD CARRO  
"Kyro"

French Club '23, '24; Science Club '23, '24.



GORDON DOUGLAS  
"Doug"

Dress Com. '24; Operetta '24; Assembly Programs '24; Senior Vaudiville '23; Orchestra '22, '23, '24; Debating Club '24; Science Club '22, '23; Football (2nd) '23; Baseball (2nd) '21, '22; Track '21.



**LILLIAN FISHER**

"Lillie"

Spanish Club '23.

**JESSIE STAVREDES**

"Bessie"

Spanish Club '24.

**MARY NESTOR**

"Tribby"

Spanish Club '23, '24.

**ESTHER PRANSKY**

"S"

Spanish Club '24.

**DOROTHY GARBUTT**

"Kicid"

Orchestra '23, '24, Secretary '22.

**HELEN DAILEY**

"Helen"

**ETHEL MACUMBER**

"Cucumber"

**CECILIA DAVIDSON**

"Davie"

**SARAH NATHANSON**

"Sally"

Orchestra '22, '23, '24.

**HOPE FRANKLAND**

"Frank"

French Club '23.

**MARY McINTYRE**

"Bebe"

Assembly Programs '24.

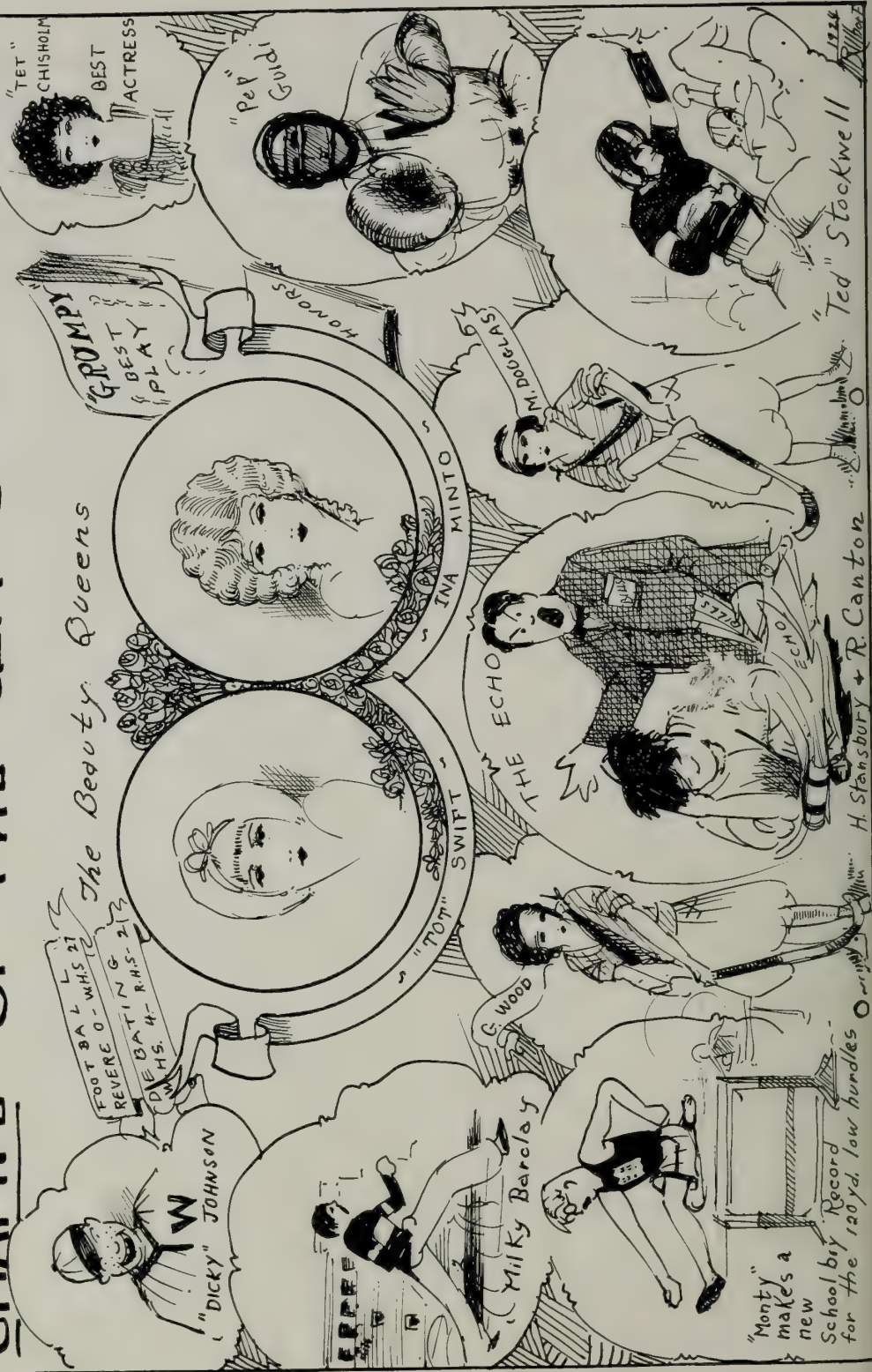
**EDITH GREENBERG**

"Edie"

French Club '24; Latin Club '24.



# "CHAMPS" OF THE CLASS OF 1924



# Commencement

## FRIENDS AND PARENTS, MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS, JUNIORS

We have come together to begin the festivities which mark the final participation of the Class of 1924 in the activities of the school which has fostered and sheltered us for four happy years.

It is fitting and proper that we conduct the exercises in the spirit of sport and jolly good nature which will enable us not to take too seriously anything that is said this afternoon.

It is very gratifying to us that so many parents and friends of the seniors are able to enjoy these exercises with us, and we hope that at the conclusion of the afternoon they will come to know the friendliness and good fellowship that has existed among us during our school life. These less serious events of class day will give you a more intimate acquaintance with the individual members of the class than would an infinite number of more serious gatherings.

On behalf of the Class of 1924 it is my great pleasure to welcome you, the guests of the afternoon, to our class day exercises.

RICHARD JOHNSON.

## HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1924

'Twas night, and dark and gloomy was the room,

Silent, still, where ghostly shadows loom.  
In mammoth shapes with haunting, claw-like hands,

Coming ever quicker in threatening, dreadful bands.

Then—welcome to my weary eyes, and shutting out the night—

A cheery blaze began to grow from the logs now all alight.

And then I fell to dreaming, as one will often do

When the flames are all a-dancing and a-beckoning to you.

I must have fallen fast asleep and dreamed the whole night through

And what I saw, and what I dreamed  
I'm going to tell to you.

## Dream I

As through a misty haze, I saw a famous Hall. The Grecian statues in their marble austerity were looking down upon a strange and motley crowd. Jupiter threw back his newly marcelled hair in royal disgust. He was getting used to it—this usual September gathering of the infants. Now, in their course, the slow revolving years had reached the famous number 1921, and lo! a band of Freshies, greener, fresher, leaner and more insolent than ever! Diana fell to wondering whether her beautiful locks were surpassed by those of some of the fairer maidens. " 'Twould be a shame to cut them," she murmured. Alas! How fickle are the fates!!! Now all was still. The annual lecture was in progress. Jupiter saw a look of awful responsibility pass over the formerly joyous countenance of a freckled young lady. Muffled murmurs of fright and terror reached his royal ears. "Poor babes. It is hard starting in," he thought, and then he fell again into the sleep of long dead gods.—The scene is changed again. Shrieks! Giggles! Bright colors and music,—terrible music! What can this be? Ah! the Freshman social! Yet is it not strange? One would think Mother Goose herself had stepped out of a worn, old tale and scattered her Boy Blues and Miss Muffets all about the room. I saw a small and insignificant specimen of a boy, gaping in wonder before a mighty shoe. If he had but known it, his own patent leather pumps were not entirely lost from view, being of a huge manly size. His partner, poor girl, seemed to be suffering from the effect of too much patent leather, and I thought I heard a tiny mutter from the patient sufferer, "Gracious sakes! Why didn't he learn to dance 'fore he comes and spoils my new slippers. I should say I will need vaseline on 'em after this! Oh-h-h! No, you didn't hurt. I was just humming to the music. 'S good, isn't it?" Indeed a happy time was had by all!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then slowly in my night of many dreams,  
I skipped another course of time, it seems;



For now I saw another class of greater dignity—

A class of lazy Sophomores, with characteristic apathy.

### Dream II

Upon a chair, that lent to his dignity, the worthy pedagogue was holding forth upon his time-worn lessons. Poor man! He knew his subject well, and if the truth must be told, he seemed a wee bit proud of all his mighty knowledge, for oft I saw him gaze about in awe-inspiring majesty and clip his words of wisdom with decisive finish. But ah, alas! his august authority was lost upon the worthless mass of brain(?) and brawn that passed for his class. A strange gnawing sound was plainly audible. Stay, calm your fears! 'Twas but the endless biting of many pencils, a strange mannerism which characterizes all Sophomores. Poor things! They had a hungry, empty look. No doubt they yearned for knowledge or—lunch. A very neat and careful class it was. Epistles of great value and some that contained dark secrets were surreptitiously passed to and fro, when by chance the worthy man did turn his head. All the comforts of home were being fully enjoyed by the manly youths of the class. What mattered it if feet were sprawled about the aisles or whether now and then a fair damsel furtively drew a comb through her curly locks? I tried to find a spark of energy and life in this comatose assemblage, but in vain! A boy of almost intelligent appearance smashed my dreams, when to a question asked of him, he merely opened wide his mouth and—yawned! The face of the great clock upon the wall frankly followed suit, and then the minute hand fell back and went to sleep as all the class had done. The patient teacher said in wrath, "Is this review or advance?" and everyone that heard the word "advance" awoke from slumber with a groan and passed or glided forth to another room to sleep some more till all the day was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thus the dream mist faded still again And took the form of other scenes of old, Of mighty Juniors and the stories then Which every dream and scene retold.

### Dream III

A dazzling scene of brightness and sparkling lights. Again a wonderful event was

about to begin, one of those wonderful events that have placed Winthrop High School high in the world of Dramatic Art. Ah! a play. I seemed to hear a member of the audience whisper, "Ssh, it's going to start. D'ja think you'll like it? If I don't, I'm going out." And then the programs, ponderous documents, seemed to blur into a waving mass,—and through the mass I seemed to see the words "She Stoops To Conquer." The dramatic suspense had begun. The slippery horse-hair furniture, which had seen gallant years of service, again graced the festive stage. The actors were moving their listeners to tears—and (grins) with their eloquent pleas. And as I saw them rise to great heights of histrionic art, I heard two girls saying very low, "Heavens, I'm scared. I always get a shaky feelin' when I know anyone in it. I just know she'll forget the part. Isn't he good looking? Mum—velvet suits and wigs, and will you look at the lace on the boys. Makes 'em look like girls. Well I'm glad they don't wear those suits now, anyway." Then with a shriek of violins and a sobbing of saxophones, the school play vanished into the ethereal regions of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now my last and longest dream appeared,

A very strange and pleasing dream withal,  
For deep into the land of dreams I peered  
And saw the dear old Seniors, the finest  
class of all!

### Dream IV

'Twas the field of battle! Yes, a mighty battle, a fight between foes of long standing. I saw a muddy field, a very muddy field. Who was the strange creature diving through the mud? He lifted a scarred and very grimy face,—and lo, I saw a famous member of a famous football squad! The goal posts seemed to nod and beckon to a flying pigskin, for with each try the much worn football sailed slowly and delightfully over the goal. Then the goal posts shook hands and congratulated each other, and cheer on cheer rent the air. Whereupon the goal post on the right gently tapped its comrade and said, "It's the annual battle between Revere and Winthrop. You'll have to excuse the noise—Winthrop has won." "They seem to be glad,"—grumbled the other post. "And why shouldn't they with a score of twenty-seven to nothing," said the

first speaker. My head seemed to nod to those words twenty-seven to nothing. My, it was great!

Again a change—again the famous hall. Great orators were speaking. The old desk trembled under the repeated, emphatic blows of both well known and strange debaters. Jupiter was again awake. He was wishing hard for good luck for the young ladies. He never did care for the boys. They were so tiresome and rude. Many a time had Jupiter's dignity been ruffled by being subjected to the indignity of wearing a modern cap upon his kingly head. Now the audience holds its breath. Will the girls win or will the boys? They all look nice, don't they? Never were words so weighty nor student minds so lofty. Ah, the decision! The girls have won! Jupiter smiled with gratified pride, and from his pocket he took his ancient diary and made a little entry which ran as follows. "Times have changed considerably. I never thought I'd see the day when the female of the species could out-Cicero the male!"

Now, with the vanishing of this scene I knew that at last my dreams were almost done, and I took particular pains to see everything the next picture showed. Yes, 'twas the last scene of all, a sad and happy one. Every girl was dressed in white, and every boy in blue. 'Twas the night of nights for this senior class. It meant the end of school. For now the year's long work was done and the night of graduation was at hand. Each pupil eagerly grasped the symbol of reward for four years' work, and reverently opened the precious document and tied it up again with trembling fingers.

All was still and solemn. You could almost hear the beating of the hearts, and a distant clock began to chime; and, as it chimed, it seemed to say, "All is well! All is well! All is well!"

INA MINTO.

#### ADDRESS TO JUNIORS

In ending four of the happiest years of our lives, we, the Class of 1924, have a deep feeling of sorrow. We think of the numerous hardships we met and fought against successfully. We remember the many good times we had, which at that time seemed but part of the daily routine. We recollect the many mistakes we made; the things we did that we should not have

done; and the things we should have done that were left undone.

On behalf of my classmates, it is my pleasure to speak to the Class of 1925, which is about to take our place in the leading role in high school, as we sorrowfully leave it. As yet you have seen very little of real high school life, although you all probably believe yourselves quite accustomed to it. We have noticed that you have acquired an air of dignity during the past few months. What arrogance! You are still as insignificant as the trivial freshman. But by September this insignificance will have left you, and you may add to this dignity which you have acquired. Then you will be respected by all—looked up to by all. The teachers will realize your importance. They also will respect you—look up to you. The afternoon session, with which you are all quite familiar, will no longer handicap your activities, as the faculty would not think of so belittling you. You will never be sent to the office except to be congratulated now and then upon your meritorious attitude of dignity and reliability. But in spite of this, you will have numerous hardships to meet and many responsibilities to assume. These will include all the problems of our complex school life. The success of the athletic teams will be yours to make or mar.

The reputation of school dramatics must be sustained by you. The well known school paper will be under your supervision. You also must uphold the scholastic standard of a senior class. We made many blunders in carrying out the tasks left to us, and no doubt you will make many more than we did. It is a usual occurrence to have the class in power misapprehend many of its duties, but you who are entering this very important year seem far below the average in every respect. We feel certain that you are not capable of filling these responsible positions. The football team, for instance, would be a total failure if left to you. But luckily the coach will have the underclassmen from whom he possibly will be able to find enough men for some sort of team, for you must admit that you have no one whatsoever among you to support this activity. If the other teams were analyzed, we would find my statement still holding true.

In regard to dramatics in this great year before you, a bitter disappointment is in

store for everyone. As we know, it is customary for the Senior Class to present a play. But owing to the lack of talent in the incoming Senior Class all ideas of a play will be given up. Here again you will admit that you will have been tried and found wanting.

Although the faculty has chosen a staff to take charge of the school publication next year, it is expected that the staff will last no more than three weeks as the extra work will be too much for the new members. Nevertheless the paper will not be discontinued, but will be published by the faculty.

We cordially invite you and your friends to our Commencement Exercises next Wednesday evening. You who do not attend will regret the fact, for it will be the last event of its kind to take place in our school until the youngsters of 1926 face the open world. But please don't misinterpret the meaning of this statement. I do not mean to say that you will not graduate next year; I merely imply that the ceremony will be simple and short. It will be nothing whatever like the exercises usually held, for who among you will be able to take the honor of Valedictorian or who among you will be able to accept the prizes usually awarded? Here again you are forced to admit your inferiority.

I believe I have clearly pointed out all the hardships awaiting you. No doubt you will all cogitate on this matter, wondering what you can do to ameliorate such horrible conditions as I have pictured. But possibly if you realize the handicap you are under before starting the school year, you may overcome many of these deficiencies which you possess.

At any rate, we, the Class of 1924, on leaving our dear school, give you, the Class of 1925, our sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous year.

RICHARD CANTON, '24.

#### CLASS PROPHECY

One of the wonders which exist on the planet Mars seems, to our minds, a purely fictitious device. But, in reality, the new "Telescopicradio" of the Martians is one of the greatest inventions ever perfected. This instrument has the power of seeing from one planet to another with practical-

ly the same amount of vision as the eyes of humans on earth.

One fine day in the month of Tenephone, corresponding to our December, Hoctophone and Hyperbole, both Martians, were gazing forth at the planet Earth. By these people, the acts and movements of the inhabitants on Earth are watched with great sport.

Now, twenty years previous to this date, Hoctophone and Hyperbole, had watched from their distant perch the graduation of the Class of 1924. They had remembered the faces, and it was now nothing more than a game to find once again these same people.

The first spot on the planet Earth to catch their eyes was the city of Miami, and we will look there to see what they saw through their wonderful machines.

Hyperbole and Hoctophone first focus their Telescopicradios on a hotel lawn at Miami, Florida, and there they find at a reunion **Richard Johnson**, world known fight promoter, **Rena Peterson** and **Lucy Branz**. The former is starring in **Henry Gewirtz's** "Follies," and the latter is the leading chorus lady. Not far from them, in conversation, are **Henry Haley**, the circus owner, and **John Fenton**, the lumber dealer—Har(d)wood a specialty.

Going around to the side of the building, Hyperbole and Hoctophone see **Leroy Belcher** seated in a very comfortable chair. **Belcher**, successor to Henry Ford, seems very much interested in the tactics of **Walter Ramsey** and **Francis Ward**, female impersonators. On the stairs is the famous aviatrix, **Mary Gillespie**, with her Russian Spaniel, "Felix," sometimes considered one of the finest specimens of Russian dog in America.

At the rear of the hotel, occupying the swimming pool, is **Audrey Davis**, world's champion high diver, going through her daily performance. In the pool is **Dana Allen**, the multi-millionaire, with his secretary, **Dorothy Campbell**. About to jump in the pool is **Charles Coleston**, inventor of the invisible collar button. Standing on the side of the pool, undecided as to what to do, is **Abou "Ben" Jacobson**.

Northward along the coast, on the main road to Miami, **Joseph Guidi** and **Eric Svensson**, owners of the Guidi Macaroni Factory, are talking with **Hazel Hayden**, who is well known in society. In the



field is **Hyman Gessman**, who has taken to the craze of catching bugs and chasing butterflies.

Hoctophone and Hyperbole, turning their Telescopicrodies slowly northward, come upon one of **Barclay's** planes making its daily trip to Florida. Seated at the extreme left is **George Boyarsky**, world-famed violinist, now making a tour of this continent. In the third seat is **Cecelia Davidson**, a school teacher, taking a month's vacation for her nerves, who thinks that school is terribly boring. The gentleman that looks like Cupid is none other than **Roland Bostrom**, author of the book, "Why Boys Leave Home." The sick looking person is **Irma Chase**, making a tour of the country to find her ideal. The young aviatrix is **Aurelia Schober**, who, not able to get seated comfortably because of her height, stood during the entire trip. Aurelia is now President of Schober Soapy Soap Flakes, Inc.

Returning to Earth again, Hyperbole and Hoctophone find **Howard McGrath** on his way to Miami in his latest model of the "Packer Ford." Seated on the hood, and very dejected looking, as if he'd never get there, is **Robert Merrit**, who is always retired from business. Playing the Ukelele is **Estelle Gravin**. Estelle is earning from thirty to fifty thousand per year with **C. F. Beib**, for singing and playing to herself. The lady evidently looking for something or somebody is "**Fannie**" **Stavredes**. Seated under the sunshade is **Dorothy Garbutt**, owner of the Beauty Parlor for women over sixty. The gentleman running on the rear wheel is **Robert Bernson**, endeavoring to wear out a pair of "Wearever" rubbers.

Continuing northward, Hyperbole and Hoctophone find another group of travelers. Driving the car is **Bob Phelps**, owner and proprietor of the Phelps' Lunch Rooms of America. The gentleman reading aloud in order to hear himself is **Joseph Wise**, author and publisher of the book, "On Choosing a Name." The sad looking man gazing into space is **Bernard Brogan**, still at his school-day pastime of thinking. The lady keeping him company is **Margery Burn**, owner of many bird stores in the leading cities of America. The man doffing his hat is **Newell Perry**. Mr. Perry has for many years given lectures, in an attempt to convince the public that you

can fool some of the people some of the time, and some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time. The man of leisure happens to be **Hookey Bradley**, who made all his money in his early years playing cricket for the Louisville Lou's.

Hyperbole and Hoctophone now gazing upon the corner of First and Second Avenue find **Richard Whorf**, downcast actor, speaking from a soap box. Holding up the post is **Abie White**, who has just sold the last of his graduation photographs. The policeman about to tell them to move on is **Baptist Andosca**, who graduated from the Electoral College in 1935. **Hinckley Flinn**, owner of the Flinn & Co. Safe Crackers, can be seen in his office window. Passing in their "Lemon Zene" are **Helen Goldsmith** and **Evelyn Curtin**, world famed actresses. Through charity they have hired for their chauffeur, **Joseph Ezekiel**. On the bus line can be seen a sign indicating that **Strangler Lurie** will make his debut on the mat at Madison Sq. Gardens. The large buildings in the rear are owned by **Sperber**, widely known Real Estate dealer of New York and Boston.

Here Hyperbole and Hoctophone turn their Telescopicrodies to the dance hall on Fifth Avenue and find at the dance of the "Peers" **Sam Savel** and his one man orchestra. One man is enough. The distinguished looking lady is **Catherine Sewall**, who has spent many years in wealth (through the help of a gas meter). The couple entertaining the non-dancers are **Eddie Herland** and **Sarah Nathanson**. They are teachers of Ball Room dancing, and at high class dances give exhibitions of Frisco.

At this point Hyperbole and Hoctophone turn their "Telescopicrodies" to the main office of the Columbia University. Occupying the President's chair is **Wesley Farnham**, who is author of the book "Educate Yourself on a Nickel! Come to Columbia." His private secretary exercising the rubber is **Lillian Fisher**. The thoughtless office boy is **John Lingley**, now serving his 29th year in the same position, and still advancing rapidly.

Peeking into one of the rooms of the Sperber building, Hyperbole and Hoctophone find a championship contest for the fastest typewriter and stenographer of New York. The competitors are using the

extinguished **Klier Typewriter**, which for many years has been on the market without results. Something must be wrong. In charge of the contest is **Marion Gilman**, winner of the contest for the three previous years. Stated in order from left to right are **Katherine Douglas**, **Mildred Brogan**, and **Regis Fitzgerald**, all of whom are trying for honors to help them secure positions with some high class business firm. On the wall can be seen the announcement of another important member, **Lloyd Carro**, matinee idol of the movie millions.

Across the snow-clad hills of New England **Hyperbole** turned his device until Boston met his gaze. Here on Tremont Street he found the champion newsboy of New England, **Hyman Levy**, and dashing past him in haste is **Ethel Sperber**, head messenger for the New Eastern Union Telegraph Co. The gentleman with the book under his arm is **Robert Mayer**, head announcer for the station, C. O. D. Boston. You hear him every night over the Radio. The two young ladies in deep conversation are **Helen Daily**, owner of the Daily Bootblackening Co., of State St., and **Roslyn Frank**, manufacturer of the Frank but fickle overshoe fastener.

Up on Beacon Hill, **Hoctophone** found other members of the class. In the court room of the New Beacon Court house, we see Judge **Alden Tewksbury**, chief of the high courts. The woman on the stand is **Esther Chisholm**, one of Back Bay's social "100," who has been brought to court to answer charges of **Mary Ellen Stansbury**, owner and superintendent of the Stansbury Wet Wash. The lawyer for the defense is the noted **John Metcalf**, the lawyer lately having won a famous, long-lingering case—which brought him all his popularity. The other lawyer is **Carney Goldberg**, one of New York's most popular men in this profession. He has lately won the Rockefeller—Vanderbilt—Morgan—Holyt—Ford Case.

In front of the State House, on this fine December morning, we see **Joe Haley**, the pretender or the gentleman extorting money from the poverty-stricken figure, who is none other than **Mary Nestor**, one of the most renowned circus riders in the country. The gentleman on duty in the street is **Hugh Hewitt**, Superintendent of street cleaning in the city of Boston. The lady evidently having trouble with her Sears-

Roebuck is **Anna Ezekiel**, also of the circus, but occupying the position of snake charmer extraordinary in the show of Dingling Bros. Don't forget to read the billboard. It contains the name of one of the prominent figures of the class, **Cummings**.

Far north along the rugged Atlantic coast, **Hoctophone** was attracted by the sight of people in the polar regions. On adjusting his lense he found them to be an exploring party headed by **Max Gosule**, late of the Bromo Celtza College of Utah. Following him in hot pursuit of a polar bear are **Allen Floyd** and **Irene Gunn**, the latter being the most noted guide into the Arctic regions. On the deck of their snowed-in ship stands **Rubin Glass**, cook of the ship and also Radio Broadcaster from the North Pole station U-P-H-I-G-H.

Here **Hoctophone** and **Hyperbole** see on the **DeGauss** Transatlantic liner "Prima," a party of five. It is a business group headed by **Margaret Smith**, chief buyer, and **Alice Hall**, chief seller, of the **William Baird Leviston Apparel Co.** **William Leviston** may be seen at the far right, looking rather ill. The large woman falling over the rail apparently "tres mal de mer" is **Dora Barclay**, head floorwalker for the same company, and the young lady with glasses is none other than **Ina Minto**, one of the representatives of the office staff.

Crossing the Atlantic, **Hoctophone** finally came to rest with his Telescopicrodio in Russia. Here, in the city of Leninburg, he finds among the dancing throngs that are celebrating another revolution, **Thomas Wiczoreck**, in uniform, and **Dick Canton** with the two day growth. Canton, by the way, is the former President of Russia, and at present Emperor of Siam. The two young ladies are, at the right, **Louise Serber** and **Doris Rand**, both prominent in politics in Russia. The former is secretary to the new President, and the latter head of the Dessert dept. of the government.

Coming back over the North Sea, **Hyperbole** at last stopped to gaze at London, and to note the House of Ladies, the newest supplement to the Old House of Lords. Here, occupying the chair, we see Lady **Elizabeth Kent**, one of the foremost politicians in England today. Nearest the listener, with black hair and glasses, we see **Anita Dingwell**, representative from Buckingham, and behind her is **Margery Douglas**, occupying the same position from



Lincolnshire. Standing in hot debate are **Gracia Bancroft** and **Lucille Coffin**, both representatives of prominent government banking houses on Bond St. The other three seated from left to right are **Marjorie McCarthy**, **Dorothy Nay**, and **Mary McIntyre**, all prominent in the recent face-powder scandal.

Hoctophone all this time was busily focusing his machine on Paris. Here, in the chorus of a new American Revue at the Theatre Francois, we find **Grace Mulloney** conducting her own score from the front on the first night. In the chorus, standing left to right are: **Martha O'Toole**, **Olive Pero**, **Ethel Macumber**, and **Grace Lowell**, famed stars from the States, who are all touring Europe in this fine attraction.

Southward from Paris, the next sight to meet the eyes of the gazers is in Madrid. Here in the Coroda de Toruso or Bull Ring, we see **Gordon Douglas** and **Harry Friendberge**, noted matadors, both throwing the bull, which is seen lying dead on the green. Note dead bull! The toreador, doffing his hat is none other than "**Monty**" **Wells**, also noted in the "Bull throwing Profession." Their manager, Mr. **Paul Ginsberg**, can be seen dancing with joy in the grand stands.

Still further Southward in Arabia, Hocphone found the conference for the enlightenment of Turkish women. The following female members of the class, left to right, **Gladys Berry**, the most noted beauty from far off Algaustau, occupies a prominent place, together with **Constance Healy**, also of fame, but from far off Brazil. The smiling creature reclining on the platform is **Grace Cheyne**, past queen of Turkey, and at present owner of the Cheyne ranch in Arabia. The last of the ladies here seen is **Adelaide Tosi**, a movie queen, learning her stuff from real Turkish women.

Across the Nile they see a party of four—Excavation seems to be taking place, and at a closer glance Hocphone recognizes familiar faces. In the pit, shoveling the sand from around a mine, is **Selma Cohen**, one of the leaders of the party to uncover the ancient city of Bebes. The lady occupying the position of head photographer is **Tot Swift**, and her assistant is **Gladys Wood**. The head of the party, with note book in hand, is the renowned **Dorothea Pratt**, archeologist supreme of the Royal

Academy in London. The large gentleman on guard is **Norman Harden** of the North West Mounted Police, doing summer duty on the Sahara.

Leaving the ruins we next look into the wilds of Africa—Here in the Kingdom of Hotdoggia, we see **Walter O'Toole**, king of the domain, with his general-in-chief, **Robert Franklin**, together with two of his attractive townspeople, **Lucille Nevers** and **Beatrice Brown**. Both seem to have lost their craze for dogs. In the auto are seated the noted Salvation Army specialist and his secretary, **Theodore Moran** and **Claire Hutchinson**. The former touring Africa to find the unknown race of whites which exists somewhere, he states, on this continent. Behind his majesty stands the Grand Crown Prince of Hotdoggia, **Louis Grant**, who has adopted the latest form of hair-dressing in these parts.

Turning westward, Hyperbole finds, a few hundred miles from shore, a party stranded on a raft. Seated on the soap box is Professor **Thomas Phillips**, who looks as if he had been stranded for life. He is, however, manager of the Phillips' Fashion Plates. The others of the party are, seated, his chief model, "**Dot**" **Dorr**, and some of her protegees, **Edna Wood**, **Kathleen Wain**, and **Grace McCarthy**, all of whom were shipwrecked off Africa, when their ship, carrying hair nets to the Tulus, sank three days before we see them here.

Back again over the Atlantic and on to the arm of Central America Hocphone finds more of our class. Here, in Vera Cruz, we see a holdup instigated by "**Arsenic**" **Maskell**, one of the most feared bandits over the border. The unfortunate party are: the rich heiress, **Pauline Michaelson**, together with **Rosamond Barclay**, one of the richest oil-well owners in America, and **Katherine McIntyre**, Senator from Nevada. The other bandit is none other than "**Gerrie**" **Wells**, one of the notorious land outlaws.

After more or less wandering over the country, the two Martians finally come back to the old-home town, and here in front of the new Town Hall, surmounted by its fine statue of Coach Poole, we see "**Charlie**" **McCarthy**, chief of police, talking with the afternoon shift of the Winthrop Telephone Exchange, which includes **Anne Phillips**, **Esther Pransky**, **Margery Howland**, and **Gatha Hubbard**. The gen-



tleman trying hard to get in on everything, is **Henry Stansbury**, now editor of the "Winthrop Sun Review."

Lastly, Hoctophone and Hyperbole turn once again to the Alma Mater and here, at a teachers' meeting in Clarke Hall, we see Principal **Edwin R. Gardner** giving a few worthy points to a group of the faculty, which includes **Constance Tewksbury** and **Margaret Weibel** in the front row, both very much interested in a protest being brought forth by **Edith Greenberg** while **Hope Frankland** looks on from a seat near by. The other gentlemen are **James H. Riley**, professor of Domestic Science, and **Thomas White**, soft shoe dancing instructor in Winthrop High School.

"There," said Hoctophone, swinging his telescope out of range, "the buzzer tells me that is all of the Class there are." And Hyperbole, with a dismal grunt, went off towards his cottage for his evening meal of varnish and lard, one of the finest delicacies of their people, the Martians.

THE END

By WHORF and STOCKWELL,  
June, 1924.

### SALUTATORY

We welcome on this day of days  
All ye friends gathered here,  
To hear us Alma Mater praise,  
With full hearts and words sincere.

Four years has she sheltered us,  
And today we here are met,  
To do honor to her—the glorious—  
The mother we ne'er can forget.

Four years! Quickly have they passed,  
And left behind but memories strong.  
The Wheel of Life that turns so fast  
Marks girlhood—boyhood gone!

So we today Alma Mater glorify  
As in the good old days of yore;  
And we welcome all to say "Goodbye"  
To the class of Twenty-four.

### LOYALTY

Loyalty is that quality which makes a man a friend and a worthy citizen, for loyalty is fidelity to our superiors, to duty and to love. No man can be of any true value in this world unless he is loyal to God, to his

fellow men and to his own highest ideals. It is the one requisite demanded of every human being that he be loyal to the one great Master who made him. No real friendship can exist without loyalty on both sides. It is the duty of everyone to guard his friend's interests as though they were his own. How far should this loyalty go? We all remember the answer of Christ when asked, "How often should I forgive my brother? Until seven times?" Christ's answer, "Until seventy times seven," means as we all know that there should be no limit to one's forgiveness.

In the same way there should be no limit to our loyalty to our friends. If we are loyal to the good and noble characteristics of friendship, loyalty should be bounded only by our friend's need and our power. As we demand that our friends "ring true" we should first be sure that we are giving them the one great gift of friendship—loyalty.

Conflicting loyalties in friendship often occur. Should we forsake our own sense of honor in order to be loyal to our friends? Lovelace expresses this thought in the oft quoted couplet:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more."

In friendship we give our loyalty to those we love, but there is a loyalty that is demanded of us—loyalty to our superiors. This means we must obey those to whom obedience is due. If this were not an unbreakable rule, no army could endure for a day. The quicker and better we obey orders the more quickly and certainly shall we show ourselves fitted to give them when the time comes. The man or woman who cannot obey can never govern.

In business as in the army loyalty keeps the members working as a unit. A small, well-trained army can always conquer and rule the big undisciplined mob. The reason is that the army has been taught to obey and act in units, while the mob is a crowd of separate persons, each doing what he thinks best.

So loyalty means obeying orders in the spirit as well as in the letter. To be successful in life one must be loyal to one's self. This loyalty is usually termed "self-respect." Unless we have self-respect, we cannot hope to win the respect of others.

Above all, we must be true to ourselves. There is not a better place to begin this

loyalty than in school. There we meet the temptation, probably for the first time, to do a thing in a way that is easier although not quite so "square" as the right way. By overcoming these sometimes termed "insignificant" temptations, we become loyal to the unwritten law of "fair play" and it is the surest display of proper school spirit. Every temptation overcome strengthens the character and helps us to be victorious over even greater battles. Well has Shakespeare said,

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Loyalty when practiced in everyday life helps us to answer the call of a great cause during a great crisis—the call of loyalty to our country in time of war. Here is where small practiced loyalties in school and business help us to obey greater and more difficult orders. The habit of loyalty and obedience, when once fixed, may save thousands of lives or turn a defeat into a victory.

One of our greatest helps in learning to face duty rightly and to prevent conflicting loyalties is to review the lives of those who lived in the past, and thereby profit by their example. This is the value of true hero worship.

Abraham Lincoln was true to God, true to his fellowmen, and true to himself. Loyalty was the secret of his success. Honesty and his name have become proverbs.

Woodrow Wilson was loyal to his highest ideals, and, while he did not live to accomplish his end, he died working for his ideal. As Lloyd George said of Wilson, "His was a glorious failure." Surely the world must be getting better when future generations have such noble influences as may be gained by loyalty to the heroes of the past. A great man has said,

"If we work upon gold, it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, which manhood and womanhood and the respect of it—we engrave on these tables something which no time can efface, but which will grow brighter through all eternity."

If loyalty has played and yet plays such an important part in all lives, may not loyalty

be called the "summum bonum" or greatest thing in the world? It is the basis of faith, hope, and love; for as fidelity, faithfulness and devotion are synonymous with loyalty, loyalty must be all three. If loyalty is the greatest of all virtues, then it should be cultivated by all and admired. Loyalty brings its own rewards. People admire and trust the loyal man; advancement follows that trust; and as loyalty goes hand in hand with truthfulness, the character and will are strengthened. Unswerving loyalty means courage; and courage is an essential of a high character. If you wish to be successful, you must be loyal. The upright man, the loyal man, fears not to meet and cope with whatever difficulties are in store for him.

Phillips Brooks expressed this sentiment when he said, "Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God."

AURELIA F. SCHOBBER.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF ATHLETICS

The importance of athletics to the schools and colleges of the country has been manifest for many a year. During and since the war the necessity for a continuation of the provisions for the betterment of the youth of the nation has been conclusively shown.

The progress made in athletics from the standpoint of its good to the nation at large and to the individual has been one of the marvels of the sports world. Cecil Rhodes realized the vast importance of a proper physical development in combination with the correct mental endowment when he established his laudable scheme of scholarship at Oxford.

More than 2,000 years ago the Greeks were aware of the necessity for a "sound mind in a sound body." At that time of the misty past it was recognized that a scholar must first of all be an athlete. At any rate, it was obligatory that he should train for athletics in order that he might be better fitted for his scholastic



work and the great struggle of life itself.

The average American Boy is built on the lines from which—as attested in the past—the best athletic timber in the world is produced.

Of recent years the scheme of things in relation to college athletics has made for a greater general participation competitively and through the medium of play. That the group idea will redound to the general physical welfare of all goes without saying.

As a general rule students are very well taken care of from the standpoint of training. The men who are appointed to shape the competitive destinies as a whole have been through the mill themselves and are invariably enabled to give practical demonstration of what is desired on the track and in the field.

Relative to the coaches, professional and otherwise, Dr. Angell, the president of Yale, expressed himself in strong fashion, saying: "If there are to be professional or semi-professional coaches, I want men who are not only technically expert but are of essentially sound, fine character. I would rather have a man of questionable character in any other position than that of an athletic coach.

"I want clean, honest intercollegiate athletics, so conducted that they not only benefit men who compete but even exercise a wholesome influence on the entire community.

"If the games and sports are kept clean; if the management of the athletics is undertaken with the same seriousness as marks the control of the course of study and the classroom instruction; then there is no doubt that play has its true relation to the other important elements of a well-balanced system of education."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an old and true maxim, and one which applies particularly to students. The college man, probably to a greater degree than those in any other sphere of life, should take up some form of exercise. Upon the advice of competent authority some line of work of a nature calculated to offset his expenditure of mental force would be certain to be beneficial.

Track and field is one of the phases of sport which demands an expenditure of individual effort to the nth degree. There can be no leaning upon the prowess of

others—except in relay running—for the sort of aid which is reciprocal in the average game.

The necessity for some form of physical training was brought forcibly to the minds of many Americans during the great war, when veritable hosts were for the time being at least tossed into the discard, to be again drawn when they had been "trained" for the things expected of them in the defense of the flag. To a much lesser extent were those men rejected who presented themselves from the colleges. And it was the training which went a long way toward adding years to the lives of many who would never have known the benefits to be derived from a somewhat systematic routine.

Preparation for war laid the foundation physically for thousands of boys. The necessity for this had been undreamed of by the majority.

As the ability to do those things which are aspired to in competitive sports becomes more pronounced there is bound to be a corresponding gain in confidence. This is a trait which, when generated on the athletic field, must stand its possessor in good stead and if followed closely will enable him to carry his message to Garcia.

MONTGOMERY WELLS.

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#### SOME OF THE VALUES OF A COLLEGE LIFE AND EDUCATION

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The value of college life and the sort of education that a young man can now receive cannot be over estimated. Time was when men had so little knowledge that it was easy for one man to embrace it all. Knowledge now is so various, so extensive, so minute, that it is impossible for any man to know thoroughly more than one small branch. This is the age of the specialist; therefore he who has to make a living in this world should resolve to know the art which he supports himself by; to know it thoroughly and well, to be an expert in his own specialty. If he is to be a mechanic, then he should take the opportunity to study every work bearing upon the subject of mechanics. And so with other arts. Let no man know more of your specialty than you do yourself.

The world is becoming a vast industrial plant. The basis of society is changed



from the military and the domestic to the economic and industrial. This industrial process will undoubtedly continue. Men are needed to manage the resulting institutions. How does a college education equip one so that he can make these interests more valuable to humanity, and helpful to life?

I can safely say that in this business, commercial and technical world, the college man is worth more than the same man without a college education. Furthermore, the elements which go to make up the value of the college to this man are many. One of importance is the intellectual element. The power to think to see things as they are, to go right to the point. Another of equal value is accuracy; the power to take large views and investigate them thoroughly.

College training teaches one to go to work at any task with system and method, in the consciousness that one has acquired the ability to think through, quickly and logically, the questions which come up.

Sometimes one acquires these advantages, but fails in his profession or specialty, and people think that the four years of college were a waste of time. A graduate of a noted college, who entered the cattle business, in which he was not successful, says of his college course: "I think that if I had the decision to make over again, I should take the college education. It may not make returns on the investment, in actual money, but to the man who has the taste and determination, it makes, I feel, adequate returns in the large field he is given for the pursuits of his life with happiness to himself and with some benefit to those about him."

A more personal return from college days lies in the friendships which are there created. It is probable that more friends are made in college than in all the years following the college period. Many times associations and associates may do more than text book and teacher for the student. The great professors and men with whom you are so closely related will probably prove of great advantage to you later in life. Today above all things we need the influence of men and women of friendliness, of generous nature, in short, of social imagination. Society is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue

and in all perfection. It is not well for us that the colleges all over the country still offer to their students a society of the most democratic sort. Here capacity of every kind counts for its full value. Here charming manners, noble character, amiable temper, scholarly power find their full opportunity and inspire such friendships as are seldom made afterward.

Out of such friendships with professor and fellow students, and out of other conditions of college or university life there enters in the student what I shall call the atmosphere of moral thoughtfulness. The moral thoughtfulness which the age lacks the college nourishes.

Last of all I want to show how a young man who has received the benefits of a college life and education stands in the eyes of noted employers and other great men. Mr. W. F. Merrill, long associated with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, says: "It has been my experience that men with a college education make better help than men of about the same calibre who have not had that advantage, when they get to a point where their experience warrants putting them in advanced positions; and that it does not take them so long a time to get to a point where they can safely be promoted. A college education gives a young man habits of study and application which are invaluable. He learns how to use his brains to better advantage than one who has not had that training. Brains are capable of development the same as muscles, and there is nothing that I know of that will develop brains any faster than the systematic study of a college education. A well trained mind thinks more quickly and reaches results more speedily and more accurately." This shows plainly what an employer thinks of a college education.

In conclusion I must say that a college life and education is worth while for the sake of the manhood of the man himself. It will give him a self larger, finer, nobler, and more aspiring. JOSEPH GUIDI.

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#### MY OWN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE

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I suspect that some of the younger members of my audience have been wondering what the word anthology means. Do

not be alarmed. In plain everyday English, it merely means **collection**.

Modern poetry is worth being proud of for at least two reasons. First, it appeals to many different types of people. Whether one prefers heroic, fanciful, or thoughtful verse, he will find his taste gratified. The poetry of this age has been compared to a prism which flashes new beauty to each eye, since it reflects the light of so many and such varied personalities. Besides, many verse makers have diverse interests, a fact which allows them a wider scope. Then, too, the verses of today are more likely to be short than long; thus the thoughts or pictures they present are more likely to arrest and hold the attention.

Although many in this hustling age of today might confess to not reading so-called "poetry," yet everyone, consciously or not, knows and recognizes verses which have appealed to him for some reason or other. We all enjoy that poetry most which sets forth a new idea concerning an old thought, or which, perhaps, has a certain swing or rhythm that seems to link up best with our own emotions. It may not be poetry in its highest form, as for instance, some of that which is printed in our daily newspapers; nevertheless we are all guilty, at times, of reading poetry.

If you were to collect your favorites together, you would undoubtedly find at least a dozen with which you are more or less familiar. This evening I shall give only a few lines from various poems which have appealed to me. They are representative of this modern age of verse.

Edna St. Vincent Millay is perhaps the most gifted of the younger lyricists. Her "Renascence" remains today one of the most remarkable poems of this generation. Beginning like a child's aimless verse, it proceeds to an amazing climax, which expresses the thought that the soul is everything in life.

"The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land  
Farther away on either hand.  
The soul can split the sky in two,  
And let the face of God shine through.  
But East and West will pinch the heart  
That cannot keep them pushed apart;

And he whose soul is flat—the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by."

Alfred Noyes is an English poet who has lectured in America and occupied a professor's chair at Princeton. His poems appeal for their ease and heartiness. There is almost personal bond between the poet and the public. People have a good time reading his vivacious lines because Noyes had such a good time writing them. In his poem "The Barrel Organ" he describes the various songs of that instrument and the people in the city's streets who listen to them.

"There's a barrel organ caroling across a  
golden street  
In the city as the sun sinks glittering and  
slow;  
And the music's not immortal, but the world  
has made it sweet  
And enriched it with the harmonies that  
make a song complete.  
Down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in  
lilac-time;  
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't  
far from London).  
And you shall wander hand in hand with  
Love in summer's wonderland,  
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't  
far from London)."

Aroused by the emotional stimulus of the war, many were inspired to compose lasting tributes. Unfortunately, many young men who showed great promise died for their country. However, their poetry exemplifies their heroic spirit.

Alan Seegar, a war-poet, contributed one fine poem, beginning—

"I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling  
shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—"  
And ending—

"And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

You all are familiar with Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," of which the first and last stanzas are:

"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree—"

And—

"Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."

A poet noted for his love of nature is Bliss Carman. In his "Vagabond Song"

there is a freshness and irresponsible whimsy.

"There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—

Touch of manner, hint of mood;

And my heart is like a rhyme,

With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;

We must rise and follow her,

When from every hill of flame

She calls and calls each vagabond by name."

Hilda Conkling, the most gifted of recent infant prodigies, has talked and written poems unusually vivid and fanciful. Here is part of "I Keep Wondering."

"I keep wondering through and through my heart

Where all the beautiful things in the world come from.

And while I wonder

They go on being beautiful."

I could continue this collection of favorite lines indefinitely; nevertheless it is high time to stop. I will conclude with mention of a poem displaying the gypsy-like feeling of Richard Hovey,—"At the Crossroads." Although Hovey does not exactly belong to this age, as he wrote toward the end of the nineteenth century, he is included because his poems are those of youth, and were written while he was a young man. This poem appears especially appropriate tonight, as it seems to express the graduation spirit of the class of 1924.

"You to the left, and I to the right.

For the ways of men must sever,

And it well may be for a day and a night

And it well may be forever!

But whether we live or whether we die

(For the end is past our knowing),

Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,

Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!

Here's luck!

In the teeth of all winds blowing!"

ELIZABETH KENT.

### WOODROW WILSON, THE MAN

On Sunday, February 3, 1924, the world lost one of its greatest men. By the death of Woodrow Wilson, the American nation and all civilized Europe has been saddened. His friends mourn for him, and his enemies generously admit his greatness and speak

of the passing of a nation's chief. During his life, a life so filled with momentous events, I admired him; and in his death, a death so glorious, because like the most valiant of soldiers he died serving his country, I realize that he, the only president in my life, whose memory is now so fixed, has passed away. It is perhaps unnecessary to enumerate the principal events of President Wilson's life, for they are now well known to the American nation at least. Yet, the interesting facts of a life so devoted to energy, study and human service will forever hold a fresh interest. In 1902 the democratic professor of history, Woodrow Wilson, became the democratic president of Princeton College. Here he labored for the good of his students for ten years, and because of this energy, faithfulness, and sincerity, he made his way to the office of President of the United States of America in 1913.

President Wilson was a student president. By this I mean that he belongs with Washington and Jefferson. However, in college he was not unusually brilliant, neglecting other subjects for his beloved history. In the story of our government and Europe's tumultuous history he was exceptionally well informed. He loved books. After the trying work of the day, when a student, his friends would often find him devouring a book in the heart of some musty old library; when a president, his chief relaxation from the cares of office was the delight that a good book always held for him. Woodrow Wilson has been called an idealist. He was. Idealism was perhaps the keynote of his character. His conceptions of life were lofty. His conceptions of man were philosophic and frank results of keen analyzing. His mind formed pictures so wonderful, yet so perfectly plausible, that he was called too lofty for the matter-of-fact world he lived in. But his ideals were those of sound judgment. He formed the plan to make Princeton democratic. He foresaw a college where rich and poor should mingle, bound by the friendly tie of fellowship, without the faint traces of Europe's aristocratic caste. Did he accomplish his plan? "No," you will say, but he suffered no moral defeat, his principle was not disproved, and Princeton will tell in the future of the great man, so thoroughly democratic, who was once its president. President Wilson's philosophy of life was



very simple. He felt that each human being has certain tasks to accomplish, and he believed that to perfect and think of the one task, which is nearest and uppermost, to the exclusion of all others, is the only way to accomplish one's destined part in life. This explains what he called his "single-track mind."

The great man's virtues were, like many another great man's, never exploited for public praise and acclaim. He avoided the acclamation of the multitude. His unassuming nature hated praise. And although his heart was filled with love of humanity and kindness, "because," as Secretary Tully says, "his humanness was not the kind that bubbles, did not effervesce, did not sparkle, they called him cold when he was only shy; they mistook his gentility for austerity." Love of religion and a firm faith in God played a great part in the War President's life. In every crisis he turned to God for inspiration and help. During the last few years of his life, enfeebled by shock and a complete breakdown and suffering more than the world will ever know, he was still the brave, courageous leader. He never complained, but silently endured all physical pain, his keen mind still awake to the great events which mould a nation's history.

Now that the great man has passed away, the world has paid its respects in many ways. Yet vain and empty as the praise may seem, still it is a little comforting to know the standing and place in the hearts of the great world leaders that the quiet man, that the United States of America called president, made for himself. The great ex-premier of France, M. Clemenceau, says, "He will forever remain one of the most noble figures of the American democracy. France will not forget him."

Ramsay MacDonald, the British prime minister, says, "In time to come people will look back upon him and the part he played, and generous judgment will be easy because he will be recognized as one of the world's great pioneers."

Perhaps decades will roll by, perhaps a century, but eventually the lofty idealism, the great desire of a world where man shall live at peace with man, the hopes and prayers of Woodrow Wilson will come to pass. If in life some did not sympathize with him, in death let them pass over his shortcomings and remember the great

War President, Woodrow Wilson, as one who believed that, "It is service that dignifies, and service only," that the great leaders of mankind are those who win their place by "thinking for their fellow men in terms of humanity and unselfishness."

INA MINTO, '24.

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### VALEDICTORY

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Classmates:

Four years ago to me the years began. They have been four happy years. In them we have formed friendships which will endure forever. Beset by difficulties and at times discouraged, we have bravely weathered the gale. And now we have gained the reward of four years' work. Success lies before us. How earnestly do we desire to gain our eagerly-coveted goal. To our teachers and principal we feel the deepest gratitude for the courage and advice which they so gladly have given us. Encouraged by difficulties overcome and cheered by bright hopes for the future, we yet have a tiny feeling of sadness to take leave forever of the school days which mean so much to us. Yet we must not think of graduation as a final farewell, but rather as a first great goal which has been won in the field of Life. Many great goals are ahead. Whether we win or whether we lose we will never forget the school days we loved and the friends we knew when we were students of Winthrop High School, and when "Opportunity that knocks unbidden once at every door" comes, we shall be waiting and ready, and Winthrop High School will have reason to be proud of the Class of '24.

INA MINTO.

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### PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT.

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Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has always been the custom for the graduating class to present the school with a gift. This year the class has decided to "go" previous classes "one better"—and present two gifts.

A few years ago one of the graduating classes presented as its class gift the furnishings for the principal's office. But we consider the equipment still incomplete, for the first essential of a well regulated of-

face is correct time, and, having noticed the absence of a time-piece in the office, we decided to complete the furnishings and present as one gift—a clock. And although the clock has but one face, we hope that as our principal consults this clock day by day, he will see reflected there the many happy faces of the Class of 1924.

Last year the Class of 1923 generously presented a sum of money for the purpose of purchasing a motion picture machine. After due deliberation, a fine machine has been selected (thus supplementing the gift to this Class of 1923) and we, as the major part of our gift, decided that it would be most suitable to leave a fund with which films could be hired for this machine. The films will enable our school to place before the student body many things of interest which they could get in no other way. They will also help our teachers to give to their pupils a clearer understanding of various subjects than they would be able to give in their respective class rooms. Our athletic directors will be able to place before the students, through the medium of the films, athletic events from all over the world, and, with the aid of the slow motion picture, the various fine points of action can be observed. This ought to be a great help to those participating in athletics.

We hope that our gift will afford as much pleasure to the coming classes as we have had in the presentation of it.

It is my honor and great pleasure in behalf of the Class of 1924 to present to the school a check for \$150.

RICHARD JOHNSON.

#### THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CLASS GIFT

Mr. Clarke, members of the school committee, president, members of the graduating class and friends.—The Class of 1924 has presented the High School with a valuable and lasting gift. The president of the graduating class has related to you the value of this gift. It is needless to say that in years to come it will be of great value and benefit to the school in its various activities. Furthermore it will surely call to the minds of the future members of the high school the Class of 1924. Under the leadership of their honored president and with the help of our beloved principal, the members of that class have experienced one of the most progressive and successful years ever known in the history of the school. Now that we are assembled, probably for the last time, we all wish that future years may be equally, or more, progressive and successful.

As president of the Junior Class, it becomes my pleasant duty to accept in behalf of the undergraduates the gift of the Class of 1924 and to extend to them our thanks and appreciation of it.

HENRY ROCK.





# The evolution of The Senior

Note: The process is generally complete after the 4th Stage is finished.

Note: This class has the custom of trying to appear older than they look.

Stage 2

Freshman



Stage 1

8th Grade



Stage 3

Sophomore

Note: The Age when Seniors seem small.



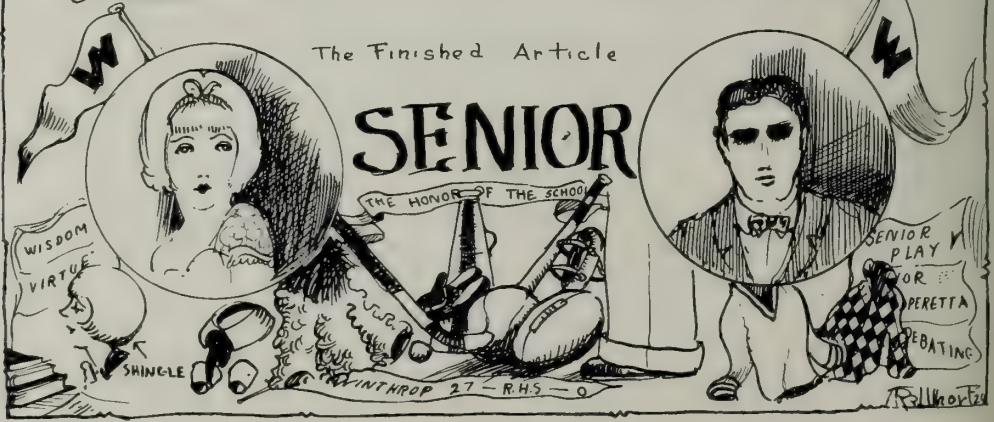
Stage 4

Junior

Note: A peculiar species is found here in the "400"

The Finished Article

## SENIOR





## Who's Who and Why

### JUNIOR CLASS

President—Henry Rock  
 Vice President—Raymond Flannery  
 Secretary—Violet Ridgway  
 Treasurer—Miss Peabody  
 Marshal—Robert Barney

**Lawrence Skou**, an employee of Ginter Company, one of the coming store magnates.

**Robert "Bob" Barney** showed an aptness for love making in the "Three Live Ghosts" that seemed surprising for one so young.

**Richard "Dick" Does**—Track manager for the year 1925.

**George Jameson**—One of the "jazz" makers of Winthrop High School Orchestra.

**Hazel**, witch-hazel, do you mean? Why George of course.

**Milton Brush**—Occupant of a front seat in Room 31 (he's the one you tripped over the other day).

**Goldberg**—"Last of the Short-panters" (with apologies to James Fennimore Cooper).

**Joseph Wolf**—Stand back, children, he may bite you.

**John Barry**—You take Spanish but: Save Ud el espanol Juan?

**"Con" Donovan**—Manager of 1925 baseball team.

**"Gerry" Totman's** "golden tresses" are the envy of her "shingled" sisters!

**Alice Peters**—If only her voice were as strong as her knowledge!

**Junior Coll. A** wanted to be represented in Field Hockey; so **"Dot" Smith** stepped bravely to the front.

**Natalie Story's** name may always be found at the head of the High Honor Roll!

**Beulah Barkley**—One of the charming maids of "Operetta" fame!

**Margaret Belcher** does her best to keep the "Honor Roll" going.

**Barbara Bowen** doesn't care much for "deep" books, but she can understand "Milton" all right!!

**Charlotte Bridgman's** affairs are in a tangled "Web!"

**Olive Fisher**—Expert masticator of a large wad of gum in the play, "Three Live Ghosts."

**Rosanna Gore** is our definition of a "club-woman." French, English, Spanish and Latin clubs. Just think!

**G. Henri Lothrop**—Heard at Lynn, "Who's the handsome first-baseman on Winthrop's team?" Oh Guy!

**Margaret Foran**—A "400" pin just suits your style of beauty, Peggy.

**Leon Finkel**—"Haste makes waste." Leon will never waste anything.

**P. Elliot Ochs**—"Great Ochs from little acorns grow."

**Robert Suzman**—"Long may she wave." Is it natural, Bob?

**Florence Rollins**—"Flo" named her dog "Nemo." We wonder why?

**Eleanor Kelly, Helen Kennedy, Helen Goodwin**—"The Three Musketeers."

**Lester Finke**—Wishes to say that he is no relation to his cousin Leon Finkel?

**Paul Hewitt**—What's the attraction at the beach, Paul? Surely it isn't the water tower.

**Roger Titus**—"Are those your rubbers over there?"

**Monda Fopiano**—Does she know French? Ask Miss Beck.

**T. Gerald Gildea**—"A great man." He admits it.

**Scott Dixon**—"Get a hair-cut."

**Allen Currier**—"I'm going to be a chemist."

**Alice Cunningham**—"Just too sweet for words."

**Robert Cohen**—"Y-y-you t-t-tell 'em."

**Al. Riley**—We know you "fit" with Miss Beck, "Al."

**Raymond Cioffi**—Do you live on the merry-go-round at Revere?

**Leita Crossman**—What a difference from the Leita of last year.

**Mary Carnicelli**—Should have been included with the musketeers so we'll call her "D'Artagnan."

**Henry Brook**—"I'm a Boy Scout."

**Louis Briggs**—Watch "Loui" on the track next year.

**Fred Martel**—You're such a noisy (?) boy.

**"Bob" Martin**—Bob was mistaken for "Richard Dix." By whom please?

**Gladys Harwood** hops on the car in the morning and Hop hops on at night.

**George McEwan**—"Huck's" learning to dance. Oo-Gee!

**Lillian Pigeon**—"Pidge" wears a "slave bracelet," but it doesn't mean anything.

**Lucille Osgood**—Why does "Bob" sign the library slip on Tuesdays?

**Fred Gillespie**—You can play a joke on some. But you (can't on) "Canton" Fred.

**Herbert Ridgway**—Bert wanted to see something swell so he put a sponge in water.

**Meredithe MacKusick**—Yes, Brud, a canary is a yellow bird.

**Salvatore Perrone**—Society always arrives late—especially to classes.

**Webster MacKusick**—Have another rhu-barb sandwich.

**Edward Silberberg**—Eddie says that the best place to swim is in the water. You're right, Ed, grab the marbles, you win.

**Charles Exley**—Still believes Sandy Hook is a Scotchman.

**Melvin Johnson**—Runnin' Wild!

**John Harkins**—Wants to know if there is a lot of bunk in this Santa Claus business.

**Evangeline Jenkins**—Feels happy when she is pestering her neighbors.

**Ralph Maw**—Our little "Dapper Boy."

**Edward Metcalf**—Ned's favorite phrase—"I don' 'no."

**Orrin Mooney**—Whenever the class lacks humor Mooney contributes his act.

**Robert McGarigle**—We surely like your oral recitations, when we can understand them.

**Wellington Stewart**—Is in class in body, but not in mind.

**Dorothy Young**—A dot is a period, a period a full stop, but this Dot doesn't live up to her name.

**David Carpenter**—If you are looking for a big wide grin, apply to Carpenter. He gives them away.

**John Moriaty**—Did you ever notice John's musical smile? He acquires it from playing the violin in Mr. Willis' orchestra.

**George Thomas**—Our class would be perfect if we were all like you, "Judge."

**Milton Band**—Is there anything more interesting to you than "Studies."

**John Barry**—We would get a lot of points from you, John, if we only knew what you were saying.

**Clinton Reed**—How many sessions haven't you?

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

**President**—Fred Sinatra  
**Vice President**—Lester Wile  
**Secretary**—Mildred Brogan  
**Marshal**—Morris Spector

**Nelson**—"Dancin' Dan." It's a Victor.

**Laura Atkinson**—"A smile will go a long, long way."

**Webb, Smith and Lochhead** will grow—Some day!

**Ada Foley**—Ada, why not say something sometimes?

**Wile**—Still blushing, Lester?

**Cookie**—Small, but Hot Dog!

**Swartz**—He'll get there (?)

**Isabel McFarland** hasn't been in this country long, but, what a Geometry shark!

**Hortense Sanders**—Sweet and demure is she.

**Barry and Ball**—What would the class be without them?

**Clifford Walker**—"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

**Helen Remick**—You're beautiful when you smile that way!

**Josephine Rollins**—Isn't she cute? That's Jo.

**Catherine Stevens**—Quiet in school, but what about outside, Kate?

We can't say anything about **Margaret Verdi, Evelyn Peters** and **Veronica Preg**, but we're glad they're here.

**Sydney Goldberg**—"Ambitious"—like Caesar.

**Sylvia Ceder**—Don't you ever get tired of arguing?

**Bernard Flannery**—The class pest.

**Frances Hanlon**—Isn't your neck twisted by now?

**Fannie B. Zaks**—Better buy a rubber cap. Give your brains a chance to swell!

**Eleanor Fisher** holds the record for a "movie" collection. She now has one hundred and fifty. "**Phyl**" **Altmeyer** is a close second with one hundred and forty nine.

**Leona Crafts** we don't know much about except that she is a good "Scout."

What's the use of having a teacher when **Frog Delory** is around giving us orders?

Big things come from little fellows; one example is **Arthur Payne**, our star right fielder.

We wonder where **Paul Norris** and **Lawrence Stone** got all their wit and humor? Maybe from "Life."

Who started the sleeping sickness epidemic, **Donovan, Stewart** or **Murphy**.

Wherever there is trouble "Joe" Gray is bound to be there.

**MacKusick** can answer anybody's questions but he won't.

**Ralph Ferrar** is quiet, but we notice it's the quiet ones that get there.

"What's the noise?" Why, "**Nipper**" **Friedenberg's** trying to get out of a session in Room 11.

What do you know! **Art Roberts** failed to answer a question in English one day. Never mind Art, you'll be a second Shakespeare **SOME DAY!**

**Eleanor Campbell**—Knows that if people can't hear what she says they at least can't say she's wrong.

Watch **John Gillon** grow, everybody.

Bet the school would fall down if "**Clay**." **ton Crocker** didn't hold up the walls of Room 12 recess period.

**Stella Sperber's** motto is "Say it with Biology." If she failed to answer a question she'd leave school.

**Ruth Clarke, Ruth Cousins** and **Helen Jorgenson, The Silent Trio.** The old "I don't know."

Just think of the brains **Copenhagen's** "goggles" hold in.

**Charles Liberman** is a good man. He says so himself.

**Red McNaught's** hair certainly is a proof of that old saying, "All that glitters is not gold."

Yes, **Lawrence Monahan** is the little boy that makes all the noise.

**Helen Hall's** latest occupation is managing a "Hennerly."

**Marjorie Walker** was on the shelf when laughs were given out.

**Wellington Noyce** is of course one of the well known Noyce (noise) family.

**Abraham Gosule**, a contender for the title of champion, standing broad—grinner.

**Kendall Clark** admits he isn't much of a singer, as he spoiled his voice inhaling coffee.

**George Boyle**, a second cousin to Shelly Grow of newspaper fame.

**Ernest Baker** as a geometrician would make a good toothpick manufacturer.

It takes **Virginia Simpson** to brighten up a class with her witty answers.

**Macken** believes that the longest way around Room 9 is the shortest way to his seat.

Will **Greenfield** ever get all his sleep at home?

## FRESHMAN CLASS

**Treasurer**—Miss Hite  
**President**—Andrew Anthony  
**Vice President**—Marjorie Barkley  
**Secretary**—Estelle Serber  
**Treasurer**—Mr. Watson  
**Marshal**—Paul McCarthy

**Mary Nickerson** is the girl who just puts on her storm windows when she needs screens.

**George McEachern** keeps making faces at the monkey in the glass, when he takes his mirror out of his pocket to see if he looks the same as he did yesterday.

**Mary Phillips** is such a great talker she could sell ice to an Eskimo.

Now we come to **Greenburg** (because he won't come to us), he's a bit bashful yet.

Does anyone know the fare to Danvers? If so please communicate with **William Hollander**.

I wonder why **Phillis Simson** is so sleepy. Ask her if she likes domestic things.

**Catherine Monohan** is so overcome when called upon in Latin that she needs the support of the chair.

"**Skip**" **Anthony** certainly lives up to his name when it comes to sessions.

"**Midge**" **Barkley** is our coming hockey champ.

**John Bradley**—

"Cute little Rabbit" and funny, too,  
 Do the teachers watch him?

I'll say they do.

"**Shrimp**" **Epstein**—What a "brute!"

In college "A" is **Bernice Bruce**, and in her studies she's very spruce.

It's hard to tell whether **Samuel Fleischer** is a bass or a soprano. Both, most likely.

**Margaret Grady**—

Enter pretty maiden  
 "Bashful and petite."

**Sarah Cohen**—What happens to your voice when you get up to recite?

**Mary Corinha**—Where did you get that naughty little wink, Mary?

**Jeanette Rea**—We never saw you hurry, but we like you just the same.

**Ruth Simson**—Did you know that Ruth can play, "The Wearing of the Green."

**Winnifred Whittingham**—Why don't you try the "Daily Dozen," Winnie. It might help.

That isn't thunder. It's only **Franklin Crosby** speaking.

It would be a shock to **Miss Phau** if anybody asked her to hurry.



If **Shrimp Scantlebury's** name was a little longer we would have to get special paper for her to write on.

**Anita Andosca**—Anita Andosca evidently is a true daughter of Eve, because as yet she has not disposed of her tresses.

**Annie Branz**—The bread mixture in Annie Branz's home must be low most of the time because she has the most important ingredient (which is the flour) on her physiognomy.

**David Cresser**—Evidently Cresser carried the Wild West spirit to Winthrop.

**Rose Davis**—What would happen if Rose Davis ever had the page on which we were reading, in her book?

**Claude Higgins**—Higgins must have a guilty conscience because when the teacher calls on him, he says, "I wasn't doing anything."

**Grace Keyes**—What's the matter, Grace? Don't you like the limelight or is it that you're bored? Why so quiet?

**Margaret Dunn**—Another of our "favored" angels.

Next is our promising young musician, **John O'Toole**.

If **Betty Polson** were as tall as the words she uses she surely would be a sky-scraper.

"**Jud**" **Rex** isn't as quiet as he used to be. he's quieter.

How could the lunch room get along without **Cogswell's** patronage?

That isn't **Gildea's** algebra mark. It's the number of times he has been to the library.

**Leslie Goodall** intends to be a second Kreiser some day.

By the way **Jackson** drills in the gym he looks like a second "Stone-wall" Jackson.

**Francis Mulloney**, our coming dramatic star.

**John McCarthy**—The little guy with the big noise.

Poor **Broderick** is the boy that gets blamed for everything he doesn't do.

If **Miss Cherney** took gym regularly she would probably be in an exhibition but, "Them days is gone forever."

If **Lawrence Douglas** went to Raymond's Bargain Basement he would be lost in the crowd.

**Carl Ultsch** is our champion stall passer.

**Adella Oppenheim**—A shy little lass.

**Ethel Padden**—The class orator.

**Donald Snow**—Why the blank expression, Snow?

**Evelyn Rosenberg**—Miss Rosenberg's pass word is "stay home." She is our class artist.

**Gertrude Murphy**, the bookkeeping fiend. She passes her sets in a week before they are assigned!

**Virginia Day** is another of our champ stallers.

**Beatrice Gewirtz**—Our little "forget-me-not." Beatrice never forgets to do her homework.

**Florence Zich** has such a pitiful face when the teachers look at her.

**Irma Hallet** is in favor of "White."

**Mary Senerchia**—"Fighting Blood."





## Athletic Association

John Metcalf '24, President

Henry Rock '25, Vice President

Mary Gillespie '24, Secretary

Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer

**Field Hockey**—Marjorie Douglas '24, Captain; Gladys Wood '24, Manager.

**Football**—Henry Rock '25, Captain; Seymour Colby '24, Manager; Robert Johnson '25, Assistant Manager.

**Basketball**—Joseph Guidi '24, Captain; Allen Floyd '24, Manager; Fred Martel '25, Assistant Manager.

**Baseball**—Bernard Brogan '24, Captain; Charles McCarthy '24, Manager; Cornelius Donovan '25, Assistant Manager.

**Track**—Montgomery Wells '24, Captain; Hugh Hewitt '24, Manager; Richard Does '25, Assistant Manager.

## Athletic Council

Edward R. Clarke, John Metcalf, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Stedfast, Harvey Sleeper, Harold W. Poole.



### FIELD HOCKEY

**Front Row**—I. Gunn, I. Peterson, M. McCann, G. Wood, M. Douglas, S. Brooks, S. Simson. **Second Row**—A. Foley, E. Wood, M. Gillespie, A. Davis, A. Bowers, P. Michaelson, E. Kent. **Back Row**—Miss Nowers, Miss Key.

The hockey team had another highly successful season this fall when it won the championship of the Northern division of the Greater Boston League and missed winning the League championship only after a close game with Arlington.

When Coach Nowers issued a call for candidates soon after the opening of the school, a large squad reported. Practice was held daily up to the first game, for practically a new team had to be put on the field.

On October fifth the team journeyed to Wellesley for the first game and returned victorious after defeating the Wellesley team decisively 9-0. Captain Douglas starred, scoring five goals, while "Rena" Peterson and Ada Foley each contributed two goals.

On the ninth the team easily "took" Watertown on the Watertown field. The score was 8-0. Captain Douglas again contributed the most points.

The first home game came on October sixteenth. Swampscott came to Winthrop for their first game with a Winthrop team. At half time the score was tied 1-1, but in the second half Winthrop showed the old fight and ran the score up to 7 while Swampscott was unable to score. "Rena" Peterson played a great game, making three goals in the third and one in the fourth periods.

The fourth victory was chalked up on October twenty-fourth. Woburn put up a good fight but was defeated 5-1. A wet field hindered good teamwork.

Again playing away, the girls defeated Winchester 3-0 in a fast game. The defense was on the job every minute and kept Winchester scoreless.

Our string of victories continued unbroken. We defeated Melrose 3-1 after a hard game. The teams were deadlocked at half time, but, as against Swampscott, our fighting team came through in the last



half. "Sunny" played a great game at goal.

After having defeated several of the best teams in the league Winthrop went to Stoneham and nearly lost to a team in the lower half of the list. However, a goal in the third quarter by "Peggy" McCann proved enough to win the game and the Northern division title also.

On November fifteenth Winthrop, the Northern division leaders, and Arlington, winners of the Southern division, played at Winchester to decide the League championship. Arlington scored on a penalty in the first period what proved to be the only goal of the game. For the rest of the game Winthrop outplayed their opponents but lacked the necessary punch to score, and the League championship went to Arlington after a three year stay in Winthrop.

In spite of our final defeat, the season was a successful one as the team won seven out of eight games and scored thirty-six points to our opponents four. Coach Nowers certainly deserves a lot of credit for making a winning team with only four veterans.

Those who played first team hockey were: Capt. Marjorie Douglas, Manager Gladys Wood, Pauline Michaelson, Ada Foley, Margaret McCann, Stella Simson, Dorothy Smith, Mary Gillespie, Audrey Davis, Edna Wood, Elizabeth Kent, Sarah Brooks and Irene Gunn.

Captain Douglas for the third year played right inner and scored thirteen goals. Some record for one year.

Gladys Wood, our manager, played her usual steady game at left inner, scoring six goals.

"Rena" Peterson, center forward, and Ada Foley, left wing, each scored eight goals. "Rena" and Ada may be small, but they get there.

Pauline Michaelson and Peggy McCann alternated at right wing. Peggy is manager-elect.

With Stella Simson, Mary Gillespie and Dorothy Smith on the job the halfback positions were well taken care of.

Edna Wood, Sally Brooks, Audrey Davis and Elizabeth Kent alternated at the fullback positions. They all played well, but Captain-elect Sally packed the best hit.

And as to "Gunny," our goaltender, hats off! She deserved every cheer she got.

The second team deserves credit for its faithful work. Many of its members will return in the fall and ought to make the first team.

Arlington seems to be making it a habit to win the Hockey cups for the first year, so it is up to Winthrop to make winning them permanently a habit. So good luck to Coach Nowers and Captain Sally!

#### 1924's LETTER WINNERS

##### Field Hockey

Audrey Davis	Elizabeth Kent
Marjorie Douglas	Pauline Michaelson
Mary Gillespie	Irene Peterson
Irene Gunn	Edna Wood
Gladys Wood (manager)	

##### Football

Barclay	Stockwell
Guidi	Svensson
H. Haley	Tewksbury
Maskell	Johnson
Metcalf	Colby (manager)

##### Basketball

Barclay	J. Haley
Guidi	Stockwell
Floyd (manager)	

##### Baseball

Brogan	Guidi
Bradley	Johnson
Farnham	Stockwell
Fenton	Wells
McCarthy (manager)	

##### Track

Barclay	Stockwell
Guidi	Wells
Svensson	Whorf
Hewitt (manager)	





### FOOTBALL

Front Row—R. Johnson, T. Stockwell, M. Spector, H. Rock, L. Barclay, H. Haley, A. Tewksbury. Second Row—H. Rand, J. Metcalf, E. Svensson, R. Titus, A. Maskell, C. Exley, J. Guidi. Back Row—H. Poole, R. Hadley, S. Colby, R. Johnson, R. Flannery, L. Racca, Mr. Clarke.

**Sept. 21. Brookline at Winthrop.**

Brookline 13, Winthrop 0.

Winthrop showed power and although they were defeated, it was only because of the breaks. With the ball in their possession and well on the way to a touchdown, they tried a forward pass which a Brookline man intercepted for a score. The other score was well earned.

**Sept. 29. Marblehead at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 7, Marblehead 0.

Winthrop came through in fine shape and gave last year's champions a fine lesson. It was Marblehead's first defeat in two years. Capt. Rock was the star, carrying the ball over in the first half. Spector ran the team well at quarter.

**Oct. 6. Winthrop at Swampscott.**

Swampscott 7, Winthrop 6.

Winthrop played rings around Swampscott, but because of many penalties and

a poor decision on the part of the referee Winthrop was sent home a defeated team. It later turned out that a Junior High School pupil played for them, and so the game was awarded to Winthrop.

**Oct. 13. Winthrop at Lynn English.**

Lynn English 6, Winthrop 0.

Winthrop seemed to take a decided slump, and Lynn had no trouble at all in walking through us for a score. The team fought hard, but they were clearly outplayed in every department of the struggle. Spector was the whole works in running and forward passing.

**Oct. 20. Gloucester at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 35, Gloucester 0.

Winthrop came back strong and simply drowned Gloucester in a puddle of mud. In spite of a sea of mud Winthrop made four touchdowns and a field goal. One of the touchdowns was made on a blocked punt

by Johnny Metcalf. Stockwell also kicked the field goal for the three extra points.

#### Oct. 27. Winthrop at Brockton.

Brockton 7, Winthrop 6.

Winthrop played wonderful football, and only because of tough luck did they take the smaller end of the score. Stockwell scored the Winthrop touchdown on a lateral pass from Spector. He failed to gain three points near the close of the game by a very small margin.

#### Oct. 30. Chelsea at Winthrop.

Winthrop 37, Chelsea 12.

Winthrop played with Chelsea, and it was not until Winthrop had her third team in that Chelsea was able to score. They did then by means of two fifty yard runs. Winthrop scored six touchdowns, three of which were by Spector.

#### Nov. 3. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.

Lynn Classical 18, Winthrop 8

Winthrop was exhausted from playing three games in one week and as a result was beaten for the second time this year by a Lynn school. Spector furnished the thrill for Winthrop by running one of Lynn's kick-offs for a touchdown. The two other points came as the result of a blocked punt which was recovered by Lynn for a safety.

#### Nov. 17. Peabody at Winthrop.

Winthrop 13, Peabody 7.

Winthrop gave the dopesters something to think about by sending the "Tanners" home in defeat. It later developed that Winthrop was the only one to defeat them. Peabody scored first, but Winthrop came back and tallied twice in the last period of the game.

#### Nov. 29. Winthrop at Revere.

Winthrop 27, Revere 0.

Playing under adverse conditions Win-

throp was able to drown Revere in the mud by the exact score by which John Cotter's great team defeated Revere. The game was a good mud fight, with Revere getting most of the mud.

#### Summary of the Year

Individual Scores of the point getters.

	Tchdns	Fd	Gls	Gls	Total
Spector	10	0	0		60
Rock	4	0	1		25
Stockwell	3	1	4		25
Barclay	2	0	0		12
Metcalf	1	0	0		6
Flannery	1	0	0		6
Johnson	0	0	1		1
	21	1	6		135

Winthrop was awarded 4 points because of penalties on the part of the opposing teams on the try for point after touchdown.

Winthrop scored as heavily as any other team in the league, scoring 139 to their opponents 70.

Winthrop was crippled at times by injuries. Johnson with a broken ankle, Titus and Friedenburg with collarbones, Guidi with a sprained ankle, and "Red" Rock with torn ligaments.

Henry (Red) Rock is Captain again next year, and he should have another successful season.

The following were awarded sweaters by the Athletic Council: Lawrence Barclay, Charles Exley, Raymond Flannery, Joseph Guidi, Henry Haley, Arthur Maskell, John Metcalf, Roger Titus, Henry Rock, Hovey Rand, Louis Racca, Theodore Stockwell, Morris Spector, Eric Svensson, Alden Tewksbury, Robert Hadley, Richard Johnson, Seymour Colby, Mgr., H. W. Poole, Coach.







### BASKETBALL

Front Row—T. Stockwell, L. Barclay, J. Guidi, M. Spector, L. Wile. Second Row—P. Connors, A. Floyd, H. Rock, J. Haley, Coach Poole.

The basketball team finished sixth in the Suburban League for the season of 1923-24, winning five games and losing nine. Winthrop was out of the race at the start, but many of the defeats were by close margins. In the return game with Chelsea on our own floor Winthrop succeeded in defeating the visitors and forcing them out of the race also. Wakefield and Framingham both went down to defeat twice at Winthrop's hands.

When Coach Poole issued the call for candidates, no regular veterans returned, but there were several letter men who had served as substitutes the year before. Allen Floyd was manager and Fred Martel his assistant. These men consisted of Captain Guidi, Rock, Stockwell, Barclay, while Spector, Wile, Connors and Haley soon proved themselves to be of varsity calibre. Inter-mural games for others who wished to play basketball proved to be a source of material for next year's team. After "weeding out" the candidates, the

varsity squad was selected, and then came the first game.

Jan. 4. Watertown at Winthrop.

Watertown 19, Winthrop 11.

A veteran team clearly outplayed Winthrop. Edgar starred for the visitors, while Winthrop's few points were well scattered. Tewksbury shone for the second team although Watertown won 8-7.

Jan. 8. Winchester at Winthrop.

Winchester 25, Winthrop 8.

Winchester took a game which was full of thrills despite the one-sided score. It was a roughly played contest, and Rock and Guidi of Winthrop and Fitzgerald of Winchester were forced out for "roughing it up." Inside of one minute of play in the last half, Tansey scored a basket for Winthrop, and Stockwell obliged for Winchester. Lester Wile was Winthrop's sole consolation, caging six shots from the foul line. Joe Haley scored eight points in a 9-5 second team victory.

**Jan. 11. Winthrop at Chelsea.**

Chelsea 23, Winthrop 12.

Another rough game, but Winthrop showed an improvement in scoring power. Chelsea was used to the tiny gym and took advantage of it. The second team lost 18-16.

**Jan. 18. Winthrop at Wakefield.**

Winthrop 25, Wakefield 18.

Victory at last! Wakefield had a wonderful new gym, and Winthrop had a wonderful new spirit. Stockwell caged eleven of Winthrops points. Connors and Guidi contributed the other points. Haley took the lion's share of counters in the second team game, which Wakefield won, with eleven to his credit.

**Jan. 26. Winthrop at Natick.**

Natick 24, Winthrop 20.

By far the most exciting to date, but the combined efforts of Barclay and Wile could not cope with the rangy lad at center for Natick. This lad's name is Thompson, and he snared fourteen points for himself. Nuff 'ced! The second team lost.

**Jan. 29. Winthrop at Brockton.**

Brockton 23, Winthrop 21.

Even more exciting than the Natick game! The home team was worried up to the final whistle. Rosen did most of the scoring with twelve points in the scoring column beside his name. Stockwell and Connors played well on the offense, while Barclay displayed some remarkable defensive work. Joe Haley and Tux Tewksbury again shone for the seconds in a 29-12 defeat.

**Feb. 1. Framingham at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 20, Framingham 9.

'Nother one! Wile and Stockwell divided eighteen points evenly, while Mr Brown of Framingham tallied six of his team's points. The score was close until the last half started, then it was curtains for Framingham. The second team was defeated 15-14, Haley starring again with Suzman as his running mate.

**Feb. 5. Winthrop at Watertown.**

Watertown 34, Winthrop 16.

A poorly played game marred by many personal fouls. Spector was forced out shortly before the close of the game with four personal charges against him. Hughes and Edgar had a field day, caging seventeen and eleven points respectively. Wile and Barclay played well for Winthrop

Second team lost again 21-17 with Haley in the title role.

**Feb. 27. Winthrop at Winchester.**

Winchester 20, Winthrop 11.

Not quite as bad as before, the first half ended 10-8 for the home team. Thea Fitzgerald started, and when the game ended he had scored half of his team's total points. The crowd's sportsmanship was poor and Referee McGuinness was forced to call many technical fouls on the home team for this reason. Haley, Suzman and Tewksbury helped the second team to victory 21-15.

**Feb. 12. Chelsea at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 10, Chelsea 6.

Revenge! Chelsea led at the half 6-3 and failed to score after half time. One minute's fast playing turned the trick. Wile secured a goal from the foul line on a double foul. The second try missed fire, and Stockwell caught the ball before it hit the floor and rang in a basket. A few split seconds later, Wile caught the ball from the toss-up and snared another field goal. The second team won 13-12, Haley and Baker starring. Haley got into the first team game for a few minutes.

**Feb. 14. Natick at Winthrop.**

Natick 15, Winthrop 13.

Another thriller like the Chelsea game, but not quite so profitable. Stockwell and Connors played well for Winthrop, and Mr. Thompson did the honors for Natick. The second team came through and won 22-11.

**Feb. 29. Winthrop at Framingham.**

Winthrop 20, Framingham 16.

Minus the services of Stockwell and Connors, Winthrop gained an easy decision over Framingham. Haley stepped into Connors place and played well. Guidi returned to center and led the scoring. The second team was nosed out 20-19. Rock, Suzman and Sinatra shone.

**March 11. Brockton at Winthrop.**

Brockton 14, Winthrop 13.

This game takes the prize for being the closest. Creedon snaked in a long shot a few seconds before the final whistle. Wile netted seven of Winthrop's points. Rosen led the Brockton point makers with seven to his credit. That fatal point seemed to be a hangover from football. Second team lost 32-7.

**March 13. Wakefield at Winthrop.**

Winthrop 20, Wakefield 3.





### TRACK

Front Row—R. Whorf, R. Stockwell, J. Guidi, M. Wells, E. Svensson, L. Barclay. Second Row—J. Knell, B. Ridgeway, R. Flannery, R. Canton, H. Rock. Third Row—S. Jackson, T. Wiczorek, T. Saunders. Back Row—H. Hewitt, Coach Poole, Coach Davis, R. Does.

Although outclassed by a stronger team in the state meet at the stadium, our track team finished the season with a commendable record. Springfield Tech was the winner in Class B in the meet and was the only team to show its heels to Winthrop during the outdoor season.

Mr. Davis served in the capacity of faculty manager of the team and Hugh Hewitt '24 was student manager, Richard Does '25 was appointed assistant manager for the season.

The first meet of the year followed thus:

Winthrop—48.

Browne & Nichols—15.

Winthrop easily outclassed the private school runners. Barclay ran the "600" in 1m. 25 3-5 seconds, a record for the Browne and Nichols track. Captain Wells and Stockwell shared the scoring honors with 14 points apiece. Barclay, Flannery, Whorf,

Svensson, Guidi, Jackson and Rock all contributed points.

Winthrop—34.

Noble and Greenough—29.

Another victory easily won. The score might have been bigger had not Stockwell been removed from starting in the "300" in order to save him for the state meet. Captain Wells took the 40-yd. dash, the hurdles and tied with Stockwell in the high jump. Barclay covered the "600" distance in 1m. 26 3-5 seconds, Guidi placed third in this event. Flannery annexed another first place in the "1000."

### Indoor State Meet

Winthrop 14½ (second place).

Jamaica Plain High upset the dope in this meet by defeating Winthrop who was generally ceded to cap the top honors. Captain Wells shone as usual and secured Winthrop's only first—in the high jump. Stockwell and Barclay secured points also. The



relay team consisting of Guidi, Knell, Rock and Stockwell defeated Arlington.

#### Huntington Scholastic Meet

Winthrop—5.

Captain Wells won the 45-yd. high hurdles and secured Winthrop's only points. Stockwell, Barclay and Whorf placed in the trial heats but lost out in the finals. The relay men, Knell, Guidi, Rock and Stockwell, finished second to Quincy.

#### Y. M. C. A. Meet

Winthrop—1.

Against collegiate competition Captain Wells secured a third place in the 45-yd. high hurdles.

Winthrop—39.

Rindge Tech—24.

The first outdoor meet. The fresh air seemed to have an invigorating effect on the Winthrop fliers. Stockwell and Whorf copped respective first and second places in the "100." Barclay and Guidi took first and third in the 440 and Wells and Svensson first and second in the high jump and broad jump. Stockwell and Guidi nailed first and second in the shot put while Rock and Jackson each gained a point in the "220" and "880" respectively.

Winthrop—48.

Tufts Freshmen—24.

More "wheat." Winthrop took first place in every event but the "100" and the "220" and in each of these second place was in favor of Winthrop. Captain Wells starred once again with 13 points, Ted Stockwell came next with 11 and Guidi carried off 6. Barclay and Flannery split 10 points evenly while Dick Whorf and Red Rock gained 3 apiece and "Kow" Svensson tucked 2 more away.

Winthrop—41 1-3

Melrose—21 2-3

Getting to be a common occurrence, this winning habit! The century, the "440," high and broad jumps, and shot put went to Winthrop. Captain Wells took both jumps, Guidi the "100," Barclay the "440" and Stockwell the shot put. Svensson, Flannery, Whorf and Saunders were other point winners.

Winthrop—38 1-3

Quincy—34 2-3

Not so easy but a victory just the same. Winthrop nabbed four firsts in the "100," "440" and the jumps. For once Captain Wells had to share the limelight with Stockwell who secured an equal half of the 24 points taken by the two lads. Barclay, Gui-

di, Flannery, Jackson, Whorf and Saunders all contributed scores.

#### State Meet, Harvard Stadium

Winthrop 16½ (second place).

An upset! Springfield Tech spilled the advance dope in Class B this time. "Milky" Barclay won a thrilling victory in the "440," covering the distance in 52 4-5 seconds, this even was faster than the Class A time in the same event. Captain Wells clipped the 120-yd. low hurdles mark by a fifth of a second. This same young man took second place in the high jump. Guidi took fourth in the century. The relay team, Wells, Whorf, Rock and Barclay, took a second place.

The season's total show that Captain Wells led the pack with 97 markers to his credit. He will graduate this June and leave an enviable record for others to shoot at.

Ted Stockwell was second with 66½ points and barring his unfortunate interruption for appendicitis might have come closer to the captain in number of points. Ted was a reliable man in the pinches and will leave a big hole in the ranks.

"Milky" Barclay with the 600 yds. run during the indoor season and the 440 yds dash outdoors gained 37 points and some of his times were remarkable for the tracks he ran on, for under ideal conditions in the stadium he came close to the record. Another man must fill his place next year.

"Pep" Guidi, Eric Svensson and Dick Whorf are all seniors and valuable point winners. Guidi and Whorf worked in the dashes and Svensson in the field events. Each of these men will be hard to replace next season.

Flannery, Rock, Jackson and Saunders are the point scoring nucleus around which 1925 must build a balanced aggregation. The former is a distance runner as is Jackson. Rock is a dash man and Saunders a promising high jumper.

Captain-elect Flannery will have several promising candidates besides the letter men and veterans of this season. Morrison is a promising distance runner. Knell is a speed dash runner. Does will endeavor to fill Barclay's shoes in the quarter-mile. In this season's eighth grade track meet some fine performances were brought out in the middle-distance races and the broad jump. Moratta and Moore looked good in the latter event.



### BASEBALL

**Front Row—J. Guidi, G. Lothrop, B. Brogan, J. Bradley, R. Johnson, T. Stockwell. Second Row—J. Fenton, E. Trainor, B. McLaughlin, T. Carnicelli, A. Payne. Back Row—T. Saunders, C. Donovan, H. Rock, R. McGarigle, C. McCarthy, Coach Poole.**

Again, as in the season of 1923, Winthrop finished near the top of the league. The two Lynn schools were the only teams to pin a defeat on Winthrop. Winthrop completed the season with eight league victories and four defeats. Winthrop also played two outside games, one with Burdett's College and the other with Browne and Nichols, winning them both. Lynn Classical led the league with English second and Winthrop third.

The early practice was hindered because of bad weather and the filling in of the outfield. In spite of this the team managed to get in fair shape before the opening game with Burdett. Capt. Brogan, Bradley, Guidi, Stockwell, Lothrop, Johnson, Rock and Fenton were the lettermen who reported, and several new candidates strengthened the squad greatly.

Winthrop started off like wild-fire, winning

the first five games. Burdett and Browne and Nichols were turned back decisively, the next game with Beverly went into eleven innings but Winthrop scored two runs in this frame and put the game on ice. Marblehead was snowed under, but Chelsea fought hard and Winthrop went eleven innings to beat them. The first game with English was a batting fest with English slightly the better, thus they spoiled Winthrop's hopes for a clean slate. Swampscott was next slaughtered but it took all the fight out of the team and they lost to Lynn Classical. Gloucester and Chelsea offered small opposition but the Lynn jinx still stuck and we lost to Classical in the ninth inning. We made Revere eat our dirt for last year's defeat and nearly whitewashed them. English, by staging an eighth inning rally, handed us our fourth defeat of the season, but we felt a little better after de-

feating Revere for the second time. Our last game was with Peabody which was lost.

Capt. Brogan was one of the mainstays of the team. He was a very consistent man at the bat and his hits came when they were needed. He was one of the best base stealers on the team and it was stealing bases which enabled Winthrop to get within scoring distance of home. He was dependable in the field and pulled down many flies which might have injured Winthrop. His voice could always be heard, cheering and encouraging his men on to their best efforts, this was one of his traits which enabled him to fill the captain's berth so well.

"Dick" Johnson did most of the pitching this year, relieved at times by McLaughlin and Guidi, McLaughlin was lost to the team towards the close of the season when he was struck on the head and seriously hurt. It is sincerely hoped that he will be all right soon and will suffer no after-effects from it. Johnson had some hard luck, losing two games because of late inning rallies on the part of the opposing teams. McLaughlin also had tough luck, losing the Classical game because of a ninth inning rally. Fenton pitched two games and did not receive a set-back. Guidi tried pitching but he did not have much success.

"Joe" Guidi was the life of the team behind the bat again this year as last. He was handy with the bat and his batting brought in many needed runs.

First base was ably filled by "Guy" Lothrop. He fielded a fine game and finished near the top of the batting averages.

Second base was the odd position. At the start of the season Wells filled it but, with the eligibility of Ramsey, Bradley shifted from short to second. And later in the season Bradley returned to short and Wells to second. Both men made many spectacular stops and teamed up well with short stop. McGarigle also got into a few games at second.

At short, as before said, Bradley was replaced by Ramsey only to return later in the season to short. Both men fielded with their usual cleanness and it was their batting which pulled many games out of the fire.

At third base "Pie" Traynor cavorted, and some of his catches brought forth cheers from the crowd and especially the 1st base bleachers. "Pie" came through in batting towards the end of the season and was amply cheered by his "gang" at first base.

Center field as last year was filled by "Ted" Stockwell. He made many fine catches among which was the starting of a triple play to Wells and Guidi. His hits were long and he raised his batting average as a consequence.

Left and right fields were covered by pitchers and Rock and Capt. Brogan. "Red" Rock made many fine catches and some of his long hits helped considerably.

Captain-elect Lothrop will have a fairly intact infield next year, and with a little help from the school should produce another successful season.

The summary of the 1924 season:

- April 16. **Burdett's at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 6, Burdett's 1.
- April 3. **Browne and Nichols at Browne and Nichols.**  
Winthrop 14, B. & N. 5.
- April 26. **Beverly at Beverly.**  
Winthrop 7, Beverly 6.
- April 30. **Marblehead at Marblehead.**  
Winthrop 15, Marblehead 1.
- May 3. **Chelsea at Chelsea.**  
Winthrop 6, Chelsea 4.
- May 7. **Lynn English at Winthrop.**  
English 10, Winthrop 7.
- May 14. **Swampscott at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 13, Swampscott 0.
- May 17. **Lynn Classical at Lynn.**  
Classical 10, Winthrop 8.
- May 21. **Gloucester at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 6, Gloucester 2.
- May 24. **Chelsea at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 6, Chelsea 0.
- May 28. **Lynn Classical at Winthrop.**  
Classical 7, Winthrop 6.
- May 30. **Revere at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 5, Revere 1.
- June 3. **Lynn English at Lynn.**  
English 6, Winthrop 4.
- June 6. **Revere at Revere.**  
Winthrop 10, Revere 8.
- June 10. **Peabody at Peabody.**  
Peabody 6, Winthrop 3.



# WHAT NEW ENGLAND HAS TO OFFER

YALE

BROWN

WILLIAMS

WELLESLEY

AMHERST

BATES

WHEATON

ANDOVER

JACKSON

N.H. STATE

B. COLLEGE

RADCLIFFE

HARVARD

DARTMOUTH

M. I. T.

SMITH

BOWDOIN

MT HOLYOKE

TUFTS

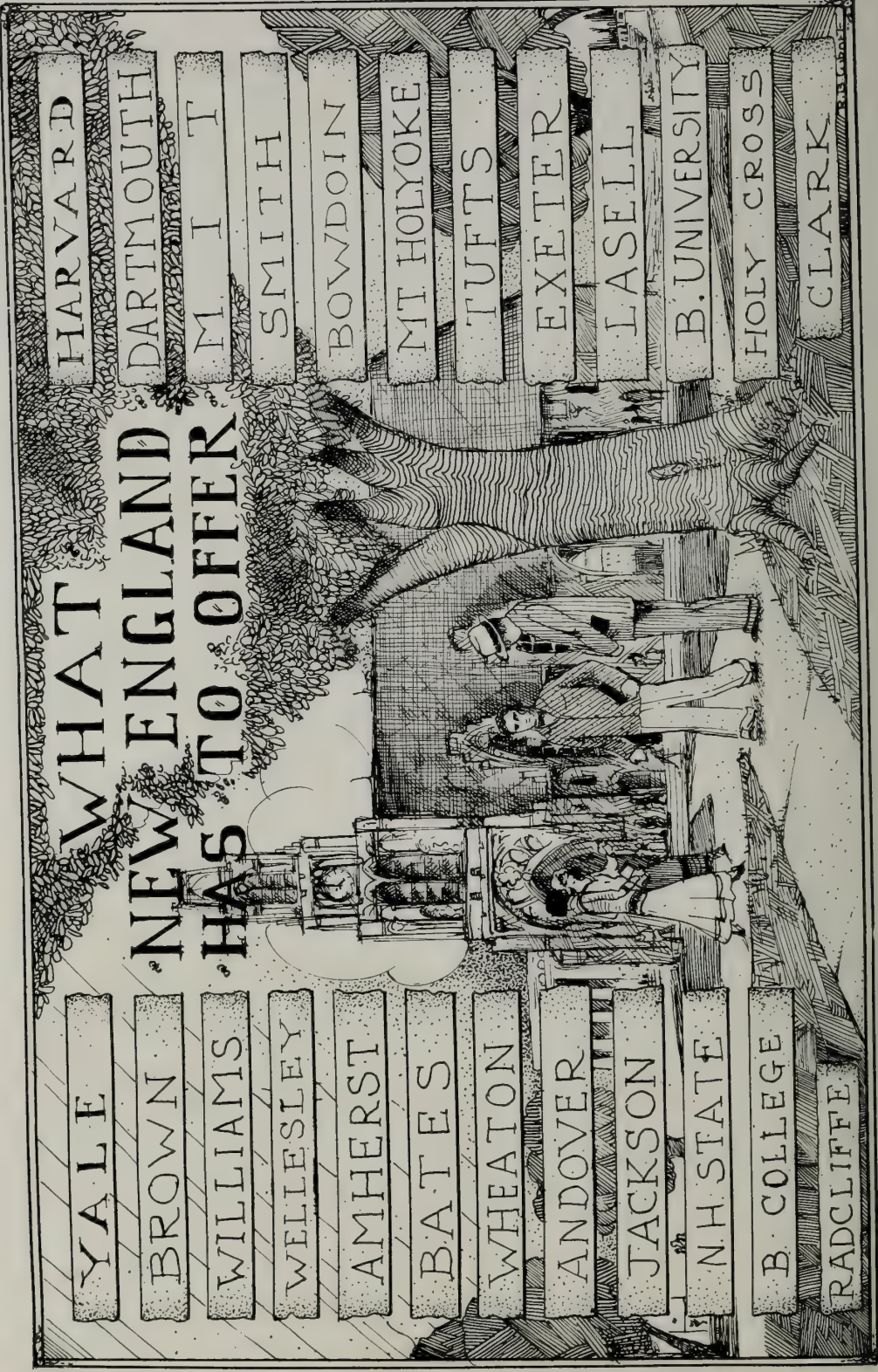
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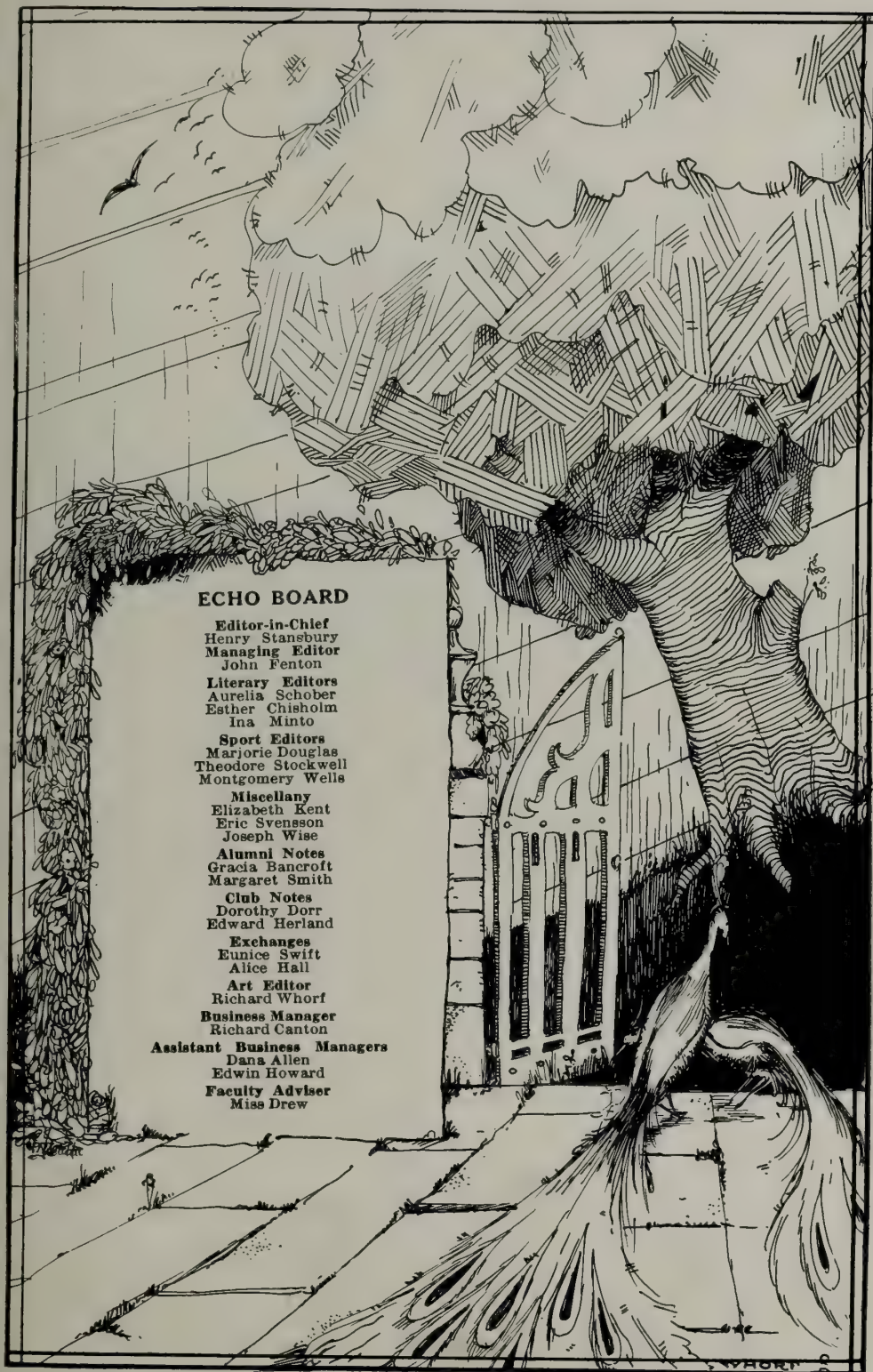
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The diploma, at the close of a year which has been filled with many of our happiest hours of study and pleasure, is to the Senior a signature on the first volume of his life. He reviews each duty or pleasure with some degree of satisfaction, measured by the time and thought he concentrated in pursuing it. The satisfaction he derives from his efforts and the manner and amount of success with which they are received by his classmates and teachers serves only to imprint more vividly and indelibly his horde of fond memories.

If, in reviewing these numerous activities, he finds each one an asset in his school year, a factor of which he may well be proud, the whole becomes as one perfect past, in which he participated and assisted in making in better.

On the contrary, however, if that past becomes sullied by something done wrong, something that might have been better, or something entirely omitted, the bright memory will become shadowed and the joy of renewing old times will be but a means of self-inflicted torture.

Now that our work is complete and laid out before you in the sixteen numbers of The Echo, which we have edited during the year, it is for you to judge whether we have filled the part assigned to us and become a worthy factor in the year's work, and whether we have upheld the policy of Progression we assumed at the outset of our journalistic career. With the aim of fostering a good name already earned and the goal of progress constantly in view, we have done our best.

To the underclassmen: Each succeeding year has been for The Echo a better year. This advancement, however, is not due only to those who edit this paper, nor to those who lent their kindly criticism in order to make it better, but to you, the pupil of whatever class, it owes its greatest debt of thanks. Without your contributions, the things you do, and mainly the spirit of co-operation you have shown towards all our endeavors, The Echo would be nothing.

Realizing these things as we do, we leave the future success of The Echo in your charge.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



## Organizations

*Orchestra*

*Debating*

*Clubs*

## Dramatics

*Senior Play*

*School Play*

*Operetta*



#### DEBATING TEAM

Front Row—E. Chisholm, M. Stansbury, A. Schober, A. Davis, E. Kent, M. McCarthy. Second Row—Miss Drew, Mr. Sowle. Back Row—N. Perry, C. McCarty, E. Svensson, W. O'Toole, T. Wiczorek, M. Jacobson, R. Whorf.

By reason of the fact that we of the class of '24 have been as radical in all our enterprises as one could reasonably expect from students who want something different, it is not at all remarkable to note that the debating team has also been changed somewhat and is now co-ed.

The girls made their debut, and debut it was, for they completely took the boys off their feet with their eloquence and ability that had previously been a joke among the opposite and superior (?) sex, on Friday evening, February 29, in a debate with the boys on the subject: Resolved that women teachers should receive a salary equal to that of men teachers for equal device.

Much propaganda had been broadcasted during the first term but no results were apparent until the girls began coming to the boys' trial debates and holding sessions of their own. Then from a group of aspirants that rivaled one of our athletic turnouts, Miss Drew selected four of the best

and issued a challenge to Coach Sowle, which was to prove a nemesis to his well organized crew ere long.

In the meantime several outside debates were talked of and even scheduled for the boys as in the past, but because of various affairs that conflicted and made these impossible, they were one by one cancelled until the high school debate, that of the boys and girls, was the main feature in this field.

The affirmative was upheld by the girls, comprising:—

Aurelia Schober, Rebuttal Speaker  
 Esther Chisholm  
 Marjorie McCarthy  
 Elizabeth Kent, Alternate

And the negative by the following boys:—

Morris Jacobson, Rebuttal Speaker  
 Charles McCarthy  
 Walter O'Toole  
 Newall Perry, Alternate

Speaking in an overcrowded audi-

torium, the girls won a unanimous vote from the judges, and also the right to be represented by two speakers at any other debate in which the High School might participate during the rest of the year. Miss Chisholm was chosen best speaker of the evening.

As the season was now so far advanced, the remaining time was spent in preparing for a joint debate with our old rival, Revere. This debate was held on Friday evening, May 16, and the subject was: Resolved that a Department of Education be established by Congress (subject to the regulations of the Sterling-Reed Bill).

The following speakers represented Winthrop:—

#### Negative, At Winthrop

Richard Whorf, Rebuttal Speaker

Eric Svensson

Elizabeth Kent

Mary Stansbury, Alternate

#### Affirmative, At Revere

Morris Jacobson, Rebuttal Speaker

Thomas Wiczorek

Audrey Davis

Walter O'Toole, Alternate

The Winthrop team won a unanimous decision at home but lost by a majority at Revere. They, however, can honestly accept the honors of the evening, as they received four out of six of the votes cast and were unanimously chosen as best speakers at home and away.

Although every speaker, at both debates, was a Senior, the prospects for next year are bright for our team, as a great many underclassmen from both clubs who reported did not get the opportunity to speak at a public debate and are very desirous of doing so.

We trust that the success and energy that was so evident this year will serve to urge many students to become attached to the debating clubs and make them the most active organization in our school.

### FRENCH CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Dorothy Dorr  
Vice-President ..... Estelle Gravin  
Secretary ..... Ina Minto  
Treasurer ..... Grace Mulloney

The "Cercle Francais," founded in 1922, has presented for its members various forms of entertainment this season, which

has been a most successful one. Meetings were held once a month, and nearly all were conducted in French. It was decided that Juniors who had an average of 85%, and, later, that Sophomores with an average of 80%, should be admitted. Several accepted the invitation and were duly initiated. This proceeding, of course, greatly enlarged the membership, and since the hall could not be obtained for every meeting attendance was limited.

French games were played at several of the meetings, and French songs sung. At one meeting proverbs in French were very well illustrated. A play was given by the Juniors, which was very entertaining.

A great deal of credit is due Miss Eveleth, whose interest and enthusiasm helped to give the club its most successful season yet.

### THE ENGLISH CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Laura Atkinson  
Vice President ..... Estelle Serber  
Secretary ..... Isabelle Hurley  
Treasurer ..... Margaret Grady

This is one of the newest organizations of Winthrop High School. It was founded last November under the direction of Miss Pestell.

A meeting was held at which officers were elected and a constitution was drawn up. It was agreed that membership was open to Freshmen and Sophomore girls only. The meetings were held once a month. During the year several plays were given and many fine programs were enjoyed. On one occasion a party of club members went to see "Peg o' my Heart" at the St. James Theatre.

This organization though small, has had a very successful year and hopes to repeat its success next year. D. DORR.

### SPANISH CLUB

#### Officers

President ..... Dorothy Campbell  
Secretary ..... Irene Peterson

At the beginning of the year, a meeting of the club was held, at which officers were elected. Two committees were also appointed. Nothing further developed, however. It is hoped that the Spanish Club will not suffer as a result of this neglect.





### ORCHESTRA

Front Row—M. Stansbury, S. Borarsky, V. Petrucci, H. Duncan, W. O'Toole, J. Knipe, E. Jenkins, B. Brown, D. Barkley. Second Row—A. Wyman, M. Cusiter, B. Perlmutter, F. Pransky, G. Hall, E. Fingold. Third Row—S. Cohen, L. Sobey, A. Cooper, A. Roberts, J. Wise, L. Finkel, G. Moriaty, F. Martel. Fourth Row—L. Goodall, A. Uman, G. Jameson, J. Campbell, L. Finke, N. Perry, C. Reed. Back Row—J. Fay, J. O'Toole, E. Herland, Mr. Willis.

President ..... Walter O'Toole  
 Vice-Pres. .... Evangeline Perkins  
 Secretary ..... Dorothy Garbutt  
 Librarian ..... Harold Duncan  
 Concert-Master ..... Vincent Petrucci  
 Director ..... Mr. N. Elliot Willis

Early in September Mr. Willis issued a call for members to join or rejoin the orchestra. A small multitude of forty-seven boys and girls responded. There were many new faces, but all newcomers were heartily welcomed. Only two had been lost by graduation, Elbert Sinatra and Chester Duncan. At this meeting an election of officers was held. Walter O'Toole was elected President; Evangeline Jenkins, Vice-President; Dorothy Gaskett, Secretary; Harold Duncan, Librarian; Samuel Boyarsky, Ass't Librarian; Vincent Petrucci, Concert Master and Mr. D. Elliot Willis, Conductor.

Soon afterward the orchestra started dil-

igent rehearsals and were very quickly trimmed into shape by Mr. Willis. Their first public appearance of the year was at the Senior play where the audience was very appreciative. During the winter the orchestra played at the theater for the school play. When the debaters of both Boys' and Girls' teams met in Osborne Hall for their battle the orchestra was there to cheer them up and on. They played for the Winthrop Teachers' Association and groups for dancing Friday afternoons were also picked from the orchestra.

The greatest event of the year for the organization was their annual concert given on February the eighth in the Winthrop Theatre. The orchestra rendered a wonderful program before a crowded house. Mr. Willis was very fortunate in procuring the Apollo Quartet, which added much to the fine entertainment. That night the orchestra was assisted by Mrs. N. Elliot Willis,

violin; Miss Helen O'Toole, cornet; Mr. V. Crisanoli, tuba; Mr. Archie Smith, trombone; and Mr. H. Orcutt, clarinet. The Apollo Quartet consisted of Mr. W. Whitaker, first tenor; Mr. E. Glines, second tenor; Mr. E. Wells, baritone; and Mr. E. Campbell, bass. Mr. Willis was very happy over the success of the concert and the very many congratulations given. It is hoped that these fine concerts be continued in the future.

The orchestra also furnished music for the Revere Prize Debate, Senior Class Day exercises, and both the High School and the Eighth Grade Graduations. At every instance that the orchestra was called upon a hearty response was given and music of a high character was furnished.

### SCIENCE CLUB

This year the Science Club has had a very successful season. In the meetings that it has held many new and important questions have been discussed. It has been rather difficult to get speakers, but through the diligence and persistency of Mr. Peltier and Pres. John Metcalf speakers have been found to fill the programs at all the meetings, and the entertainments were carried out in a very satisfactory manner. The lectures for the most part were on physical and chemical subjects. Sometimes it happened that some of the lectures could be explained and enlivened by actual experiments, a fact which added greatly to the enjoyment of the entertainment.

### PIERIAN CLUB

President ..... Margaret McCann  
 Vice Pres. .... Dorothy Russell  
 Secretary ..... Kathleen Brouard  
 Treasurer ..... Anne E. Crowe  
 Chairman of Entertainment Com. .... Evelyn Bernie  
 Chairman of Constitution Com. .... Eva Davidson

The newest of Winthrop High School clubs was organized last winter by Miss Crowe. The main purpose of this club was to gain a much better knowledge of dramatics and literature. Many plays, of both modern and ancient authors, have been given, to the gratification of both the members and their guests. The meetings were

held twice a month, and each one was something to be remembered well.

The second week in May a delightful theatre party was entertained at the Copley Theatre. The club has hopes of being continued next year, and there are already numerous and interesting features planned for its second season.

Each and every one of the members join in thanking Miss Crowe for her untiring efforts in organizing and helping this club to succeed.

### LATIN CLUB

#### Officers

Duo Consules ..... Ina Minto, Carolyn Wingersky  
 Scriba ..... Beulah Barkley  
 Quaestor ..... Olive Fisher  
 Praetor ..... Miss Ayres

#### Membership Committee:

Dorothy Dorr  
 Katherine Kent  
 Ada Foley

#### Program Committee:

Grace Mulloney  
 Dora Barkley  
 Charlotte Bridgman  
 Rosanna Gore  
 Mildred Bridgman  
 Dorothy Stearns

This season, the seventh of the "Contio Latina," has been one of its most successful. One of the leading clubs of W. H. S., it has a membership of one hundred twenty-one active members and twenty-one associate members. The committees have worked hard to bring about this well-earned success. Several forms of entertainment were given which increased interest in the club. A play entitled "The Nine Muses" was given by the Senior girls. A short play was also given by a group of Freshmen. Other meetings included a Valentine Party, which was quite unique, and two meetings the subjects of which were, "The Roman Child" and "Roman Festivals." At both meetings short scenes from plays were given by the Freshmen.

Freshmen who had gained an average of 85% or over were received into the club in November. All seemed very proud to wear the club colors.

Many thanks are due Miss Ayres, who has stimulated interest in the club and made it successful in every way.





### SENIOR PLAY

Front Row—J. Lingley, A. Davis, M. McCarty, E. Chisholm, R. Whorf. Second Row—T. Stockwell, W. O'Toole, A. Cummings, H. Rand. Back Row—E. Svensson, H. Stansbury, R. Canton.

The first notable achievement of the Seniors of '24 came with the presentation of "Grumpy" at the Winthrop Theatre on Friday, Dec. 14. This achievement, however, was soon surpassed by its greater success at the Copley Theatre, Boston, in January.

Playing before an overcrowded house at both theatres the Seniors performed so well as to merit the praise of having put on the finest play in many years. They also won the distinction of being the best amateur performers at the Copley up to this time besides drawing a crowd that brought in a net profit exceeding that of any other school.

Dick Whorf, in his greatest role, played Grumpy professionally. He exceeded any hope we had for his success. As his servant Ted Stockwell was a favorite with the au-

dience in his fine portrayal of the faithful old man. The hero and villain, Henry Stansbury and Richard Canton, respectively, built up a most intriguing plot about the leading lady, Miss Chisholm, which all unwound itself into a happy conclusion.

#### The cast:

Mr. Andrew Bullivant (Grumpy)	Richard Whorf
Mr. Ernest Heron	Henry Stansbury
Ruddock	Theodore Stockwell
Mr. Jarvis	Richard Canton
Mr. Isaac Wolfe	Archie Cummings
Dr. McClaren	Eric Svensson
Keble	Walter O'Toole
Merridew	John Lingley
Dawson	Hovey Rand
Virginia Bullivant	Esther Chisholm
Mrs. McClaren	Audrey Davis
Susan	Marjory McCarthy





## SCHOOL PLAY

Front Row—J. Knell, O. Fisher, R. Irish, L. Atkinson, G. Pigeon. Second Row—C. Reed, R. Flannery, R. Barney, R. Titus, T. Lithgow. Back Row—G. DeRoo, J. Barry.

On Friday evening, April 25, the annual school play was presented in the Winthrop Theatre. The ingenious comedy, "Three Live Ghosts," was a decided success, due both to the humor of the production and the unusually capable cast which presented it. The well sustained thread of mystery concerning three soldiers reported dead who returned to England furnished much excitement.

Laura Atkinson, as "Old Sweetheart," was very likeable and convincing. Robert Barney as a Cockney lad was superlatively realistic. Jack Knell gave an extremely clever portrayal of a victim of shell-shock, while his genial American companion, Ray Flannery, performed excellently. Olive Fisher as a Cockney lass showed rare acting ability. In the role of a young girl, Grace Pigon was quite adorable and sweet.

Because of its variety and universal ap-

peal, the play was very popular with the audience.

## The cast:

Mrs. Gubbins (known as "old sweetheart")	..... Laura Atkinson
Miss Woofers	..... Olive Fisher
Bolton, of the American Detective Agency	..... Joseph Barry
Jimmie Gubbins	..... Robert Barney
Wm. Foster (alias Wm. Jones)	..... Raymond Flannery
Spoofy (victim of shell-shock)	..... Jack Knell
Rose Gordon	..... Grace Pigon
Briggs, of Scotland Yard	..... Francis Lithgow
Benson	..... George De Roo
Lady Leicester	..... Ruth Irish
Two Policemen	..... Roger Titus,
	..... Clinton Reed

## SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT

The captivating operetta, "The Bells of Beaujolais," was presented in the hall on Friday, March 7, before a most enthusiastic audience. Because of its charm, originality and liveliness it could not fail to please, as it most assuredly did to a marked degree. The Bohemian effect of gay color in the stage scenery and gowns added atmosphere to the performance. The entire cast was carefully selected, and both principals and chorus performed in an enjoyable manner.

The scenes took place on an imaginary island off the coast of France. A party of American tourists for a while caused quite an amusing situation, which was finally straightened out. The dramatic finish and the musical success are due to Miss Spence and Mr. Dockham respectively, as they had charge of this affair.

At the finish of the performance, dancing was enjoyed in the gym until a late hour. The operetta, presented for the first time to the upper classes, was later given before the lower classes. It was also presented on Class Day with a repetition of its former success.

## Characters:

Augustus, Duke of Beaujolais ..... Richard Whorf  
 John Bender, A Wealthy American Widower ..... Gordon Douglas  
 Larry, Tony (Young Americans) ..... Archie Cummings, Henry Stansbury  
 Harkins, Bender's English Valet ..... Richard Canton  
 Pierre, A Juggler ..... Jack Knell  
 Chicot, A Wrestler ..... Charles McCarthy  
 Countess Marie, A Rich Spinster ..... Audrey Davis  
 Aunt Sarah Jessup, Bender's Sister ..... Olive Fisher  
 Phyllis, Bender's Daughter ..... Gladys Berry  
 Belle, Her Friend ..... Mary Stansbury  
 Yvonne, A Flower Girl ..... Marjorie McCarthy  
 Susette, A Candy Girl ..... Beulah Barkley  
 Fantine, Maid to the Countess ..... Gladys Harwood  
 The chorus: Margaret Smith, Alice Hall, Norma Ansell, Eva Davidson, Selma Cohen, Eunice Swift, Esther Chisholm, Lucie Branz, Charlotte Bridgman, Roger Titus, Robert Barney, Harry Marcus, Francis Ward, Harry Friedenberg, Joseph Bradley, Joseph Barry, Theodore Stockwell, Paul Ginsberg and Montgomery Wells.





Many publications representing various schools have been received and appreciated greatly by us. If, by any chance, we have failed to comment on any paper, it was from lack of space. We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges which we have received in 1923-24.

"Newtonville," Newton High School, Mass.

"Pinkerton Critic," Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.

"Drury Academic," Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

"H. S. Folio," Flushing High School, Flushing, N. Y.

"Breeze," Somerville High School, Mass.

"Torch," Billerica High School, Mass.

"Argus," Worcester Classical, Mass.

"Echo," Canton High School, Mass.

"Oblisk," Murphysboro, Ill.

"Review," Lowell High School, Mass.

"Orange Peals," Orange High School, Mass.

"Lawrence Bulletin," Lawrence High School, Mass.

"Semaphore," Stoughton High School, Mass.

"Salemica," New Salem Academy, Mass.

"Arguenot," Norwood High School, Mass.

"Chronicle," Hartford High School, Conn.

"B. H. S. Oracle," Bangor High School, Maine.

"The Graphic," Amherst High School, Mass.

"Key," Battle Creek High School, Michigan.

"Beacon Association," Boston University, Mass.

"Periscope," Bridgewater High School, Mass.

"Olympian," Biddeford High School, Maine.

"Imp," Brighton High School, Mass.

"B. U. News," Boston University, Mass.

"Sagamore," Brookline High School, Mass.

"Unicy," Clayton High School, N. J.

"Dalto Alto," Campanile High School, California.

"Volunteer," Concord High School, Mass.

"Oracle," Englewood High School, N. J.

"Philomath," Framingham High School, Mass.

"Jabberwock," Girls' Latin High School, Boston, Mass.

"Green Witch," Greenwich High School, Conn.

"Hopkins Arms," Hopkins Academy, Hadley, Mass.

"Herald," Holyoke High School, Mass.

"Life," Melrose High School, Mass.

"Tech News," Northeastern Tech, Boston, Mass.

"Advocate," Needham High School, Mass.

"Bulletin," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"Record," North High School, Worcester, Mass.

"Palmer," Palmer High School, Mass.

"Spotlight," Proctor Junior Senior, Rutland, Vt.

"Golden Rod," Quincy High School, Mass.

"Willow Messenger," Red Willow High School, Nebraska.

"Round Up," Reading High School, Mass.

"Gale," Revere High School, Mass.

"Enterprise," Roxbury High School, Mass.

"Putnam School," Roxbury High School, Mass.

"Periscope," Searles High School, Great Barrington, Vt.

"Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

"Red and Blue," St. Joseph's High, Manchester, N. H.

"St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle," St. Joseph's Coll., Philadelphia.

"Southern Bell," Southern Junior High, Somerville, Mass.

"Monitor," Wellesley High School, Mass.





### WE OF '24

Who's feeling sad, quite a little bit blue?  
 Who's thinking hard of the dear pals so true?  
 Who's longing wistfully for years past by,  
 Longing and wishing with many a sigh?  
 It's the seniors—we of '24.

Who's kind of loving the songs they sang?  
 Who'll soon be missing the "old school gang"?  
 Who's dreaming now of the freshman of old,  
 Ne'er daring to question a senior bold?  
 It's the seniors—we of '24.

Will you think of us o' times  
 When the day is done?  
 Will you miss us just a bit  
 And the times that are gone?  
 Will you keep a tiny place in the corner o'  
 your hearts  
 For us—just we of '24?

INA MINTO, '24.

### THE AGE OF JAZZ

This, my friend, is the "Age of Jazz" when the tin-tin-abulations of the traps, the moan and sob of the saxophones, and the crazy discords of the piano, sound the whole keynote of our lively, jazz-filled existence.

One settles down to a peaceful breakfast with one's morning paper and is startled by shrieking headlines demanding, "Is our present generation spoiled by jazz?" and, "Is jazz dancing ruining our younger generation?" My observation is that the newspapers leave it to us to decide. They are extremely non-committal.

So, as a member of the present generation and one of the much discussed "younger people," I feel that I can answer the question better than any beetle-browed old editor who probably never took a jazz step in his life.

In the first place, I insist that jazz isn't

harmful to anyone if it is taken in conservative doses. In fact, quite to the contrary. Our so-called "age of jazz" has produced more sound nerves and healthy bodies than it has physical and mental wrecks. Of course, there are extremists in every phase of life, and it is these who give to jazz the name it has acquired. For the few, the many have always suffered, and because some people make of our "age of jazz" an age of insane and strenuous voluptuousness is no reason that those who find the good and happy side of it should be condemned with the jazz fanatics.

Charity begins at home; why not jazz? When Mother sits darning socks at night why shouldn't she listen to Paul Whiteman's latest as she plies her indutrious needle? Or Dad might even roll up the rug and try a few of Son's happy steps with his old sweetheart. They used to like the age of ragtime, why not participate in the age of jazz and lose a few of the years which the younger generation has laden upon them. And when Father comes home at night and hears the latest "blues" spouting through the doorway and the gay laughs and clever repartee of Sister and her "gang" the care rolls off his shoulders like water off a duck's back and he remembers the days when he was courtin' Mother and they used to sit on the porch and play the mandolin and sing "Put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbons on it." And perhaps Father will breathe a happy sigh and murmur, "After all our age of jazz is only another name for the age of fun, and if it brings happiness why—Here's to the age of jazz!"

AUDREY A. DAVIS, '24.

### ON RIDING PEGASUS WITH SPURS

It would seem that almost anyone could succeed in writing an essay when a list of twenty subjects is given to choose from. The subjects in my list, which consists of

twenty, are varied and seemingly not difficult. However, I have tried three of them without success.

The very first subject in the list caught my eye. It was "On Discovering Oneself." I began by telling how everyone must at some time decide what his life work should be. I seemed to have in mind certain instances of people who had discovered themselves, and I intended to tell of these instances. But when I came to the point of doing this, my mind became blank. I stopped writing. I thought hard for a moment (using my spurs), but in vain. I could think of nothing more to write. I read over what I had already written, but the words seemed so dull and lifeless that I tore up the paper in disgust and decided to try another subject.

Further down in the list I saw "Sophomore Apathy." That seemed easy. Immediately I began to write whatever came into my mind. I had written about a page when I stopped as if paralyzed. No more thoughts came; so I read over what I had written about "Sophomore Apathy." It sounded like a reform bill or a parliamentary address. I must have forgotten that I had ever been a sophomore. Another wad of paper landed near the wastebasket.

I looked again for an inspiring subject. "On Recovering from Love Affairs." That should most certainly furnish an inspiration. Again I spent some time in thought, but I did not know enough about anyone's love affairs to write an essay about them, and it was not my purpose to write anything which might sound at all like an autobiography.

Again I put the spurs to my steed but failed to get any satisfaction. After riding down through the whole list of twenty subjects, I galloped away in search of some more interesting occupation.

A. C. M., '23.

### BOREAS

Whip up the fierce waves,  
Dash in the dark caves,  
Lash the wild sea!  
Scream in the cold air,  
Drown out the ship's prayer,  
With thy mad glee!

ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

### GROWING OLD

There's an awfulness in growing old alone,  
An emptiness, an aching void that bleeds;  
A horror of the unaccomplished deeds,  
That lie upon my senses like a stone.  
The realization of the things I've missed,  
The knowledge of soft hands I might have  
kissed,  
Because I wished to dream alone.

There's a dreariness in growing old alone,  
A morbidness, a wine that drugs my soul;  
A madness, knowing that I've lost my goal  
Without an understanding sympathy, alone;  
A wound, that ragged tears my dreams with  
pain.  
And now I dream no more—I cannot dream  
again.

My dreams are worn away. I am alone.  
ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

### TWO LITTLE DITTIES

I took a little fancy and an adjective or so,  
And wove a little prettiness as crisp and  
cold as snow;  
I took a little sorrow and a little tear or  
two,  
And wove a little truthfulness as sweet and  
clean as dew.  
I sold my little ditties for a little sum one  
day:  
The queer world took the tearmade one and  
cast the snow away.

ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

### TO THE PUBLIC

You want exotic thoughts,  
Portrayed in vivid phrases,  
And laud the strange new fancies  
Of iconoclasts.  
We fashion these desires  
To find—  
You crave bromidic monotone,  
And ask for platitudes.  
Frantically  
We form such tales as these.  
You then demand  
Romances,  
Archaic tales of beauty,  
Fantasies of love.  
And still, like mothers fond,  
We struggle to receive—One smile of  
recognition.

ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

### ON BEING GOOD COMPANY FOR ONESELF

In my mind Being Good Company for Oneself is a tragedy, a failure, a heart-breaking disaster and a terrible affliction. Besides all these characterizations, I might also say that I never am, never have been and never shall be good company for myself. Whenever I hear some well meaning person say, "Now amuse yourself," my heart sinks to my very shoes and all the "joy of life," as the poets would say, is obscured, and mutilated for me by just those three words—"Now amuse yourself." "To be amused" is such an expectant expression. It opens such a fairy-like vista of undreamed of possibilities. It carries with it all the anticipation that the genii of fairy tales gave to their "Aladdins," and I think it is a beautiful expression. But consider that other expression, "Amuse yourself." Ugh! It is beyond words. It is to me the "bête noir" of my English vocabulary. It fills me with dread. It suggests gloomy subterranean passages, winding and twisting through an endless cycle of hours. It is a most dreadful expression and I abhor it.

Now, when the kindly person has gone, with the well meant piece of advice, and the last echo of footsteps dies away and I am left alone, I start to be good company for myself. When one is young, and silly, of course, the task is not so hard. There are teddy bears with nice fur, a little the worse for long use, and stupid looking dolls that need to go to the hospital, and man-eating monsters, stuffed with cotton. All these serve admirably as talkative companions. What matters it if one does the talking for the company, when one is young and silly?

In that long past period of my life, I used to try to assume the roles of imaginary people. It never failed to pass the time. There was the hat, belonging to my mother, with the beautiful feathers, and the feather-boas that used to make me squirm and wiggle, and the shoes that kept flopping up and down. But how grand I felt and what cordial words of welcome I extended to myself as an imaginary duchess or some such person! However, those days are past. I am no longer young and silly. I am a very sedate, sensible—and oh so dignified—senior!

Now I set about being good company for myself in different and far less effective ways. Before I enumerate my present methods I wish you to understand that I consider my efforts anything but silly. They are not unusual because I have caught people in the act, people who are seniors and dignified. Sometimes I raid the pantry and, firm in the conviction that my cooking attempts are always successful, I deviate a little from the accepted recipes in the ancient cook-book and experiment. When my experiment is finished, I have a party. Sometimes it is most convenient to be the only guest because, if the experiment is successful, then, think of all you have for yourself. Perhaps that is a selfish view but, then, so few of my friends wax enthusiastic over my cooking. Often this attempt to be good company for myself ends in acute indigestion but, then, I have to be amused.

Then, again, I never tire of books with their dashing heroes and heroines with coils of hair reaching to the ground, and prancing steeds, and marvelous sword play, where the villain, with his oily mustache, always receives his due reward. The characters are real to me. I forget the taxing burden of mathematics and the works of Latin authors long since dead, and I have a most wonderful time with my book friends. When I am just at the point where the trigger is about to be pulled and the fair lady is uttering heart-rending shrieks and the hero shouts something like this, "Have no fear, I will save you," it is most distressingly matter-of-fact and annoying to be disturbed by a crash and find that in my excitement I have pulled off the tablecloth and the dinner service accompanying it. Alas! My pleasure is spoiled.

Did you ever sit at a window, high in a somewhat towerlike room, and watch the ships pass in the distance out to sea? I conjure up scenes on board those vessels. I picture a storm lashing the shipsides, the gallant captain himself steering his course, and waves as high as mountains. But I awake from the dream only to see the same walls, papered so strictly according to the twentieth century, the same calm seas, devoid of pirates and adventure, and no beautiful ladies at all. But then all these dreams and flights of imagination are necessary to be good company for oneself when one is a senior and—dignified!

INA MINTO, '24.



## A SIMILE

Within the narrow bounded cage  
 Did dwell two eagles: long years  
 Confined they had been within its corners.  
 Their unused strength and power  
 To soar and rise above mere common things  
 In life had lain asleep all these long years.  
 Vain were to them those high mountain  
 tops.

So time went on.

One day at last a hand unloosed the confine

Of their cage and bade them go forth free.  
 Going forth from their home with timid  
 And eager steps, uncertain of the strength  
 Which had lain asleep so long, they rejoice.  
 Their powerless wings after repeated motions

Revive their inborn power.

With eyes on heights above, they upward  
 Soar, exulting in their liberty.

So has our dear school sheltered us long  
 years,

Confined we'd been within its walls of  
 knowledge.

Our minds to solve, and concentrate above  
 Mere common things in life had been  
 Instructed all these years.

Thus time went on.

One day, at last, a hand unlocked the  
 Doors of our abode and bade us go

Forth in a path of happiness, right, and  
 honor.

With fearful and joyful steps we set out.  
 With each adventure we bolder grow and  
 Yearn for higher life.

We fix our eager eyes on heights above  
 With steady purpose, bound to conquer  
 We upward climb exulting in our glory.

J. B. ANDOSCA, '24.

## ON CONVENTIONALITIES

Conventionalities may be a blessing, they may be a curse, or they may be nothing at all. Conventionalities pop out wherever one least expects them. Did you ever stop to think why we say, "How do you do?" If you ever did stop, you would think how meaningless the question is. Some smart Alecks answer this query with, "Why, I do fine," which is at least as sensible as its forerunner. If one were asked for what reason he asks it, anyway, he would reply, "It's the thing to say!" That is one conventionality.

Why does a man lift his hat to a lady? Of course, it's a mark of courtesy, but why is it? If custom hadn't set the mark in that manner, the ladies might even now be doing the honors.

Then there is the matter of having the maid say that you're out, or not at home, which many times is such a whopper that little six-year-old Johnny would be severely reprimanded for telling one that large. Oftentimes the caller has a very good reason for knowing you're not out, since she may be on your telephone line and has just heard you conversing with Mrs. A.

Concerning chaperones, it is a question of to have or not to have. Of course, almost everyone agrees that the job of performing this duty is not the most pleasant on earth, but then the chaperoned will say that since chaperones can't be cured, they must be endured. And the poor fellow who has to buy tickets for three, since his girl must have a chaperone, while his neighbor sports off without that personage, what he thinks of chaperones? His answer is likely to be in the negative.

Then we come to the lady who has just made a large dent in her husband's salary by appearing in public with a new chapeau. When she asks her supposedly dear friend if the hat is becoming, the friend will undoubtedly answer, "My dear, it looks marvelous on you. You couldn't possibly get one more becoming!" As likely as not, as soon as the two have parted, the catty acquaintance will tell Mrs. X. how terribly Mrs. Y.'s new hat looks on her. "You know, it's perfectly awful. With red hair that orange looks sea-sick! I should think her husband would disown her." But, of course, one cannot tell Mrs. Y. the truth. It simply isn't done!

Again, at a dance, when your partner lands on your toe with a tremendous crash, he says, "I'm so sorry," and you answer in the perfectly conventional manner, "Oh, it didn't hurt at all!" You do not add, "You have such small feet!" for that would seem sarcastic, while the other answer is merely customary.

You have probably all been to a lecture during which you were in a great danger of dozing off at any moment, because it was so dull. If you were not bound by conventionalities, you would get up from your seat in the middle of the hall, and casually saunter out. But do you? Maybe, but we

doubt it. And one really can't fall asleep. It would be very bad form. Sometimes, with more or less frequency, if one is not of a very religious turn of mind, and the sermon is especially uninteresting, the same thing happens in church. There, also, one cannot file out. One at times wishes for a religious faith that would allow one to assume wings temporarily in order to escape!

American life has been tied down by conventionalities. Formerly the Chinese were so limited by custom that they were not able to progress until they dropped some of the cumbersome usages of the past. Fortunately we are getting away from some of the more foolish ones. Let us hope that in the future we will be less and less hampered by worthless customs.

ELIZABETH KENT.

#### SPRING

The fragile perfume of springtime,  
The lightness of a breeze,  
The glory of budded branches,  
Of trees in frail finery,  
The tinkling joy of brooklets,  
The ruffled blue of lakes,  
The fleece of snowy cloud banks  
Floating in the sky;  
The music of wind kisses,  
The murmurs of new life,  
The soft elusive magery  
Of springtime in the woods;  
The scent of cherry blossoms,  
Like a tree of mist-clad sprites;  
The swaying youth of birches,  
Silver, virgin white;  
The mystery, the magery,  
Of springtime in the woods.

ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

#### DUSK

The silversweet silence of dusk  
Has muffled the clamor and hurry,  
As silence and softness of musk  
Will smooth out the grey lines of worry.  
The lamps by the curbstones are pale  
As stars captured into a bubble.  
The cool breeze is peaceful and frail,  
Caressing the city's harsh trouble.  
The noise of the city is light  
As the laughter of elves in the spring.  
The loveliness preceding the night  
Is sweet as even-bells ring.  
The city has put on her mask,  
A beautiful saccharine mask.

ENA MONK, Ex-'26.

#### AN AFTERNOON IN JAIL

I spent the first Sunday afternoon of May in JAIL and felt that my time was profitably as well as enjoyably spent. A special concert was given by the Boston Choral Society under the direction of Prof. John A. O'Shea in the Auditorium of the State's prison in Charlestown.

As I entered the well-kept building I met Warden Hendry, a man of gigantic stature and a kindly face. The thought flashed through my mind that any prisoner would do well to think twice before answering this warden back once. He gave me a very friendly greeting and when he heard that I was from the Winthrop High School became even more cordial, telling me that his daughter had been a graduate of our school about nine years ago.

Then I met the prison chaplain, Fr. Murphy. His soul seems to shine through his fine face. I had heard of the wonderful work he had done with the prisoners, but the chaplain is very modest and refused to take any of the credit upon himself. He believes that every inmate is entitled to the very best treatment he can receive. He also believes that the social side should not be entirely neglected. The prisoners have a moving-picture, a lecture, or a concert once a week. Religious services are held every Sunday and the different denominations have their own clergymen. Religious attendance is not compulsory, but most of the men attend.

From the main floor a narrow, winding, iron staircase ascends to the auditorium. Rows of cells are built on each landing. When I reached the auditorium, I received a great surprise for I expected to see all the convicts dressed in black and white striped suits, their hair shaved to the bone, and their faces fierce-looking, deeply wrinkled, and haggard with prison pallor. In all the plays which I have seen depicting prison life the faces of those acting as convicts were most emphatically pallid and lined. But not so at this prison. The men are clad in business suits, blue cotton shirts, and neat black ties. They are allowed to wear their hair in any manner they choose. Some of them look like artists or musicians with their flowing locks. Intelligence is stamped on the faces of some of the men, but that is not to be wondered at because their crimes, forgery or

the like, call for a certain amount of brain-power, mis-directed as it may be.

When the concert opened it was most interesting to watch the men's expressions. Almost without exception they were simply absorbed and gave their undivided attention. I could not help contrasting their attitude with that of supposedly cultured people at many public performances.

The concert was one of the finest I have ever heard. There was a chorus from Haydn and one from Strauss, a tinkling "Mexican Serenade" by Chadwick. Mr. O'Shea is a wonderful conductor and accompanist. Boston's well-known tenor, Mr. Quinn, sang "Christ in Flanders." His rendering made a powerful impression on the audience. "The Lost Chord" concluded the program. I have heard this sung many times but never under such conditions and with such an effect.

The most noticeable prisoner was Jesse Pomeroy, who looked like a dramatic critic busily engaged in taking notes on his program all through the concert. Fr. Murphy explained that Jesse writes for the prison paper. Instantly I had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for Jesse.

At the close of the concert some of the prisoners took musical instruments with them on their way out. I learned that they were members of the prison orchestra. I asked my escort what would happen if any of the men tried to make a break for freedom. He replied that the officers stationed about the hall carried guns. If a prisoner made one false move, he would be instantly shot.

The handiwork of the prisoners is on the main floor on sale. It consists for the most part of colorful and well-made beaded bags and woven necklaces. There are also a few graceful toy canoes. The money received for each article is set aside for its creator to provide delicacies for him while he is imprisoned and to help him to "go straight" when he leaves (if he ever does).

No visit is complete without a brief stay at the death-house. This is isolated from the rest of the prison and consists of three cells, the barest, most desolate-looking places imaginable. The condemned man spends his last ten days on earth in one of these cells. The chaplain said that the strain is terrible on the spiritual advisor as he spends most of his time preparing the criminal for eternity. He also said that in

many cases the mental torture is so great on the prisoner that he welcomes the chair as a relief from his suffering. Further on is the electric chair with its straps and electric connections. I sat in this chair and wondered as I sat there.

I left the jail humbled, like the repentant sinner who said "Lord, have mercy on me, a poor sinner," or like the famous man of olden time who, upon seeing a poor man fall into the gutter, exclaimed that but for the grace of God he too would be lying in that same gutter.

Alice CUNNINGHAM, '25.

### NIGHT'S MYSTIC SPELL

Dew on the grass like tear drops,  
Birds in the trees asleep;  
Gentle winds from the Southland,  
As I from my prison house creep;  
Sighs from the swaying tree tops,  
Moans from the restless sea;  
Air so soft and zephyr-like  
Enfolds and caresses me.  
Murmurs from sleeping forest,  
As I drink in the joy of the night;  
Rustlings as I wander onward  
To view the glorious sight;  
Drowsy chirpings from fledglings,  
Pale, faint lights from the East;  
Resplendent the sun: I return to my cage,  
For the spell of the night has ceased

E. POLSON, '27.

### THE NEW YEAR

Make haste to drop into the grave of the  
past  
That clumsy old failure we now may call  
"last";  
And strew on his coffin last year's tattered  
wrongs,  
And sing for his dirges last year's worn out  
songs.  
Then let us forget him and trample his  
grave,  
But herald the new year with new songs  
and brave.  
Ring in the new king with laughter and  
jest;  
Toll out the old king and lay him to rest;  
And sprinkle like rose petals over his dust  
Last year's dingy pages all covered with  
rust.  
But welcome the new king with new vows  
and few.

For new resolutions to new kings are due.

ENA MONK, Ex. '26.



### ON ASKING WHY

---

Is there anything more maddening than to receive no answer upon asking a question? Yes, there decidedly is. And that "anything more maddening" is to have your question answered foolishly. A silly answer has, certainly, a much worse effect on one's disposition than no answer at all. There are times, of course, when such an answer is to be expected. Stupid questions bring forth stupid answers. However, all questions not being asked just for the fun of asking, all answers should not be entirely void of knowledge.

As far back as my forgetful memory is able to pierce the gloom of former days, I have recollections of becoming fitfully angry and sullen simply because one single question, expressed by myself, had been answered in such a way as to make my very question seem absurd.

In my younger days a question such as,— "What are you doing that for?"—was sure to be answered by,— "To make little girls like you ask questions." Just to think that that very thing had been done merely to get me to ask the most natural question in the world, and that that very question had been forthcoming was the cause of more than one door's being slammed in youthful vengeance. How those answers tantalized me. However, curiosity would soon overcome me, and I would again be asking the same innocent question.

All through my life my questions have been answered in practically the same manner. The words only have changed, the meaning remaining the same. During one period of my life I was answered by a "Run along now, and don't bother me. I'm busy." At another it was "Ask your father. He'll tell you," or "Ask brother. He knows more

about it than I do." And later, when my questions became a little more complicated, I was politely requested to "Look it up. I don't know exactly," until I was quite positive everyone was becoming deficient as to brain matter.

Affairs went on in this fashion until I got into the habit of looking up my question in the first place, thereby saving breath, energy, and, perhaps, a sweet disposition.

Thus time advanced. I was no longer snubbed by those hateful answers and I felt at peace with the world in general. But, alas, the inevitable moment was ahead of me when I was to ask another question which was to be fateful to my lately acquired peace. And that moment came only too soon. One evening at the dinner table I accidentally asked a tiny, wee question concerning the horribly complicated oil problem. With one grand blow my former peace was killed. Every person present attempted to answer that at precisely the same time with the result that I heard absolutely nothing of what they were saying. Moreover every answer disagreed with all the others. There followed such a fiery discussion that I burned with the very heat of it and left the table, my question unanswered.

I wonder if I shall ever be insane enough to ask another question.

---

### LATIN CLUB

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Mention must be made of the beautiful gift presented to the High School by the Latin Club. It is Raphael's "School of Athens," a section of the mural decoration in the Vatican at Rome. It was formally presented in the hall on May 22 by Richard Johnson and Ina Minto.



## -- Alumni --

### "ECHO" "ALUMNI" CLASS OF 1922

Madeline Anthony, Smith.  
 John Barry, Harvard.  
 Sidney Blandford, M. I. T.  
 Clara Brown, B. U.  
 Verna Coffin, Bryant and Stratton.  
 Marion Dealy, Salem Normal.  
 Catherine Devlin, Framingham Normal.  
 Dorothy Donovan, Salem Normal.  
 John Eaton, B. U.  
 Ruth Evans, B. U.  
 Mary Fielding, Bryant and Stratton.  
 John Gore, Exeter.  
 Robert Hazel, Dartmouth.  
 Joseph McIntyre, Huntington.  
 Mary Lochhead, Smith.  
 Marie McCann, Salem Normal.  
 Richard McClintock, Dartmouth.  
 Eleanor McLatchie, Miss Leslie's School.  
 Dorothy Miskelly, Framingham Normal.  
 Helen Murljacich, B. U.  
 Mary Murphy, B. U.  
 Mary Nugent, Salem Normal.  
 Mary White, Miss Wheelock's School.  
 Philip Ruskin, Harvard.  
 Harold Turner, B. U.  
 Hymen Silverstein, Harvard.  
 Beulah Cooper, Sargent School.  
 Mable Mitchell, Normal Art School.  
 Mary Moran, Salem Normal.

### CLASS OF 1923

Ruth Anthony, Smith.  
 Dorothy Barbour, Sullin's College.  
 Anita Bates, Salem Normal.  
 Regina Bradley, Salem Normal.  
 Boardman Chace, Tech.  
 John Fulham, Northeastern.  
 Catherine Grady, Radcliffe.

Clement Higgins, B. U.  
 Phyllis Irish, Boston Bible Training School.  
 George Jenkins, Tech.  
 Susan Mann, Roger's Hall.  
 Mildred Mann, Roger's Hall.  
 Samuel Weible, Tech.  
 Albert Nevers, Tech.  
 Lewis Patrick, N. H. State.  
 Eleanor Plummer, Miss Wheelock's School.  
 Charles Russell, N. H. State.  
 Stanley Robinson, Tuft's College.  
 Margaret Sawyer, Framingham Normal.  
 Elizabeth Sheehan, Salem Normal.  
 Harriet Segal, Miss Choate's School.  
 Roland Wentworth, N. H. State.  
 William Walton, University of Ohio.  
 Roosevelt Boyd, Radcliffe.  
 Alfred Grady, Andover.

### POST GRADUATES

Alice Carsley.  
 Agnes Cronin.  
 Alice Donovan.  
 Irene Farrell.  
 Angeline Goodall.  
 Eleanor Hazel.  
 Carolyn Magee.  
 Geraldine McCarthy.  
 Arthur Murray.  
 Esther Peterson.  
 Herbert Swan.  
 Franklin Waite.

Miss Henrietta Perkins of the class of 1921 has recently been elected editor-in-chief of the Boston University humorous monthly, the Beanpot. It is the first time since the organization of the paper that a girl has been chosen for this singular honor. Miss Perkins' ability to write won her the preference over many male competitors.

## THE GIRLS OF ROOM 31

---

Gracia Bancroft  
Goodness personified

Dora Barkley  
Our 'Cellist

Dorothy Nay  
A lady of leisure

Beatrice Brown  
One of the "Duet"

Irma Chase  
"Stepping out"

Grace Cheyne  
Some helper

Esther Chisholm  
The three musketeers' heroine

Selma Cohen  
Smiles

Dorothy Dorr  
Our Syncopating mamma

Marjorie Douglas  
The hockey champ

Hope Frankland  
Stop worrying

Mary Gillespie  
The out-of-town girl

Audrey Davis  
The song bird

Alice Hall

Good things come in small pack-  
ages

Marjorie Howland  
"Say it with a uke"

Elizabeth Kent  
Heading for Congress

Miriam Levin  
Not so small that she can't be  
heard

Katherine McIntyre  
You sure carry some supply of  
words

Ina Minto  
The dream girl

Grace Mulloney  
Where are you?

Lucille Nevers  
The other part of the "Duet"

Catherine Sewall  
She can sure handle a "Bill"

Margaret Smith  
A woman's crowning glory is  
her hair

Eunice Swift  
The ever sauntering Miss

Mary Stansbury  
Your practice has not been in  
vain



## THE BOYS OF ROOM 31

---

John Andosea

The banana man

"Joe" Bradley

The Abysmal Brute

Franklin Waite

Lofty P. G. and Ex-Athlete of  
W. H. S. Habeas Corpus

"Dick" Canton

Alyce! Where art thou?

Hugh Hewitt

Prattboy of the track team

"Hop" Floyd

Still waters run deep

"Joe" Haley

Always sticks up for the little  
"tots"

"Dick" Johnson

Wesley Barry's only rival

John Kelly

Soda Jerker

Rubin Klier

Alias Rizz

William Leviston

Arrow Collar ad?

Walter Ramsay

One of the Worshipers at the  
Temple of Miriam

Eli Lurie

The Soapsuds King

"Boney" Ward

Quiet?

Orrin White

"Stephen Steps Out"

Hymen Gessman

Barber and Dancer

"Dick" Whorf

Assistant Mouth Coach under  
Head Coach Sowle

Thomas Wieczorek

That promising miler

"Joe" Wise

Who thinks he is

Newell Perry

The Sheik's playmate

Walter O'Toole

Actor and musician

Hymen Levy

"The Thief of Bagdad"

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<b>"Sheik" Rand</b> The pride of the eighth grade	<b>"Dan" Hatch</b> B. R. B. & L.	<b>"Huckleberry" Flinn</b> The 'Ole Champ!	<b>"Brom" Brogan</b> Str-rike!
<b>"Nate" Sperber</b> The little guy with the big noise	<b>"Tub" Herland</b> Teacher's pest	<b>"Husky" Franklin</b> Hard a-lee!	<b>Lloyd Carro</b> Wha-at?
<b>"Cap" Svensson</b> The wild cow of the Kampus	<b>Morris Jacobson</b> "The" Debater	<b>"Eddie" Gardner</b> He cultivates education	<b>"Chick" Coleston</b> "That's me—pay up"
<b>"Monty" Wells</b> "The Hurdlin' Fool" "Am I good!"	<b>"Fat" Maskell</b> Wo-od!	<b>"Barney" Goldberg</b> Kid Silence	<b>"Wes" Farnham</b> Walter Johnson the second
<b>"Abe" White</b> Get off that racket!	<b>Robert Merritt</b> Where is my wandering boy this evening?	<b>"Pep" Guidi</b> Calza's understudy	<b>"Hop" Fenton</b> Galloping Morpheus

"Gerry" Wells roamed here

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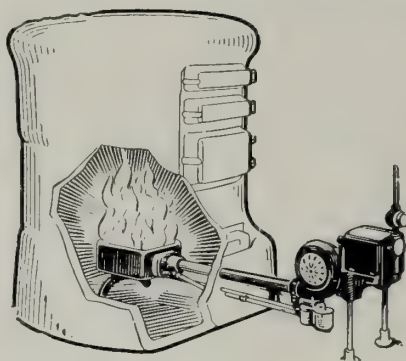


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**Assets Over \$2,163,883.37**

**Surplus and Guaranty Fund \$68,892.02**

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WILL LOAN YOU MONEY TO BUILD  
ONE OF THE STRONGEST IN THE STATE

**WINTHROP CO-OPERATIVE BANK**

A. E. Whittemore, Treasurer



## WINTHROP TRUST COMPANY

including Savings Department

Conditions at close of Business, June 4, 1924

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
U. S. and Municipal Bonds .....\$ 110,547.32	Capital .....\$ 100,000.00
Demand Loans ..... 280,967.30	Surplus and Undivided Earnings ..... 71,949.84
Time Loans ..... 338,367.37	Reserved for Taxes and Interest ..... 15,052.68
Mortgage Loans ..... 839,335.81	Deposits ..... 1,861,074.83
Investments ..... 332,063.83	
Bank Building and Vault ..... 30,000.00	
Cash and due from Banks ..... 116,795.72	
<hr/> \$2,048,077.35	<hr/> \$2,048,077.35

### LIVE IN WINTHROP BANK IN WINTHROP

In our Savings Department, there is no limit to the amount that you can deposit, and you will NOT have to report the income in your Income Tax return to this State as we pay the Tax.

*Last dividend in our Savings Department at the rate of*

**5%**

We are open for deposits every Wednesday evening from 7 to 8.30, and daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., except Saturdays, when we close at 12 noon.

Deposits may also be made at Beacon Trust Company, 31 Milk Street, Boston, for our account.

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Charles Baracos, Prop.

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Homermade Candy Made in Winthrop for  
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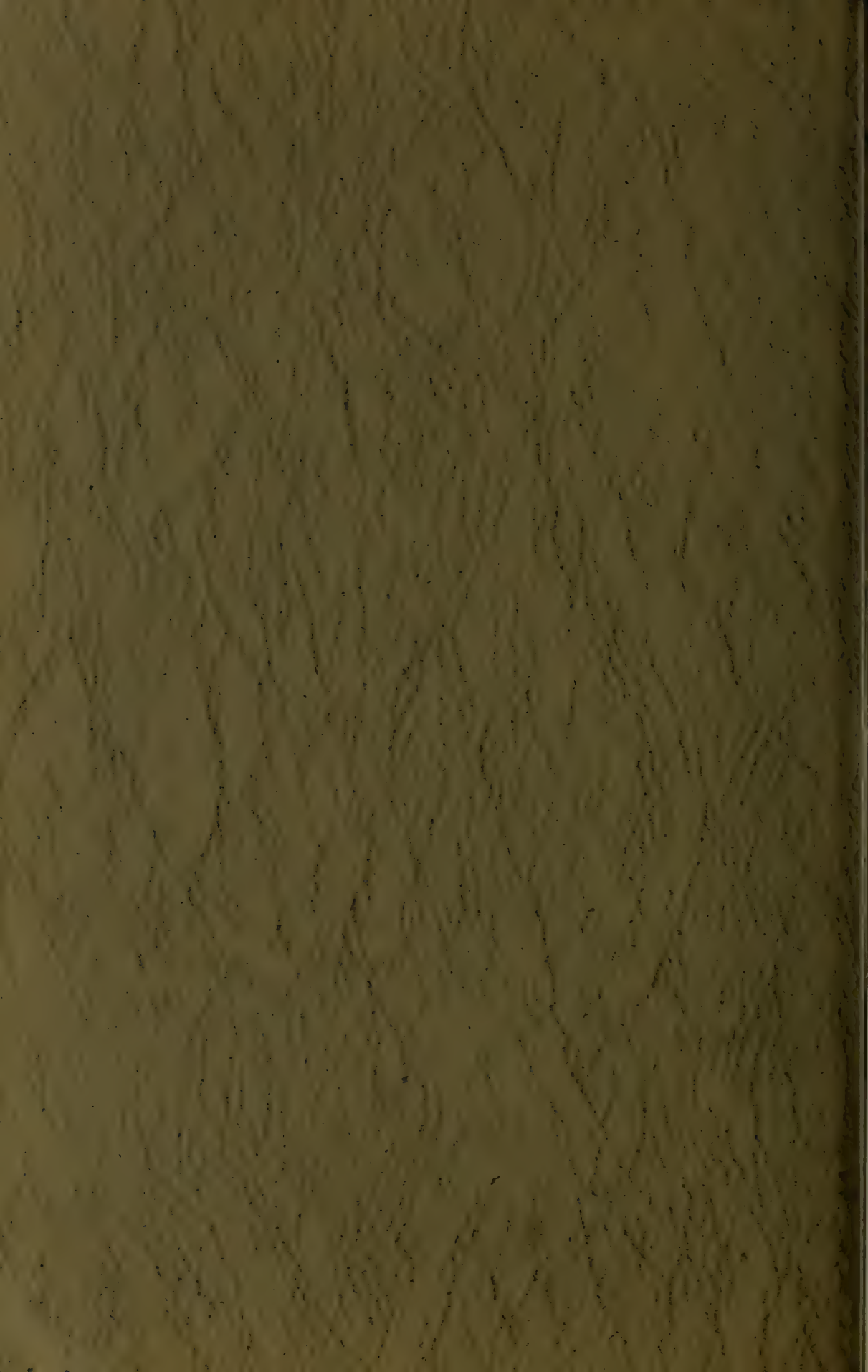
# *The* *ECHO*

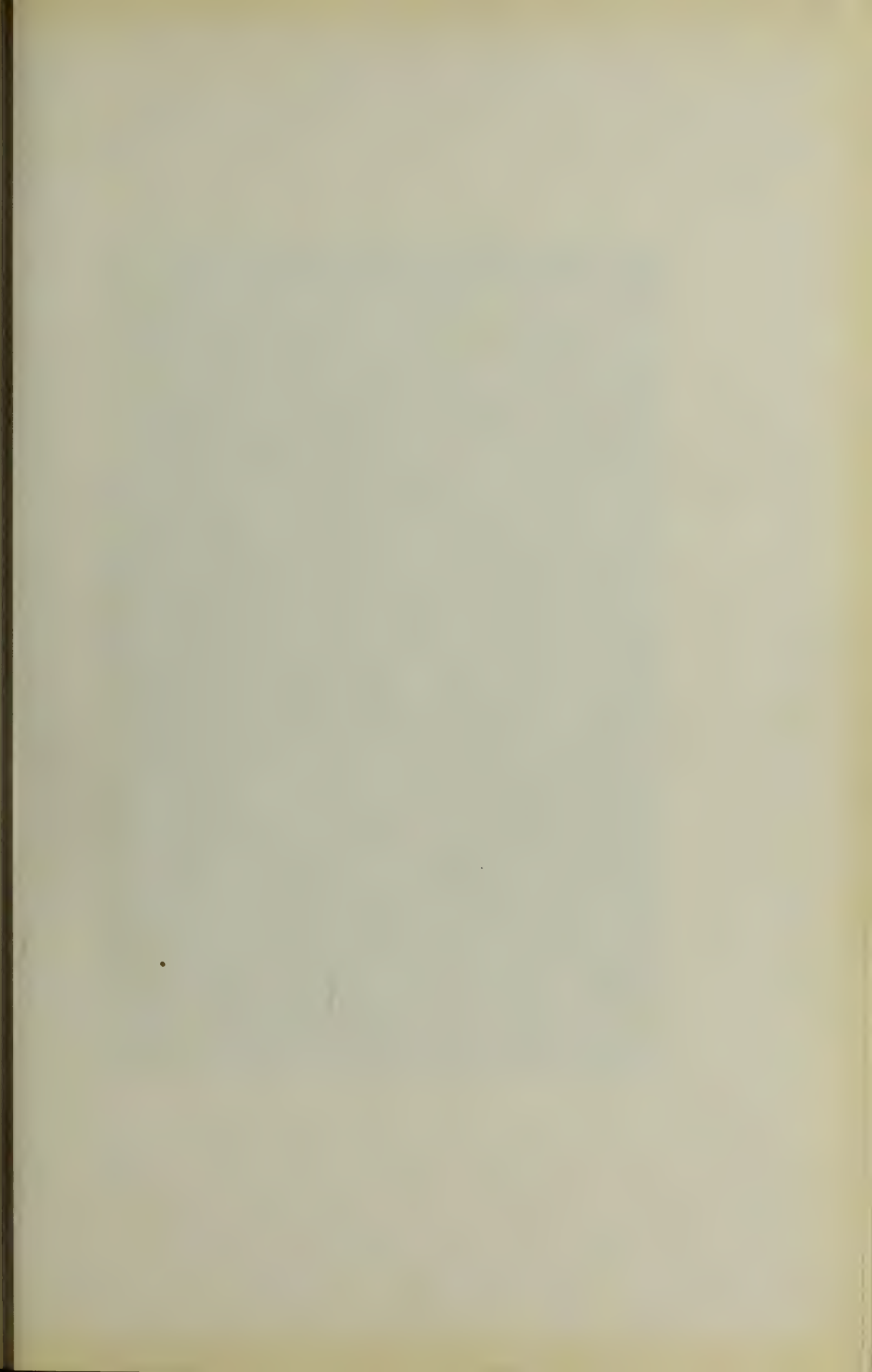


*Commencement Number*

*1925*









MISS LUCY A. DREW



### *The Dedication*

*We, the class of 1925, are led by our own sincere convictions, as well as by the wishes of the student body, to dedicate this Commencement number of The Echo to that member of our faculty who has fostered our publications, who has been our friend in the class room, and who has given us advice in all school activities, Miss Lucy A. Drew.*



**EDWARD R. CLARKE, Principal**

**School Committee**—Albert R. Stedfast, Chairman; Horace A. Magee, Secretary; Charles A. Williams.

**Superintendent of Schools**—Frank A. Douglas.

**Principal**—Edward R. Clarke; **Assistant to the Principal**—Frederic Loomis.

**Assistants**—Latin, C. Grace Ayres; French and German, Crescentia Beck; Chemistry, History, Physics, Ethlinda G. Rice; Spanish and Latin, Helen J. Cady; Secretary, Dorothy Cousins; English, Lucy A. Drew, Anne M. Crow, Gladys A. Merrill, Marjorie Twitchell; French, Martha L. Eveleth; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Geometry and Algebra, George D. Grierson; French, Helen E. Brown; Algebra, Chemistry and Physical Training, Harold W. Poole; Domestic Science, Lenna M. Peabody; Bookkeeping, Civics and Arithmetic, Anne M. Pfanenstiehl; Penmanship and Arithmetic, Margaret L. Reed; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Geography, William Donahue; English, Spanish and Latin, Gladys Heyl; Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Joseph H. Randall; Latin, Florence Nelson; Domestic Science, Marie J. McPherson; History, Mark Mohler.

**Eighth Grade Teachers**—N. Elliot Willis, Head of Department; Laura M. Burill, Ethel B. Crosby, Irma Knight, Effie Copeland, Elva Nickerson.

**Special Teachers**—Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, Eber I. Wells, Herbert G. Banham; Free Hand Drawing, Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Supervisor of Music, George H. Dockham; Physical Culture, Florence T. Key; Dramatics, Clara M. Spence.

## To the Class of 1925

*You have the distinction of being the largest class in the history of the high school and you have also a very large number of honor students. This speaks well for the industry and scholarship of your members.*

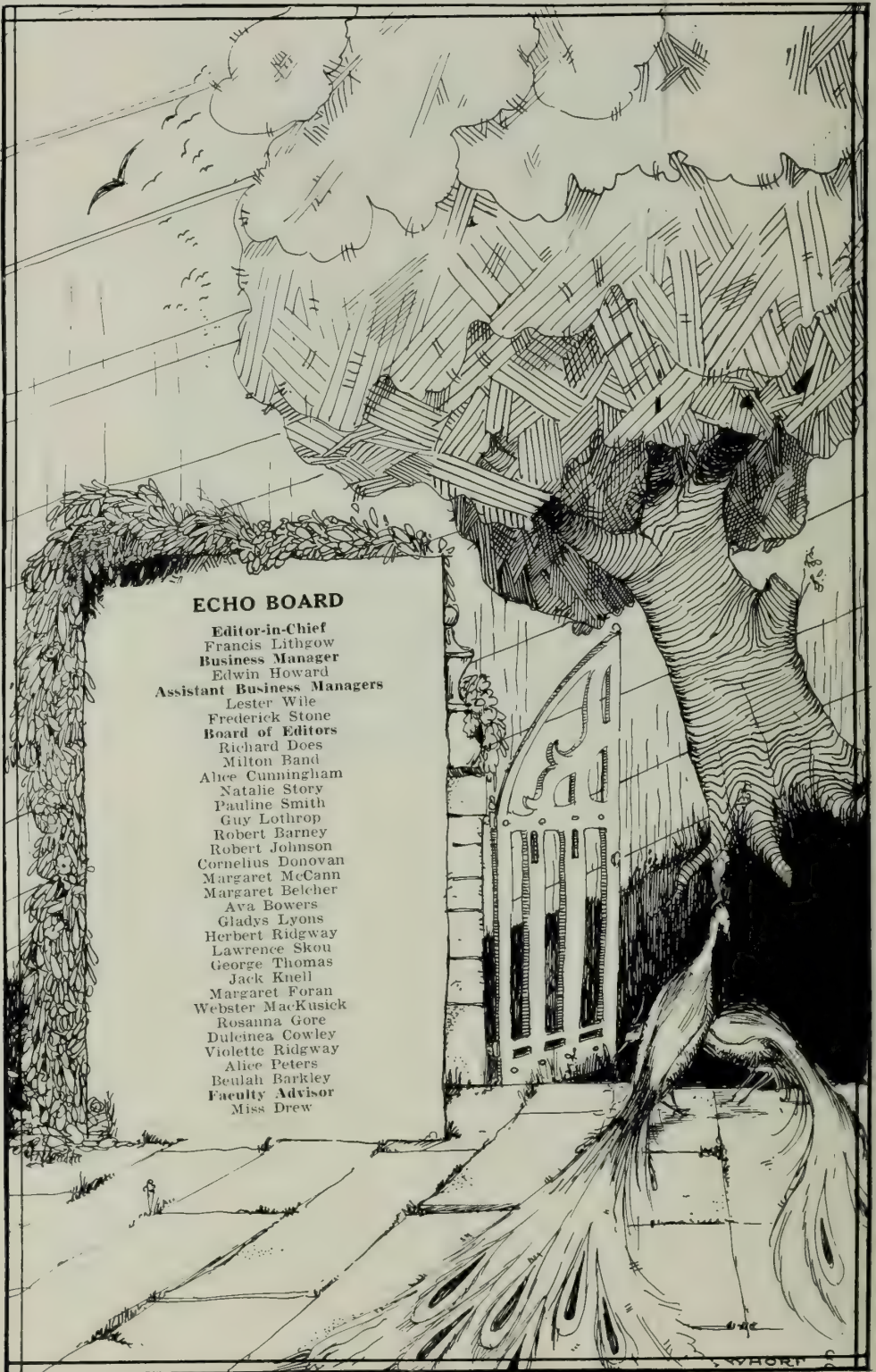
*I feel sure that as you grow older your high school days will become more and more valued by you. You have shown that you have talents and resources. Develop these and you will continue to render service to yourselves and to others. The school will miss you but will not lose sight of you.*

*My greatest wish for each of you is that you will have the joy of knowing that you have done something worth while and the satisfaction that comes from work well done. Let us hear from you and if the school or its teachers can help you in the future at any time, we shall count it a pleasure.*

*Faithfully your friend,*

**EDWARD R. CLARKE.**





### ECHO BOARD

**Editor-in-Chief**

Francis Lithgow

**Business Manager**

Edwin Howard

**Assistant Business Managers**

Lester Wile

Frederick Stone

**Board of Editors**

Richard Does

Milton Band

Alice Cunningham

Natalie Story

Pauline Smith

Guy Lothrop

Robert Barney

Robert Johnson

Cornelius Donovan

Margaret McCann

Margaret Belcher

Ava Bowers

Gladys Lyons

Herbert Ridgway

Lawrence Skou

George Thomas

Jack Knell

Margaret Foran

Webster MacKusick

Rosanna Gore

Dulcinea Cowley

Violette Ridgway

Alice Peters

Beulah Barkley

**Faculty Advisor**

Miss Drew

## The Seniors

- Norma Frances Ansell  
Walter Francis Baker  
\*Milton Band  
\*Beulah Marie Barkley  
Robert Burns Smeaton Barney  
John Edward Barry  
\*Margaret Borden Belcher  
\*Fannie Berliner  
\*Evelyn Ritchie Birnie  
Pauline Bloch  
Alfred Frank Botti  
\*Barbara Bowen  
\*Ava Lizette Bowers  
Charlotte Evelyn Bridgman  
Lewis Clement Briggs  
Henry Lawrence Brooks  
\*Helen Frances Brosseau  
Kathleen Loretta Broussard  
Edward Brumby  
Milton Reed Brush  
\*Irene Bucek  
Eleanor Campbell  
Mary Elizabeth Carnicelli  
David Austin Carpenter  
\*Geraldine Dorcas Carsley  
Raymond Mario Cioffi  
Elizabeth Madora Clarke  
\*Dora Meriam Cohen  
Robert Cohen  
\*Dulcena Eva Cowley  
\*Virginia Crocker  
Leita Crossman  
Joseph Thomas Cunning  
\*Alice Virginia Cunningham  
Edward Allen Currier  
Mildred Hope Cusiter  
Eva Rebecca Davidson  
William Francis Dealy, Jr.  
Mary Frances DeLambelly  
Scott Dixon  
Marjorie Hayden Doane  
\*Richard Vincent Does  
Cornelius Joseph Donovan  
\*Jeanette Epstein  
Charles Leonard Exley  
Frank Shaw Farquhar  
Robert Millard Earle Field  
Lester Eliot Finke  
Olive Mary Fisher  
Raymond Benedict Flannery  
Philip Fleischer  
\*Sarah R. Fleishman  
\*Honor Pupils.
- Monda Rose Fopiano  
Margaret Eleanor Foran  
Dorothy Evelyn Gaddis  
Thomas Gerald Gildea  
James Joseph Goldberg  
Clara Frances Golden  
Florence Goldman  
Helen Roberta Goodwin  
Arthur Gordon  
\*Rosanna Gore  
\*Rosamond Graham  
\*Sarah Jennie Gross  
Gwendolyn Delores Hamlin  
Kenneth Alonzo Hanson  
Gladys Kathryn Harwood  
Barbara Louise Hatch  
Daniel Parker Hatch  
Ethel Herman  
Paul Gordon Hewitt  
Nathalie Hoberman  
Edwin Morey Howard  
Stewart Edwin Jackson  
George Phillip Jameson  
Melvin Heaton Johnson  
Orland Montmorency Johnson  
Robert Parker Johnson  
Gertrude Frances Jones  
Daisy Kalish  
\*Morris Samuel Katziff  
Eleanor Margaret Kelly  
John Edward Kelly  
Helen Josephine Kennedy  
Kathryn Emily Kent  
\*Betty Gordon Kilbourne  
Lillian Frances King  
Jack Frederick Knell  
Mary Kurland  
Annie Agnes Lampasona  
Louise Porter Lang  
Margaret Helen Leviston  
\*Toppan Francis Lithgow  
\*Myrtle Lourie  
\*Gladys Pearl Lyons  
\*Meredith Hall MacKusick  
Webster Leroy MacKusick  
\*Isadore Marden  
Mary Ella Marrow  
Robert Denton Martin  
Carolyn Elizabeth Mathewson  
Ralph Edward Maw  
\*Margaret Mary McCann  
George McEwan  
Robert William McGarigle
- Gordon John McGrath  
Charles Andrew McPhetres  
John Joseph Monahan  
Orrin Alonzo Mooney  
John Domenick Moriarty  
Agnes Helena Murphy  
Edward Joseph Murphy  
Joseph Murphy  
William Joseph Murphy  
Ariel May Nickerson  
Clayton Snow Nickerson  
\*Ruth Marie Nielsen  
Marion Oppenheim  
\*Dorothy Grace Pennie  
Salvatore Perrone  
\*Alice Viola Peters  
Vincent Joseph Petrucci  
Laura Agnes Phillips  
Lillian Wood Pigeon  
Hovey Rand, Jr.  
\*Herbert Lincoln Ridgway  
\*Violette Ridgway  
James Henry Riley, Jr.  
Elizabeth Marie Robinson  
Henry Joseph Rock  
Florence Evelyn Rollins  
Isadore Rosenberg  
John Charles Roth  
Dorothy Alice Russell  
Edith Helen Saben  
Doris May Safford  
Beatrice Gertrude Savel  
Edward Leopold Silberberg  
Estelle Mae Simson  
Lawrence Svend Skou  
\*Dorothy Elizabeth Smith  
Pauline Leonia Smith  
Gertrude Francis Stanford  
\*Natalie Marguerite Story  
Helen Katherine Sullivan  
Robert Leonard Suzman  
George Edward Thomas  
Geraldine Clarice Totman  
\*Ruth Marie Van Dalinda  
Hilda Virgelyn Vessey  
Theodore Eaton Waddell  
Margaret Marie Wallace  
Orrin Francis White  
Elva May Williams  
\*Carolyn Wingersky  
\*Joseph Wolf  
Andrea Katherine Wyman  
Dorothy Estelle Young

**HENRY ROCK****"Red"**

President '24, '25; Football '22 (2nd), '23, Capt. '24 and '25; Basketball '22 (2nd), '23, '24, '25; Baseball '22 (2nd), '23, '24, '25; Track '22, '24, '25; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Operetta '25; General Science Club '22; Spanish Club '23; Vice Pres. A. A. '24; Pres. A. A. '25; Chairman Social Com. '23.

**ROBERT JOHNSON****"Bob"**

Vice President '25; Football Manager '25; Asst. Mgr. '24; Track '24, '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '25; Gen. Knowledge Club '23; Social Com. '23, '24.

**ETHELINDA G. RICE****"Linda"**

Class Treasurer.

**CHARLOTTE BRIDGMAN****"Charley"**

Secretary '25; Senior '25; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; Operetta '23, '24, '25; Latin Club; Spanish Club; English Club.

**PARKER HATCH****"Dan"**

Marshal '25; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '25; Operetta '25; Senior Social '24, '25; Boys' Dress Com. '25; Cheer Leader-in-chief '25.



**FRANCIS LITHGOW****"Face"**

School Play '24; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; Editor-in-Chief Echo; Operetta '25; Science '24, '25, (Sec.) '25; French '24, '25; Boys' Dress Com. '25.

**JACK KNELL****"J. Frederick"**

Echo Board '25; School Play '23, '24; Senior Play '25; Operetta '24, '25; Assembly Programs '22-'25, Track '22-'25; Basketball (2nd) '24; Chairman Class Day Com. '25; Social Com. '22, '23, '24, Chairman '25; Chairman Farewell Social Com. '25; Boys' Dress Com. '25; Cheer Leader '24, '25.

**ROBERT BARNEY****"Bunny"**

Marshal '22, and '24; Track '22; Baseball '23; Football '25; Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24, '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '24, '25; Latin Club '22, '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25; Social Com. '22, '23, '24, '25; Class Day Com. '25; Boys' Dress Com. '25; School Play '23, '24; Senior Play '25.

**EDWIN HOWARD****"Ed"**

Business Manager Echo '25; Science Club '25; Football '24, '25; Boys' Dress Com. '25.

**WEBSTER MacKUSICK****"Webb"**

Senior Play '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '25; French Club '24, '25; Science Club '25; Class Day Com. '25.

**MELVIN JOHNSON****"Bob"**

Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Operetta '25, French Club '25; Social Com. '25.

**ORRIN WHITE****"Onie"**

Operetta '24, '25; Social Com. '23; English Club; Science Club '25.

**HERBERT RIDGWAY****"Bert"**

President '23  
'25; Treas.  
'24



**ESTELLE SIMSON****"Stel"**

Hockey '24, '25; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Operetta '24, '25; English Club '24; Sec. A. A. '25; Social Com. '22, '23, '24, '25; Chairman Girls' Com. '25.

**VIOLETTE RIDGWAY****"Vi"**

Secretary '24; Senior Play '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '24, '25; French Club '24 '25; Social Com. '24; Cheer Leader '24.

**BEULAH BARKLEY****"Boola"**

Hockey (2nd team) '24, '25; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '23, '24, '25; Latin Club (Sec.); French Club; Spanish Club; English Club; Social Com. '23; Orchestra '21, '22, '23 (Sec.).

**GLADYS HARWOOD****"Tot"**

Hockey '25; School Play '23; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24, '25; Operetta '24, '25; Gen. Knowledge '23, English Club; Debating Club '25; Soc. Com. '22; Soc. Com. '25.

**OLIVE FISHER****"Blondie"**

Secretary '22; Vice Pres. '23; School Play '24; Senior Play; Operetta '23, '24, '25; Assembly Programs; Latin Club (Quaestor) '24; Social Com. '22, '23, '24, '25; Dress Com. '25; Class Day Com.

**MARGARET FORAN****"Peg"**

Echo Board '25; Assembly Programs '23, '25; Operetta '25; Latin Club '22; Spanish Club '24, '25; French Club '25; Senior Vaudeville '22, '23.

**ROSANNA GORE****"Bigger"**

Senior Play '25; Echo Board '25; Operetta '25; French Club; Consul Latin Club '25; Social Com. '22, '23; Girls' Dress Com. '25.

**MARGARET McCANN****"Peggy"**

'21, '25; Mgr. '25; Secretary '24; Echo Board '24; Club '24.



**CHARLES EXLEY****"Chic"**

Football '24, '25; Class Gift Com. '25;  
Social Com. '23; Science Club '24, '25.

**MILTON BRUSH****"Bush"**

Senior Play '25; Science Club '25.

**JOHN ROTH****"Jack"****RALPH MAW****"Sheik"**

Senior Play '25; Operetta '25; Science Club '25; Sec. Debating Club '25; Debating Team '25.

**LAWRENCE SKOU****"Mud"**

Echo Board '25; Assembly Programs '22, '23; Latin Club '25; French Club '25.

**LOUIS BRIGGS****"Peru"**

Track '24, '25; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '22.

**RAYMOND FLANNERY****"Ray"**

Football '22, '24, '25; Track '22, '23, '24, (Capt.) '25; Vice President '24; School Play '24; Assembly Programs '24; Operetta '25; Science Club '23; Social Com. '22 (Chairman), '23, '25; Farewell Dance '25; Class Day Com. '25; Class Gift Com. (Chairman) '25.

**JOHN KELLY****"Kel"**

Track '22, '23, '24; Operetta '24, '25; Cheer Leader '25; Latin Club '23.

**GEORGE McEWAN****"Huck"**

Senior Play '25; Latin Club '22-'25.

**RICHARD DOES****"Dick"**

Echo Board '25; Mgr. Track; Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '25; Science Club '25; Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '25.







HELEN SULLIVAN  
"Sully"



GERALDINE TOTMAN  
"Gerry"

Senior Play '25; Operetta '25; Latin Club; French Club.



DOROTHY YOUNG  
"Dot"

Operetta '25; Latin Club '22, '23, '24, '25.



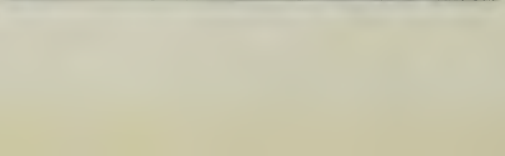
BARBARA HATCH  
"Bobby"

Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '24, '25.



BETTY KILBOURNE  
"Betty"

Senior Play '25; Operetta '25; French Club '25; President Girls' Debating Club '25; Debating Team '25.



NORMA ANSELL  
"Norm"

Asst. Manager Hockey '24, '25; Assembly Programs '24; Operetta '24, '25; English Club '24; Class Day Com. '25; Social Com. '25.



DOROTHY RUSSELL  
"Dot"

Operetta '25; Assembly Programs '23; Pierian Club '24; Social Com. '23, '24, '25; Girls' Dress Com. '25; Class Day Com. '25.



ELVA WILLIAMS  
"El"

Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '25; Operetta '25; Latin Club '24; French Club '24.



NATALIE STORY  
"Nat"

Echo Board '25; Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '24, '25; Valedictorian '25.



CAROLYN WINGERSKY  
"Pokey"

Latin Club (Jun. Consul) '24, '25; French Club; Spanish Club; English Club; Social Com. '25.

**ORLAND JOHNSON****"Slim"**

Senior Play '25; Science Club '23-'25;  
French Club '25.

**KENNETH HANSON****"Ken"**

Debating team '25; Debating Club  
'25; Operetta '25.

**GEORGE THOMAS****"Tom"**

Echo Board '25; Science Club '25.

**HOVEY RAND****"Hov"**

Football '23 (2nd), '24; Track '23;  
School Play '23; Senior Play '24, '25;  
Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; Sec-  
retary Debating Club '24, President  
'25; Farewell Social Com. '25; Debat-  
ing Team '25.

**CORNELIUS DONOVAN****"Con"**

Senior Play '25; Echo Board '25;  
Mgr. Baseball '25.

**GEORGE JAMESON****"Sax"**

Orchestra '23, '24, '25; Latin Club  
'24-'25; French Club '24, '25.

**JOHN BARRY****"Bara"**

Football (2nd) '25; Track '25; Sen-  
ior Play '25; Operetta '25; Latin Club  
'22-'25; Science Club '25; Debating  
Club '25.

**JAMES RILEY****"Red"**

Operetta '25; Science Club '22.

**MILTON BAND****"Bandy"**

Echo Board '25; Operetta '25;  
French Club '24, Vice President '25;  
Science Club '24, '25; Latin Club '22-  
'25; Science Club '24, '25; Latin Club  
'22-'25; Debating Club '24, '25; Debat-  
ing Team '25; Orchestra '24; Saluta-  
torian '25.

**EARLE FIELD****"Girlish"**

Science Club '23, '24, '25; French  
Club '24, '25.



**LEITA CROSSMAN****"Mutt"**

Senior Play '25; Senior Vaudeville '22; Assembly Programs '25; Latin Club.

**MARGARET BELCHER****"Midge"**

Echo Board '25; French Club '24, '25; Latin Club '22-'25.

**GWENDOLYN HAMLIN****"Gwennie"**

Assembly Programs '24, '25.

**LILLIAN PIGEON****"Pidgie"**

Latin Club '22, '23, '24, '25; French Club '25.

**GLADYS LYONS****"Gladie"**

Echo Board '25; Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '24, '25.

**ROSAMOND GRAHAM****"Rosie"**

French Club '24, '25; Latin Club '22-'25.

**BARBARA BOWEN****"Dusty"**

Hockey '24 (2nd), '25; Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '25.

**EVA DAVIDSON****"Eve"**

Senior Play '25; Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24, '25; Operetta '24, '25; Secretary General Knowledge Club '23; Pierian Club '24.

**HELEN BROSSAU****"Hen"**

Latin Club '22-'25; French Club President '24, '25.

**DULCENA COWLEY****"Dulcie"**

Echo Board '25; English Club '24.



**DAVID CARPENTER****"Dave"**

Debating Club '25; Science Club '25.

**SCOTT DIXON****"Dick"**

Latin Club '22-'25.

**MEREDITH MacKUSICK****"Bud"**

French Club '24, '25; Science Club '25.

**THEODORE WADDELL****"Ted"**

Debating Team, Club '25; Science Club '24, '25; French Club '23.

**JAMES GOLDBERG****"Jim"**

Senior Play '25; Assembly Program '25; Operetta '25; French Club '23, '25.

**ROBERT McGARIGLE****"Mac"**

Baseball '23 (2nd), '24, '25; Track '22; Latin Club '23-'25.

**GORDON McGRATH****"Span"**

Chairman General Knowledge Club '23.

**EDWARD BRUMBY****"Eddie"**

Science Club '23, '24, '25; Debating Club '25; Manager Basketball '25.

**FRANK FARQUHAR****"Fritz"**

Senior Play '25; Operetta '25; Science Club; Debating Club (Vice President) '24; Debating Team '25.

**MORRIS KATZIFF****"Morruss"**

French Club '24, '25; Science Club '24, '25; Debating Club '25; Operetta '25.





**MADORA CLARKE**  
"Mid"



**VIRGINIA CROOKER**  
"Ginny"

Latin Club '22, '23, '25, (Scriba);  
French Club '25; Orchestra '22, '23,  
'25.



**GERALDINE CARSLEY**  
"Gerry"

Assembly Programs '25.



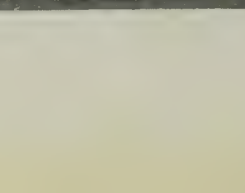
**MARGARET LEVISTON**  
"Levi"

Assembly Programs '22, '23; Latin  
Club '22, '23, '24, '25; French Club '25.



**KATHRYN KENT**  
"Kay"

French Club '24, '25; Latin Club '22,  
'23, '24, '25; Spanish Club '24, '25.



**GERTRUDE JONES**  
"Gert"

Field Hockey (2nd) '25; Senior Play  
'25; Assembly Programs '24 '25.



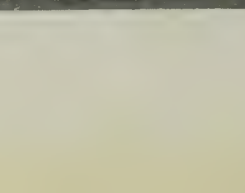
**HILDA VESSEY**  
"Lulu"

English Club '24.



**ELLA MARROW**  
"Shrimp"

Latin Club '22, '23; Assembly Pro-  
grams '25.



**MARJORIE DOANE**  
"Happy"

Social Com. '22.



**SARAH FLEISHMAN**  
"Sar"

English Club '24.

**ARTHUR GORDON**  
"Gelt"

**RAYMOND CIOFFI**  
"Ray"  
Latin Club '22-'25.

**EDWARD MURPHY**  
"Ed"  
Science Club '25; Football (2nd) '23.

**GORDON HEWITT**  
"P. Gordon"

**JOHN MONAHAN**  
"Fliver"

**WILLIAM MURPHY**  
"Bill"  
Science Club '24, '25; Track '22.

**VINCENT PETRUCCI**  
"Vince"  
Baseball '25; Orchestra '22, '23, '24, '25.

**EDWARD SILBERBERG**  
"Ebo"  
Science Club '24, '25.

**ALFRED BOTTI**  
"Al"  
Football (2nd) '24, '25; Track '25;  
French Club '24, '25; Science Club '25.

**LESTER FINKE**  
"Les"  
Senior Play '25; Assembly Program  
'23, '24, '25; Operetta '25; Latin Club  
'23; Orchestra '24, '25.





**RUTH NIELSON****"Niel"**

Hockey '25; Assembly Programs '22, '23; Pierian Club '24.

**AVA BOWERS****"A"**

Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '24, Treasurer '25; Echo Board 25.

**LAURA PHILLIPS****"Bobbie"**

English Club '24; Spanish Club '24, '25.

**MARION OPPENHEIM****"Mary Ann"**

English Club '24.

**ETHEL HERMAN****"Hermie"****EVELYN BIRNIE****"Evey"**

Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24, '25; Pierian Club '24; Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge '22.

**DOROTHY GADDIS****"Dolly"****MILDRED CUSITER****"Mil"**

Assembly Programs '22; Orchestra '23, '24, '25.

**CAROLYN MATHEWSON****"Puggy"**

Latin Club.

**ANNIE LAMPASONA****"Ann"**

**DOROTHY SMITH****"Dot"**Field Hockey '25; Latin Club '22-'25;  
French Club '24, '25.**MARGARET WALLACE****"Margie"**

Latin Club '22, '23, '24.

**MONDA FOPIANO****"Monny"**

Hockey '22 (2nd); Assembly Programs '23; French Club '23, '24; Spanish Club '24, '25; Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

**ARIEL NICKERSON****"Radio"**

Science Club; English Club.

**MARY DeLAMBELLY****"May"**

Pierian Club '24.

**ELEANOR KELLY****"Elen"**

English Club '24.

**ALICE CUNNINGHAM****"Tillie"**

Echo Board '25; Assembly Programs '22; Latin Club '22-'25; Debating Club '24, '25; French Club '24, '25; Spanish Club '24, '25; English Club '24; Debating Team '25.

**JEANETTE EPSTEIN****"Jen"**

English Club '24.

**HELEN KENNEDY****"Hen"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

**SARAH GROSS****"Si"**

Assembly Programs '25; Operetta '25; English Club '24; Orchestra '25.





ORRIN MOONEY  
"Moon"

ALLEN CURRIER  
"Al"

JOHN MORIATY  
"Morey"  
Science Club '25; Orchestra '22 '23,  
'24, '25.

CHARLES McPHETRES  
"Charley"

WILLIAM DEALY  
"Bill"

ISADORE ROSENBERG  
"Rosie"  
Football '23, '24.

SALVADORE PERRONE  
"Sal"  
Orchestra '25; Science Club '25.

PHILIP FLEISCHER  
"Flash"  
Baseball (2nd) '23; Football (2nd)  
'24.

ROBERT SUZMAN  
"Bob"  
Track '22, Football (2nd) '24; Bas-  
ketball (2nd) '24, '25.

ROBERT COHEN  
"Bob"



**DORRIS SAFFORD****"Dot"**

Latin Club '22, '23, '24, '25; Girls' Debating Club '25.

**PAULINE SMITH****"Polly"**

Sec. Girls' Debating Club '25; Science Club '23; English Club '24; Echo Board '25; Operetta '25; Assembly Programs '22-'25; Hockey (2nd) '22.

**ALICE PETERS****"Pete"**

Echo Board '25; Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '23-'25.

**LOUISE LANG****"Louie"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25.

**ANDREA WYMAN****"Nana"**

Latin Club; Orchestra '22, '23, '24.

**LILLIAN KING****"Lil"**

Pierian Club '24.

**MYRTLE LOURIE****"Myrt"**

English Club '24.

**MARY CARNICELLI****"May"**

Latin Club '22-'25; Spanish Club '24, '25; French Club '25.

**EDITH SABEN****"Edie"****MARY KURLAND****"Curly"**

**PAULINE BLOCH****"Blondy"**

Spanish Club '24; English Club '24.

**GERTRUDE STANFORD****"Gerty"**

English Club '23, '24.

**ELEANOR CAMPBELL****"Betty"****KATHLEEN BROUSSARD****"Kay"**Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24, '25;  
Operetta '25; Debating Club '25; Eng-  
lish Club (Secretary) '24; Gen. Knowl-  
edge Club '23.**FANNIE BERLINER****"Fan"**Assembly Programs '22, '23, '24;  
English Club '24; Gen. Knowledge  
Club; Orchestra '22.**NATHALIE HOBERMAN****"Nat"**

English Club '24.

**IRENE BUCEK****"Rena"**Latin Club '22-'25; French Club '24,  
'25.**HELEN GOODWIN****"Goody"**

Assembly Programs '25.

**RUTH VAN DALINDA****"Ruthie"**

Pierian Club '24; Spanish Club '24.

**ELIZABETH ROBINSON****"Betty"**

Latin Club '22, '23, '24.

GERALD GILDEA  
"Mailman"

STUART JACKSON  
"Stewie"

Track '22, '23, '24, '25.

HENRY BROOKS  
"Rivers"

ISADORE MARDEN  
"Izzie"

JOSEPH MURPHY  
"Joe"

WALTER BAKER  
"Walt"

JOSEPH CUNNING  
"Joe"

General Knowledge Club '22; French Club '23; Spanish Club '24; Track '23-'25.

JOSEPH WOLF  
"Alonzo"

French Club '23-'25; Latin Club '22-'25.





**CLARA GOLDEN****"Goldy"**

Debating Club '25; Spanish Club '23;  
French Club '22.

**AGNES MURPHY****"Ag"****DAISY KALISH****"Day"**

French Club '24, '25.

**FLORENCE GOLDMAN****"Flo"**

Latin Club '22, '23.

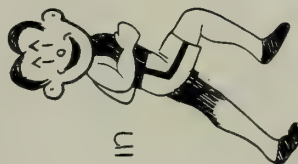
**DORA COHEN****"Dodo"**

Operetta '25; Assembly Programs  
'25; General Knowledge Club '23; Eng-  
lish Club '24; Debating Club '25.

**BEATRICE SAVEL****"Beat"**

# SONGS IN DIFFERENT KEYS

"All Alone"



J. Knell  
doing 50yds. in  
a flat



"Good Night Ladies"

One of "Ed" Howard's victims.

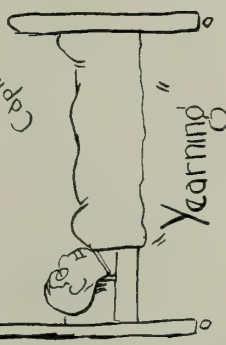
"Running Wile(d)"



"Les"



"Champion"



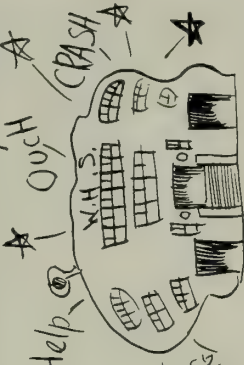
"Yearning"

"Sweet and Low"



"Chic" Exlay

"Me and the Boy Friend"



Help! Ouch

CRASH

Boys and Girls'  
Debate

"CHEER FOR OLD  
WINTHROP"

The best of  
all.



# Commencement

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Senior Class, Juniors:

Again has come Class Day and with it we, the Class of 1925, have come together to begin the festivities both pleasant and solemn which mark the final participation of the class in the activities of the glorious institution which has sheltered it for the past four years. These years, although we may not realize it, have been the happiest of our lives. In them we have formed friendships which will endure forever.

To learn something of our personal attributes, we invite you, the guests of the afternoon to join with us, the Class of 1925, in a spirit of joy and good fellowship. Remember, that this afternoon many things will be said and done in a jovial spirit, with no intent to harm or ridicule.

It is most pleasing to us that so many parents and friends of the Seniors are able to enjoy these Class Day Exercises with us, and we trust that at the conclusion of the afternoon you will be better acquainted with the Class of 1925, after having learned of the good fellowship that has existed among us during the past four years of school life.

On behalf of the Class of 1925, I take great pleasure in welcoming you, the guests of the afternoon, to our Class Day Exercises.

HENRY J. ROCK.

## PROPHECY—A PLAY "TWENTY YEARS AFTER"

### Characters

**Toppan Lithgow**—A retired fish magnate.

**Jack Knell**—A man of the theatre.

**Webster MacKusick**—An oil stock salesman.

**Setting**—Living room in Top's house, 1945 A. D.

**Set**—Reading table with magazines c., three chairs—beside table, d. l., and d. r.

(Lights are lit at rise showing Top asleep in chair with opened telegram on table beside him. Lights are lowered to indicate transference from real life to Top's dream.

Stage is relit revealing Top reading telegram.)

**Top**—Just finished run; will arrive as soon as this, Jack. Well, that's fine. (Knock—Jack enters u. l.—Business of greeting.)

**Jack**—Hullo! Top, old bean! How's the fish business?

**Top**—Going along swimmingly. I was just reading your telegram; see you have been in New York. You know it happens that Web MacKusick is going to drop in this evening. We haven't met for years; so we'll probably talk over old times.

**Jack**—I've a 1925 "Echo" out in the car. I'll get it. (Exits—Top looks at magazine.) (Jack enters, with book.) Here you are, this ought to help.

**Top**—I just noticed in this magazine that old Bert Ridgway severely mangled his hand when investigating the mechanism of a Narrow Gauge engine and was treated by Dr. Botti who happened to be on the train.

**Jack**—Yes, I read that in Carpenter's Clarion Call and I see that Bert was rushed in Granddaddy Finke's Aero-flivver to the new Community Hospital which was just completed yesterday with E. Morey Howard's Building Blocks, said blocks costing him many a "Penny."

**Top**—Yes, those Selectmen, Rand, Mooney, and Kilbourne, had to strain their consciences to pass the bill over John Roth's cemetery commission.

(Knock outside)

Come in! (Web enters u. l.) (Both jump to shake hands and greet him.)

**Jack**—Is the oil stock business good?

**Web**—Oh yes, very. But how are the relics of 1925 today?

**Top**—We were just talking about them.

**Web**—I've just seen a twenty-fiver on Helen Sullivan's "Narrow Chase Me."

**Jack**—Who'd'y' see?

**Web**—Conductor Hatch was trying to toss Century Plant Martin off the train but the latter said he'd have his lawyer, Hayshaker Waddell, sue the company before Portia Peters of the East Boston district court. I'm anxious to hear the news and what our old classmates are doing.



**Jack**—I have just brought in our Year Book and doubtless it will refresh our memories.

**Web**—That's good, (looking at it) I would never recognize them.

**Top** (to book)—There's Red Rock, the best man W. H. S. ever turned out. He's now President of the United States Clam-digger's Equity at Snake Island. George Jameson, the fellow with the rheumatism and the stiff neck, is the Vice President and the Treasurer is Skin-Flint Dealy. Office boy Riley, Skin-Flint's assistant, keeps their stenographers, Fannie Berliner, Evelyn Birnie and Daisy Kalish, supplied with Exley's Ever-Elastic Chewing Gum.

**Jack**—I see that the Gold-dust Triplets have just contracted for the entire clam out-pot for 1946.

**Web**—Who are the Gold-dust Triplets, vaudeville artists?

**Jack**—No, I refer to Jim Goldberg, Clara Golden, and Florence Goldman.

**Web**—(pointing in book)—There's that Simson girl.

**Jack**—Yes, she's the "Stellar" attraction of the "Orrin White Scandals of 1946." Orrin out of the kindness of his heart has given her old friends, Norma Ansell, Dot Russell, and Peggy McCann, solo parts in the chorus. Clayton Nickerson, the leading man with his "Perroneized Permanent Peroxide," entertains his public with his hogsh-head fingers.

**Web** (to book)—Who's this Comic Opera Character?

**Top** (to book)—That is Frank Farquhar who designed the Memorial to Ella Marrow's keeping quiet for a week and Peggy Foran remembering her pictures.

**Web**—Who was the pirate who brought me from the station?

**Top**—Oh, he must mean Fleisher, the man with the blue sweater.

**Web**—Yeh, he nearly clipped one of the Maw, McEwan moving vans, and the driver, Gildea, gave us a liberal education. Say what was that new skyscraper that I saw on Main Street?

**Top**—Why that was Rosenberg and Suzman's 50c and 35c Emporium, which is supported by those bargain hunters Elva Williams and Carolyn Wingersky.

**Jack** (pointing to book)—There's R. M. S. B. Fields, and Ray Cioffin whom I saw yesterday in front of Brigg's English Cloth-

ing Store arguing about sloppy suits. At the same time I saw Milton Band and Ed Brumby looking at loud neckties in one window, and Joe Wolf and his sister-in-law, Olive Fisher, window shopping in the other.

**Web**—Say, I saw the biggest assemblage of twenty-fivers ever gathered at the courthouse, where Judge Hanson was hearing Bob Barney's suit for overcrowding his car. State witness Paul Hewitt testified that he actually counted and saw Sarah Gross, Helen Goodwin and Monda Fopiano on the left mudguard, while Rosanna Gore and Walter Baker occupied the roof; perched on the radiator was Leita Crossman, who thought she was on a horse.

**Top**—Was that the case where Lawyer Currier so ably represented the Sardine Packer's President, John Kelly?

**Web**—Yes, that case was dismissed by Jurywomen Bowers, Davidson, Bucek, Brosseau, Herman, Cusiter, Fleishman, Jones, Kennedy, Kent, De Lambelly, and Forewoman Alice Cunningham.

**Jack**—Speaking of courts I see that Art Gorden has been appointed to fill William McNeill's shoes as Chief of the Winthrop Police Force. Under him he has noble men in John Barry who is Lieutenant; Captain Katziff, and Patrolmen Johnson—O, M, and R.

**Web**—What's this I hear about the Town Tatting Team?

**Top**—Why, they got publicity when the Dots—Young, Smith, Safford and Gaddis, who excel in making Rag Rugs, defeated the Johns—Moriarty and Monahan, and the Eds—Murphy and Silberberg, in their annual contest. Umpire MacPhetres counted the stitches on the corners.

**Web** (to book)—Those pictures remind me of when I was in New York and stopped at "Bridgman and Barkley's Boston Bean Boarding House," where "Bula" did the cooking and Charley did the washing. I was waited on by Dora Cohen and Madora Clarke, the general maids.

**Jack**—That makes me think of "Graham's" Gritty Grill on Governor's Island, where one is poled across the flats by Flannery's Farina Fed Ferry-boat, and is finally welcomed by Waitresses Hamlin, Broussard and King under the baton of Headwaiter Petrucci.

**Top**—On that same day I went down to Brook's Cinema Hall and saw Mary Carni-

celli and Robert Cohen in "Swedish Sweethearts. I was greatly surprised to see Cornelius Donovan's name on the director's plate. The supporting cast consisted of Barbara Bowen and Milton Brush as the old folks, Barbara Hatch as the "Still Young Thing," and Gladys Harwood as the "Baby Star." The Orchestra led by Bill Murphy and Concertmaster McGarigle played a score by Isadore Marden, dedicated to Lang's Sole Savers.

**Web**—Say I'd like to take you down to Revere to see Ruth Van Dalinda and Hilda Vessey selling tickets on Gordon McGrath's lightning chaser and also to see Joe Murphy's Mirth Making Merry-go-round where any Sunday you can see Flo Rollins and Lillian Pigeon booming trade.

**Jack**—I'll bet none of those can beat Vi Ridgway's Rolling Perpetual Wreck. Eleanor Kelly and Mary Kurland sell tickets there. Andrea Wyman and Pauline Smtih's hot dog stand is found just outside, where Joe Cunning carries on his nail driving business.

**Top**—To get to Revere now one must take Scott Dixon's motor bus. Ariel Nickerson supplies him with Maxwell cars at a reduction, through a friend of hers, and Gerry Totman does her collecting act with the fares.

**Web** (to book)—I saw that face in Raymond's.

**Jack** (to book)—That's Margaret Levison.

**Web** (to book)—These two were with her.

**Top** (to book)—Oh, those are Virginia Crooker and Gladys Lyons, the house detectives.

**Jack**—Bud MacKusick has secured the position of selling Skou's maps on seeing the world through a porthole, by his friendship with George Thomas, who has supplanted Mr. Raymond.

**Web** (to book)—Who's that.

**Top** (to book)—Why, that's Annie Lampasona, the French milliner, who keeps Natalie Story and Margaret Belcher busy spraying rose water on her costumers. Dick Does keeps Annie's copyrights straight, with the helpful aid of researchers Jeanette Epstein, Elizabeth Robinson, and Laura Phillips.

**Jack** (to book)—There's Agnes Murphy, the new Point Shirley Railroad Magnate, now managing the enormous help of Motor-

woman Ruth Nielson and Conductorwoman Myrtle Lowrie.

**Web** (to book)—I saw that girl in Savel's Hippodrome.

**Top** (to book)—That's Happy Doane, the leader of a ballet composed of Marion Oppenheim and Edith Saben.

**Jack** (to book)—I've seen that girl's picture lately.

**Top** (to book)—Oh yes, that is Gertrude Stanford's movie still. Probably you saw it used in an advertising stunt, originated by Pauline Bloch and Geraldine Carsley, to boom Eleanor Campbell's hair restorer.

**Jack** (looking at watch)—Well, old man, we must be going to the alumni banquet. See you later. (Web and Jack exit).

**Top**—Good-bye. (Sits in same chair as at rise and picks up same telegram. Lights are lowered and when they come up he is seen asleep. He wakes after elapse of a few seconds.)

Now wasn't that odd that I should dream of the old bunch on the very night when I'm to see them all again at the alumni banquet.

Curtain

By

T. F. LITHGOW,  
J. F. KNELL,  
W. L. MacKUSICK.

#### CLASS HISTORY FOR 1925

**Scribe**—Hello!

**Artist**—Oh, hello! Awfully glad to see you!

**Scribe**—Just thought I'd drop in. How goes the painting?

**Artist**—Oh I'm terribly upset. I know the Exhibition will never accept my contribution.

**Scribe**—Don't be discouraged, there will probably be worse paintings there. And besides some newspaper might use them for one of those "What's wrong in this picture" cartoons.

**Artist**—You don't understand. It's not the trouble with my painting, its the trouble with my paintings. I mean the things I turn out. I can't paint a thing without its seeming to form itself into scenes of our high school days—just a regular picture history of the Class of 1925.

**Scribe**—Sounds very interesting to me.

But meanwhile I'm dying of curiosity to learn what great arts are hidden beneath yon startling cover. If the title tells the story of the contents, I am actually forced to believe that you have been telling me the truth about your haunting school day pictures.

**Artist**—I have and, what's more, I never tell lies (Picture of Freshmen is shown). Do you recognize we(e) Freshmen of '25.

**Scribe**—Do I? Well I should say that I do! It was a very long time ago but I remember. The first day of school shall always remain an epoch in my life. I was so very much excited about going to High School that I got up at six o'clock to make sure that I should not be late. Then armed with a big brown book bag I left for school half an hour early. I can tell you that heavy bag didn't lighten the lofty climb to Osborne Hall.

**Artist**—And can you ever forget the terrible time we had finding our rooms? Why, I used to make daily tours about school, trying to find my classroom. And, of course, no one dared to ask a Senior to aid one's sense of direction. Seniors were awe inspiring creatures only to be worshipped, never to be questioned.

**Scribe**—It always hurt my feelings awfully to read the knocks on our Freshie dumbness printed in the "Echo."

**Artist**—It was rather a hard year. We were all at sea, tossed about from room to room, but finally we came to a place of happy calm—the Freshman Social! It was surely a gala day in our lives. I can still see those lovely springtime decorations of bright yellow daffodils.

**Scribe**—And the girls in their cunning fluffy ruffled dresses; and the boys in their new blue serge suits and you know I used to wonder why the gym floor was so crowded—it was those enormous patent leather shoes the Freshmen boys wore that cluttered up so!

**Artist**—And before we knew it, we were no longer abused Freshmen but vain and sleepy Sophomores, smiling with superiority at the green newcomers.

(Picture of Sophomore is shown)

**Scribe**—That picture takes me right back to the Sophomore year. It used to take an alarm clock and all my family to get me out of bed in the morning. Then with half-closed eyes I'd amble off to school and mum-

ble to myself what a cruel world we lived in. And why did they ever build schools; why couldn't they just let us sleep? Then from 8:20 to 1:45 the whole class would yawn and nap. Oftentimes we received those delightful little white slips of paper, a polite invitation to an afternoon session room for inattention in class—but they never woke us up. We slept on!

**Artist**—And the long, lean, lanky legs in their first long trousers. They were unmanageable! They littered aisles and corridors. You always had to "watch your step" all right or you would certainly fall over some boy's far-stretching limbs!

**Scribe**—But those limber legs were a help on the football team! They made good dancers, too!

**Artist**—I don't quite remember the Sophomore Social, do you?

**Scribe**—Yes, indeed! It was a many colored social; streamers of rainbow tints and balloons which everyone broke to add to the noise of the orchestra.

**Artist**—Of course, I remember now! There were Seniors there too—our first real face to face—hand to hand combat with them. They held themselves reserved, but they enjoyed the social.

**Scribe**—I am afraid we vain and sleepy Sophomores learned very little that year. Of course, no one could teach us anything anyway, because we knew it all before we were born!

**Artist**—But we weren't Sophomores for long. We were upper classmen all too soon—Juniors who studied.

(Picture of Junior is shown)

**Scribe**—Did we ever dress like that? I suppose we did! Those long skirts must have been a great help to the janitor—the way they swept the floor! But why the studious look upon the Junior's face?

**Artist**—Oh, I studied that year. But it was no use. My diligent efforts didn't even register when compared to Natalie Story's remarkable achievements.

**Scribe**—I never could see how she did it. She was the brilliant star of our class. But, of course, remember we didn't study all the time. We had a social, a valentine one! Full of hearts and loves and music. Winthrop High's elite Juniors came all dressed up with "400" pins.

**Artist**—And I still have my program from the school play, "Three Live Ghosts." I



shall never forget it. It was our first real attempt at dramatics and we surely produced some wonderful actors and actresses!

**Scribe**—I was terribly excited about it. It was so mysterious. Then, after all was over, I heard people about me saying to each other, "It's the best ever!" And how proud I felt because 1925 was so well represented.

**Artist**—Do you know I used to enjoy our orchestra lots, too. They often played some of my favorite selections between the acts.

**Scribe**—We had many musicians in our class.

**Artist**—Yes; let's see, there was Virginia Crooker and Mildred Cusiter.

**Scribe**—And Finke and Petrucci.

**Artist**—Oh, yes, and Jameson and Perone.

**Scribe**—They must have been very good musicians, too, for I remember they played for broadcasting once.

**Artist**—Then suddenly we found ourselves situated on the third floor with our daily exercise of climbing the stairs without puffing! We were Seniors at last! Dignified Seniors who walked on clouds!

(Picture of Senior is shown)

**Scribe**—But why not? We had many reasons to be up in the air! We lived in the age of excitement—earthquakes in New England, an eclipse, and we made use of the greatest modern invention when we were the first class to hear an inaugural speech over the radio!

**Artist**—That's right, I'd never thought of that. It was a very busy year, that Senior year. Always something going on!

**Scribe**—First there came the football season which ended in a six to six tie score between Revere and W. H. S. It proved that each team was too good to beat the other.

**Artist**—And votes for the girls! Our hockey team surely shone right through its season.

**Scribe**—Then through the winter months our basketball team had to be watched. That was certainly a team to be proud of.

**Artist**—And as soon as spring had thawed out and dried up Ingleside Park enough to make a diamond, baseball gave us much excitement.

**Scribe**—We certainly were good sports! Even our Senior social turned to sports, with its decorations of footballs!

**Artist**—Oh let's leave sports now; let's talk about our victorious debating team. Our speakers often won first prizes.

**Scribe**—And don't forget the girls. They shared in those oratorical honors!

**Artist**—And the Senior play, "A Tailor-Made Man"! Wasn't it a wonder?

**Scribe**—It was great! Jack Knell certainly was a hero.

**Artist**—And wasn't Beulah Barkley sweet?

**Scribe**—Olive Fisher and Betty Kilbourne made clever society leaders.

**Artist**—Robert Barney showed real talent.

**Scribe**—Our dramatics were famous. And the operetta! When 1925 poured forth her songs, she was an opera star.

**Artist**—It was a glorious year all in all. And confess, didn't you thoroughly enjoy playing the proud, haughty Senior?

**Scribe**—Of course, everyone did! It was great fun to look royally down at the Freshmen, who in return looked up with "Aren't they grand?" in their eyes.

**Artist**—And so very soon the year came near its end. Graduation and diplomas loomed up in our horizon. The largest class in the history of the school was to graduate. Oh dear! how I should love to go back and do it all over again!

**Scribe**—So should I. But since it's impossible; we can only keep the history of the dear Class of 1925 in our minds forever!

Written by ROSAMOND GRAHAM.

Given by R. GRAHAM and H. BROSSEAU.

#### SALUTATORY

Members of the Faculty, Parents, Friends:

To-day, we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five, leave the sheltering harbor of our Alma Mater, and sail out upon the Sea of Life. We go to discover new worlds, to realize our hopes, dreams and visions.

Although we regret deeply to leave the haven where we spent four most happy years, we hope to attain the fulfillment of our dreams when our ship comes in on the other side of the sea. Let us then look toward the future and lay aside all sadness of farewell.

Our pilot is leaving us, and being young and inexperienced, we become a little frightened at sight of the open sea just ahead. However, the knowledge that you are all with us in spirit, and that you will give us your advice and guidance in the future as

you have so wisely done in the past, greatly allays our fears.

The graduating class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five extends to all gathered here a most cordial and hearty welcome and expresses hereby the hope that this occasion will forever be a pleasant reminiscence of the class of '25.

MILTON BAND.

#### WHAT BOOKS CAN DO FOR US

"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;  
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;  
Books are paths that upward lead;  
Books are friends. Come, let us read."

Before we consider the value of books, perhaps it would be of interest to know a little of their history. The first books were written on tablets of wood, ivory, or metal. These materials were chosen because of their lasting qualities and were used by the Greeks and Romans. In books of wood, the inner side of the tablet was coated with wax and written on by a stylus. Egyptian manuscripts were written on papyrus rolls with reeds dipped in gum water. Later, parchment and vellum gorgeously illuminated were eagerly sought after, and great prices were paid for them by the nobility. Then cotton paper was used; but with the invention of linen paper in the 14th century, there was a great development in writing. In 1454 Gutenberg invented the printing press. This brought books within the reach of the lower classes as well as of the wealthy. No person can hope to read even the smallest fraction of the books now in existence. Therefore, we must be careful to choose those which can best give us what we need or want.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,  
For wisdom, piety, delight or use."

There are great treasures stored up in books, but we must find them for ourselves. What may be a great help or inspiration to one person will leave another cold and untouched. Where shall we start? To gain knowledge that will be of real value, one must begin along the line of the thing which interests him the most. Oftentimes something seen in the moving pictures or in a magazine stirs the curiosity of a person who has hitherto cared little for books,

causing him to search eagerly for more information on the subject. In this way he becomes a voracious reader, seeking knowledge from every available source. Many of the most cultured men are self-educated through books. Some experience or emotion having aroused their interest, they plunge into books to satisfy their desire for knowledge. They flounder about, getting the bad as well as the good, but keeping doggedly on, they at length add a richness and fullness to their lives. Thus they gain as much education as men with university training. Some one has said, "The half of knowledge is to know where to find knowledge."

To be valuable, knowledge must be vigorous and forceful. To possess these qualities it must give us a true understanding of the price of the individual in the world. Therefore we should know something of what has happened in the world.

Books of history tell us what man has done. They bring the past of the whole world before our eyes, making us see it as a rapid stream of progress. History should be read in the attempt to learn the influence which the past has had on our personal lives and to understand our own individual problems in relation to other aspects of life.

In books of science we discover what man knows and is able to prove. Science is only that knowledge that can not be disputed. All learning is sought with the idea of control over something. Man should seek from books of science only such knowledge as will give him control over ignorance, ill health, emotions, and impulses.

Likewise, books give us some idea of art. Art is what man has made and in this sense the term applies to the practical as well as to the fine arts. The chief function of art is that of inspiration and idealism. Art at its best in any form expresses the deepest and noblest aspirations of the race. Any one whose existence is not influenced by the beauty of art has missed the best in life.

There is a particular pleasure to be derived from poetry that cannot be obtained from anything else. Poetry expresses emotion, idealizes experiences, appeals to the imagination, and is pleasing to the ear because of its rhythm.

Literature is too vast and indefinite to

be classified in every detail. It is what man has imagined and created, expressed through the medium of the written word. Life is truly stranger than fiction, and for this reason even the most ardent reader of fiction will sooner or later turn to books of reality. Fiction deals with every phase of life in its most intricate problems. From the best fiction of any age even the wisest man can gain insight into life. In old age one may read and enjoy all the literature and thought of the past, but in youth one should center on the knowledge and culture that can best inform, stimulate, and inspire.

Culture in its deepest sense comes from books. "Cultural knowledge added to realistic knowledge constitutes true education." Books are a necessity in life. They awaken imagination, and intellect and through them a sympathetic understanding of man, and a new sense of adventure is gained. Shakespeare says, "Sir, he that hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book, he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished."

VIRGINIA CROOKER.

#### KNIGHTHOOD

Out along the road we're riding, hearts a-  
dance and beating free,  
With the sword of knighthood hanging,  
spurs and plumes of chivalry;  
Out in search of high adventure, Life and  
Luck will serve us well;  
Hope is with us; fear, we know not; sor-  
row, Youth can ne'er foretell.

In the morning of our childhood, others  
taught us of their store;  
Half-forgetful then, we listened, careless of  
the road before.  
Later, we'll perhaps remember what they  
told us then of life,  
Later, when in battles raging, we will learn,  
ourselves, of strife.

For we, comrades, soon or later, all will  
know of hurt and pain  
Battles won, and bitter battles lost and  
never won again,  
Friends and loved ones lost forever, disap-  
pointment and despair;  
Hours when God alone can help us, and we  
turn to him in prayer.

For the honor of our Order, for the names  
our fathers bore  
In those hours of grief we'll ride as those,  
our fathers, rode before,  
Gallantly, courageously, with swords and  
hearts undimmed and bright,  
Never faltering, never fleeing from the  
shadows and the night.

We will find, too, happy hours, when our  
spirits will be gay,  
Moments of the purest pleasure on some  
sleepy summer's day,  
Or that nobler satisfaction, felt for duty  
nobly done;  
Worth to us that honest gladness all the  
dangers we have run.

And at last, when we are aging, in the  
twilight of our years,  
We will turn and smile, remembering all  
our laughter and our tears;  
Thankful to the ones who loved us, blaming  
neither friend nor foe,  
We will answer as death calls us, put our  
hand in God's and go.

BETTY KILBOURNE.

#### A LITTLE APPRECIATED ART

The vast number of arts to which the  
title, "A Little Appreciated Art," might  
apply can hardly be realized. It could be  
applied to a large number of the arts of the  
ancient world or to the little known arts  
of the present century, but I have chosen  
to apply it to an art that concerns every  
pupil in the High School and particularly  
those of the two upper classes. It is an  
art that requires the practical application  
of the knowledge that the student has ac-  
quired through his former years of school-  
ing. It is an art that requires physical  
alertness. It may well be called an art, for  
art is the practical application of knowledge.  
I refer to the art of debating.

Among the other school activities of our  
last school year there were two debating  
clubs, one entirely supported by the girls  
and the other entirely supported by the  
boys. These clubs are the direct outgrowth  
of a former High School Congress that was  
disorganized some ten years ago. This  
Congress functioned on exactly the same  
principles as those of our state Congresses  
today. Notices of speakers and subjects were



posted in ample time to allow for a gathering of material for the session. The chosen speakers were allowed to present their side of the question, and immediately afterwards followed a general discussion by members on the floor. The question was put to a vote in the same manner as the procedure in our State Congress. The climax of this organization was reached when it was allowed the use of the Senate Chambers in the State House in Boston. This session was held on a Saturday morning, and the members occupied the regular seats of the legislators. The same program was carried out as in the regular session of the Congress.

Due to the large number of members necessary to carry out the work of the organization and the response of so few it was deemed advisable to drop the Congress and to establish a debating club. This club is run on practically the same principles as that Congress, only that it has different officers on the governing board; namely, President, Vice-President and Secretary, and at the meetings the discussions are entirely carried on by appointed speakers. The audience then votes as to the winning side and the best speaker. The girls of the class of 1924 organized a Girls' Debating Club and challenged the boys' club to a public debate. This event has become an annual occurrence and is looked forward to by members of both clubs and the student body. The boys' and girls' clubs co-operate in supporting the school in outside debates. This year three public debates were held, two with outside schools and one between the boys and girls. These debates have always created an interest among the pupils and the citizens of the town and are well attended, but as far as the membership of these clubs is concerned it is very small. Now, the question is why are these memberships so small? Several reasons might be advanced, but the most likely reason is that it requires too much work and a high grade in school studies. The purpose of my talk tonight is to show that these opinions are not true, and to encourage future classes to make an earnest effort to join these organizations, if for only a month or two as a trial, in order to make Winthrop High School the leading school in this section in the furthering of the art of debating.

Let us first consider what debating is. Debating is the presentation of argument, and argument is the direct result of reasoning. I recently heard an excellent definition of education, which was as follows: A person is educated when he is brought into possession of his own resources of personality. We attend school to become educated. We go to this class and study English, we go to that class and study geometry, we go to another class to study history, but the greatest benefits are derived when we call upon the accumulated knowledge of these subjects stored in our brain to support us in a business-like fashion in the eyes of our fellow men. The man who cannot take part in the discussion of topics of importance by his fellow men is looked upon as a man who knows nothing. He has to bear this reputation simply because he was not trained in his youth to call upon his resources of personality.

The debating clubs of our school were formed exactly for this purpose. They allow the pupil to train himself to use his accumulation of knowledge in the right way. The club is self-supporting and hires a coach to give the student the proper instructions in this work.

Let me show the direct connection that exists between debating and school work. One of the fundamentals of debating is good, clear, concise English. This fundamental has been acquired by most of the students of the High School in their former years of study. They have studied the proper use of words, figures of speech, the principles of theme writing, the lives of authors and education, prominent literature, etc. All of this is vitally necessary.

Another of the fundamentals is clear concise reasoning. The best subject to develop this quality is geometry. Geometry treats of the process of bringing out truths based on established facts. An article appearing in the School and Society Magazine stated that historians and the ablest of educators have well understood that beneath the difficult symbolism of mathematics there lies the actual fulfillment of some man's deepest aspiration,—the ideal of irrefutable reasoning.

Thus we see that geometry is taken in the school as a subject to accustom the student's mind to irrefutable reasoning and not as a subject to further the pupil's

knowledge of mathematics.

History is a vital subject in debating because practically every question is based on past or present occurrences in either local sections or the world at large.

A good debator is generally a person that is a participant in some form of athletics. To be mentally alert is to be physically fit. A rare sight is a person with an alert mind and a poor physical development. One depends upon the other for strength.

In closing I should like to make an appeal to the classes of 1926 and 1927 to make an earnest effort to join the debating clubs and participate in at least one trial debate. Such a trial will prove to your satisfaction that debating will help you to train your mind, that it will bring into practical use the results of your school training, that it requires very little outside effort in comparison with athletics and other school activities, and also that it will place Winthrop High School in the lead in the furthering of High School Debating.

HOVEY RAND.

#### THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF SENSATIONAL NEWSPAPERS

One of the most prevalent evils of the age in which we live seems to be the growing sensationalism of some of the most popular of the daily newspapers. In Boston there are two good papers, more than that number which are mediocre, and one or two which thinking people should not read. Instead of being boycotted by public disapproval, this class seems to be the most widely read. The editors, or whoever it is that shapes their policies, think that the average person sees only things that are so large and so red, or black, as the case may be, and so exaggerated that they rise up from the printed page and literally strike the reader in the eye.

One leading authority on crime has said that the causes for a great deal of the ever increasing crime can be traced directly to sensational articles published in various journals, mainly the daily newspaper. The sensationalism itself might be excusable were it not for the rank injustice of the treatment of such articles. A brief plot of the history of one of them might serve as an example. A crime is committed at some late hour attended by rather gruesome

circumstances, the city editor of a large newspaper is informed of it and immediately assigns one of his star reporters to get the "write up." This reporter is told the approximate length of the desired article and sets off to the spot of the crime. He arrives, notes the vicinity of the happening, the street number, and various other superfluous details. He stays around awhile and as nothing of interest seems to happen he jogs back to the office and writes his story. His notes of two or three sentences become expanded to fill a page, not counting headlines; and, allowing for typographical errors, the resulting article is quite inaccurate. But that is unimportant. The important thing and the thing that is stressed, and moulded, and said in a thousand different ways is, that there was a crime committed and that this crime was most horrible. What happens to the criminal after the trial is rarely stressed in most newspapers, leaving one to think that the consequences were uninteresting or unimportant. To some people uninteresting means without consequences and these people think that the criminal's jury was bribed, or that he was given a short prison term, or at any rate he was not punished very severely. This side of the subject is the thing that encourages prospective criminals who attempt some premeditated crime thinking that they also can escape punishment and are sadly enlightened when they receive a long and hard sentence. One sided newspapers are slighting the law in this way by not attaching the maximum importance to the punishment of the crime rather than to the crime itself.

Another way in which this poorer class of news organs throws a disparaging light on events of public interest is the manner in which governmental procedure is treated. This trait is especially noticeable if the party of the official in question is opposed to that of the newspaper. One would be led to believe, on reading such articles, that certain men in high positions were purposely doing the most incompetent things possible in order to bring destruction upon the country.

In connection with this slanderous and sarcastic criticism of public officials might be mentioned the numberless faults that are found with the general laws of the land and also with the constitutional amend-



ments. This constant fault finding stretches freedom of speech to the length of license and should not be tolerated by true Americans.

The reputation alone of such papers as propagate these policies should serve to keep people who wish to converse intelligently and accurately upon current happenings from reading them. But it does not. In this respect the present teaching in the public schools is doing a great work. In all English classes, and in fact whenever occasion demands, the pupils are advised as to which newspapers are the most reliable and meritorious. The reading of those papers that are unreliable and untrustworthy is promptly discouraged. When the present younger generation has grown up, they will have been educated to the better things of life, and will hand this education on to their followers. So through their influence it would seem that the existence of the wrong kind of newspapers will gradually cease.

F. TOPPAN LITHGOW.

#### ON FINDING ONE'S NICHE IN THE WORLD

Upon leaving high school, one's mind is wholly engrossed with finding the proper niche in the world. The main difficulty in finding one's niche lies in adopting a profession to suit the character of the individual, for there seems to be an unlimited number of professions from which to choose. But, after all, it isn't the profession one pursues in life that spells success, it's the character of the individual. No field is overcrowded for the one who is determined to go ahead, and is not afraid of hard work. If one has a determined will, if one knows oneself and has learned the value of self-discipline, and if one has that unflagging courage to continually strive toward a goal ahead, he is bound to succeed in life. On the other hand, if one has that, "I don't care" manner and thinks that all that is necessary in life is to "get by," then that individual will never succeed in life, and it is very doubtful if he will even "get by."

The late Andrew Carnegie said, "I would not give a fig for the man in business who does not already see himself a partner." In other words, he believed that success

would come to the one who has ambition, to the one who sets eyes upon a definite goal and who determines to reach that goal.

Thus, determination and ambition have much to do with success. But these two qualities alone will not lead to success. Too much ambition and determination have caused the downfall of many a man. Alexander the Great was determined and ambitious; that was the cause of his early death. If he had known himself and if he had disciplined himself, his life would have been much richer and fuller, and he would have lived much longer than he did live. No one, spurred on by ambition, who exceeds his mental and physical capacities ever finds real joy in life. No one can violate the laws of nature without paying the penalty for doing so. Natural law is its own enforcement agent and it never fails to apprehend those who believe themselves beyond its jurisdiction. A man must know when he is exceeding his mental and physical capacities, and he must know how to discipline himself in order to put a stop to such excesses before he can hope to attain his goal in life.

No matter what profession a man may choose to follow, his ultimate goal in life is success. The best formula for success is self-confidence and hard work. It isn't the man who is most capable or who draws the most pay that is best liked; but it's the man, who, when he fails, gets up, brushes off the dust and goes at it again with renewed self-confidence and determination. Such a man will find his niche in the world and will succeed in filling it so that he may reflect back to the honor and credit of his Alma Mater.

MILTON BAND.

#### PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, Parents, Classmates and Friends:

This is the last time we, the Class of 1925, shall assemble as a class. Tonight we are to receive our diplomas, the prize for which we have striven during the past four years in high school.

We have been together through victory and defeat and have now finished successfully. To our principal and our teachers we owe our heartiest thanks for the helpful and every-ready assistance and inspiration they



have given us. We all wish for them in the future every joy and success.

After tonight each member of the graduating class will go on to that branch of work for which he is best adapted, whether it be in higher institutions of learning or in the business world. Wherever our paths lead us, let us never show ourselves unworthy of the teaching we have received in Winthrop High School.

It has always been the custom in past years for the graduating class to present the High School with a valuable and lasting gift. This year the class decided that, as the High School has been generously remembered in the past and as the new Junior High School is to be completed within a short time, it would be fitting to select a gift which would be appropriate for the Junior High. So after due deliberation the class has decided to present the new Junior High School with a picture of Superintendent of Schools Frank A. Douglas, in recognition of his long and devoted service to our schools and his unfailing interest in the welfare of the pupils and of the town.

We hope this picture will afford as much pleasure to the coming classes in the Junior High School as it has to the Class of 1925 in the presentation of it.

It is my great pleasure, on behalf of the Class of 1925, to present to the Junior High

School a picture of Frank A. Douglas, Superintendent of Winthrop Schools.

HENRY J. ROCK.

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#### THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CLASS GIFT

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Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, President and Members of the Graduating Class, Friends:

The Class of 1925 has exercised both wisdom and discernment in the choice of a gift to the school, for it is one which will be highly appreciated and esteemed. In years to come the picture of our beloved Superintendent will not only help to keep him in the hearts of the students of the Winthrop schools, but will serve to recall his wonderful works. The picture could not be more fittingly placed than in our Junior High School, because it was largely through the efforts of our Superintendent that this building has been erected, an accomplishment which means a great deal to the town.

As president of the Junior Class it is indeed a great pleasure to accept on behalf of the Winthrop High School the most esteemed gift of the Class of 1925, and may success and happiness be theirs in years to come.

LESTER M. WILE.



## Senior Class Ballot

**Wittiest**—The class is unanimous in its choice of Webster MacKusick. Rosanna Gore is the wittiest girl, but Dot Russell was a close second.

**Most Popular**—Henry Rock and Olive Fisher were chosen by a large majority. Jack Knell and Stella Simson received several votes.

**Best Looking**—Quite a division was noticed in this department, but John Roth and Helen Sullivan received the decision, with Parker Hatch and Margaret Leviston as the "runners up."

**Quietest**—Undoubtedly Isadore Marden and Madora Clark. However, a few thought of Alan Currier and Natalie Story.

**Best Workers**—Ray Flannery, of social committee fame, and Betty Kilbourne were awarded this honor.

**Best Athletes**—Henry Rock was given everyone's vote, and Margaret McCann was considered the most athletic girl.

**Best Actors**—Jack Knell took his rightful place very easily, and Olive Fisher was not offered much competition.

**Most Prompt**—A good worker must be prompt; so we again have Ray Flannery and Betty Kilbourne. A few remembered Joseph Wolf, Gerald Gildea, and Kathleen Broussard.

**Know the Most**—Milton Band and Natalie Story surely do.

**Think They Do**—Frank Farquhar and Violette Ridgway received the most votes, but Joseph Wolf and Alice Cunningham thought they knew quite a lot.

**Most Studious**—Again we have Milton Band and Natalie Story.

**Biggest Pest**—We hope the feelings of William Dealy and Ella Marrow will not be hurt. Someone thought the Juniors and all girls ought to get this.

**Best Bluffers**—Theodore Waddell and Barbara Hatch are awarded the floor without a murmur. Occasionally Bob Barney and Ella Marrow get away with something.

**Sleepiest**—Herbert Ridgway and Doris Safford may be merely preoccupied, and then again. . . .

**Nicest Smile**—Everyone has been charmed by those of Orrin White and Helen Sullivan.

**Best Dressers**—Parker Hatch and Margaret Leviston seem to present the best appearance.

**Prettiest Hair**—This asset is possessed by Ralph Maw and Elva Williams.

**Best Alibi**—It is thought that Lewis Briggs and Barbara Hatch have quite glib tongues, but Ted Waddell and Ella Marrow are close behind.

**Had the Most Sessions**—The faculty has cramped hands from writing them for James Riley and Ella Marrow, but Phil Fleisher was quite a good customer.

## Those Juniors

**Ada Foley**—"Tee-hee-hee! I can make a button hole, just as well as a hockey goal."

**Gwennie Hall**—She can cut bread 'cause she's a girl scout.

**Gracie Pigon**—The other partner in the "Atkinson, Pigon, Inc."

**Dot Davis**—Our rising young actress likes "Cicero" best though!

**Veronica Preg**—Yes, she's still with us, though you'd never know it.

**Isabel Blandford**—"A dashing Sheba, if she but knew it."

**Helen Remik**—Your unintentional wit provides us great amusement. You'll catch on to yourself some one of these days.

**Hortense Saunders**—"Day by day, in every day," I'm learning to pronounce better and better.

**Kay Stevens**—Generally engaged in that expert telegraphy across the room. Practice makes perfect, Kay.

**Margaret Tully**—Another one of our hockey champs.

**Isabel McFarlane**—Some time Isabel is going to show us the right way to teach geometry.

**Evelyn Peters**—"What! You don't know your Latin? Ask Evelyn, she knows.

**Jo Rollins**—A staunch member of the "Iwasgoners."

**Margaret Verdi**—"I don't register this morning, Miss Beck."

**Nancy Baker**—You're short (5 ft.) but sweet.

The "I Don't Know" trio—**Mabel Ramsay, Ruth Clarke, Adeline Clougherty**. Mabel and Ruth are tied for first place.

**Florence Maurad's** ambition is to be Richard Dix's secretary.

**Margaret Dineen**—Dainty and petite—from your head down to your feet.

The loud<sup>est</sup> speaker of W. H. S.—**Arthur Burke**.

**George De Roo** considers himself a "rose among thorns."

**George Glass** (thinks he) knows it all, but we pass that honor on to quiet but knowing **Charles Reid**.

**Henry Moore**—Our idea of a teacher's pe(s)t.

**Stella White** likes to argue but is surpassed by **Silvia Ceder**.

**Leslie Dimes**—The model young boy scout.

**Fred Stone**—Sound asleep!

**Ba Tewksbury**—Never argues.

**Arthur Roberts**—If Eli doesn't know it, it isn't worth knowing.

**Ray Herbert**—Our Dapper Dan.

**Bob Crossman** is our flivver expert.

**Ralph Ferrar** hates to be called Ferrare.

**Otis Crocker** is always in the way.

**Dominic Peronne**—Oh, that innocent expression.

**Mil Bridgeman**—"Classmates, don't take Cod Liver oil! It's apt to cause the measles."

**Helen Hall**—"Figure" of speech, don't you know.

**John Lochhead**, the last of the short pantied Mohicans.

**Carl Baskin**, the chemist, has a brand new element up his sleeve. That boy bears watching.

The inscription on **Lester Wiles'** statue in 1955; "So I shot the 50,000 baskets," etc.

**Sidney Goldberg**—"Ah,—tthat lofty brow, that auburn hair,—those Freckles! !

**Robert Ball** tells us that his greatest ambition is to roll around in his OWN, big Rolls-Royce. Ah! What a "bally" ambition!

No, that is not Santa Claus snooping around here;—that's merely **Joseph Barry**, the class detective in disguise.

This **Siebert** fellow is a Fast boy,—he blushes sixty minutes an hour.

Don't worry, **MacEwan**,—General Pershing was once a boy scout too.

**Earnest Baker**—"Brud's" a little boy, but he handles a wicked baseball bat.

**Frank Bauer**—The cub reporter, "Echoes" everything.

**Paul Connor**—"Dynamic Peter." Also answers to the name of "Captain Connor."

**Kendall Clark**—Egotistical, sophisticated, mathematical, scientific, all-knowing chemist.

**John Devlin**—The coming Bill Tilden.

**Robert Freeman**—Kid "Car" drives a wild flivver.

**Abraham Gosale**—Wields a wicked grin and pours "mean" melody from a melancholy "Buescher."

**Walter Johnson**—The name doesn't mean that he knows anything about a piano or doughnut making.

**James Leighton**—"Red Grange," "Battler," "Chorus Girl," and otherwise all-round athlete—(Spanish?)

**Victor Nelson**—"Redvick" has just completed a "Victor" record on the scientific art of baseball twirling. "Spontaneous."

**Robert Rockwood**—Knows lots about radio, but he doesn't know how to spend his next ten high school years.

**Cleo Grady**—The chemistry lab. is never safe with him around.

"Last, but not least," **Guy Lothrop** brings the class to an ideal finish with his usual whirlwind clean-up. Good work, "Cap."





## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Henry J. Rock '25, President  
Lester M. Wile '26, Vice President  
Estelle M. Simpson '25, Secretary  
Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer

**Field Hockey**—Sarah Brooks '26, Captain; Margaret McCann '25, Manager; Norma Ansell '25, Assistant Manager.

**Football**—Henry Rock '25, Captain; Robert Johnson '25, Manager; John Campbell '26, Assistant Manager.

**Basketball**—Lester Wile '26, Captain; Edward Brumby '25, Manager; Waldo Bucek '26, Assistant Manager.

**Baseball**—Guy Lothrop '26, Captain; Cornelius Donovan '25, Manager; Lawrence Monahan '26, Assistant Manager.

**Track**—Raymond Flannery '25, Captain; Richard Does '25, Manager; Guy Melgren '26, Assistant Manager.

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## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Edward R. Clarke, Henry J. Rock, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Stedfast, Harvey Sleeper, Harold W. Poole.



### FIELD HOCKEY

Front Row—B. Bruce, S. Simson, G. Harwood, S. Brooks, M. McCann, A. Foley, M. Thompson. Second Row—B. Bowen, R. Nielson, M. Tully, F. McCann, K. Shepard, M. Barkley. Back Row—Miss Nowers, Miss Key, D. Smith, N. Ansell.

The Field Hockey Team finished a highly successful season Monday, November seventeenth, considering the number of new recruits, and at the close of the season was tied with Winchester for second place in the interscholastic league.

When a call was issued by Coach Mowers, the veteran players along with the new candidates responded. The veteran players consisted of Captain "Sally" Brooks, Manager "Peggy" McCann, Ada Foley, Stella Simson and Dorothy Smith.

The first adventure of the season was on Friday, October 10, when Winthrop clashed with Arlington at Arlington. Ada Foley, a veteran of the line-up, contributed the goal which tied the game. The team showed up well, considering that Arlington was the champ of the southern division.

On Friday, October 17, Winthrop was defeated by Swampscott at Swampscott only after a hard and exciting battle by the close score of 2-1. Captain Sally Brooks and Ruth Neilson did some splendid work on the defense, while Ada Foley and Mirian Thompson battled hard on the forward line, Miss Thompson scoring the only goal for her team in the last half of the game.

Still playing away from home on Friday, October 24, the team journeyed to Melrose; and, although Winthrop was beaten in a very fast game, the Melrose aggregation experienced difficulty in overcoming the home team. For the most part the battle was in the Winthrop territory. Winthrop's only goal was made by Ada Foley, who played a fast game for the home team.

On Monday, November 3, Winthrop de-

feated Wellesley at the first home game of the season by a score of 1-0. Although the visiting team played hard, Winthrop managed to keep the ball in the opponent's territory most of the time. Katherine Monahan scored the only goal for the home team.

True to Winthrop's fighting spirit Woburn was defeated on Wednesday, November 29, at Ingleside Park by a score of 1-0. The whole team functioned like a championship aggregation, Stella Simson and Sally Brooks doing great work on the defense; while with less than a minute to play, Ada Foley shot through the opposing backs and scored the only goal for the home team.

Keeping up the good work, Winthrop defeated Stoneham 2-1 on the home field, November 1, in a very close, exciting game. Stella Simson and Ruth Neilson did some splendid work on the defense, while Ada Foley again displayed her ability and crashed through the Stoneham backs for both goals for the home team.

Continuing victorious Winthrop defeated Winchester in a flashy game on the home field by a score of 3-2. Winthrop's defense displayed some clever work in checking the long shots while Ada Foley knocked the ball over the line three times, scoring the three points for Winthrop.

On Monday, November 17, Winthrop journeyed to Lexington and defeated that team by a score of 3-1. Handicapped as the play-

ers were by the cold, the game was a flashy one. Ada Foley chalked up two goals while Peggy McCann tallied the third.

Captain Sally Brooks, Stella Simson and Ruth Neilson contributed some clever work on the defense.

"Midge" Barkley, Barbara Bowen, Dorothy Smith, Catherine Shepherd and Gladys Harwood alternated at the half-back positions, and were on the job every minute, backing up the forward line and assisting with the defense.

Bernice Bruce, Katherine Monahan and Margaret Tully took turns at the inner positions and did some good work, even though we didn't hear much about them. Wait until next year!

The center position was held down by Marian Thompson and Frances McCann, both of whom played a good steady game.

Ada Foley and Peggy McCann played a fast game, holding down the wing positions, and were the star players on the forward line.

Winthrop scored 13 points to their opponent's 10. Ada Foley scored ten, while Marian Thompson, Peggy McCann and Katherine Monahan tallied one apiece.

Neither Melrose nor Arlington has the cup this year as the tie was never played off; so good luck to our new coach and next year's Field Hockey Team!







### FOOTBALL

Front Row—R. Titus, E. Howard, S. Pelofsky, H. Rock, C. Exley, M. Spector, L. Marotta. Second Row—J. Leighton, T. Carnicelli, J. Martin, P. Swenson, F. Sinatra, H. Ridgway, M. DeLorey. Back Row—R. Rowe, R. Barney, M. Friedenber, C. Crocker, E. Guidi, O. Crocker, V. Nelson.

The football team finished fifth in the North Shore League for the 1924 season, winning two games, tying two, and losing six. Although out of the race from the start, Winthrop was always a team to be reckoned with. The two victories were annexed from Lynn English and Beverly. Chelsea was held to a scoreless tie, while the "Turkey Day" game ended in a 6-6 deadlock.

Coach Poole's call for candidates was answered by one of the largest squads in recent years. The several returning veterans did much in the way of strengthening the team. After a "weeding out" of the candidates, the varsity squad was selected. No position could be considered permanent as several changes took place during the season.

Winthrop opened the season at Brookline,

losing in the final minutes. This game took the fight out of the team and the Peabody "Tanners" had little difficulty in living up to their name. Winthrop next endeavored to grab a win from the Swampscott lads but a weird safety gave the visitors the verdict. Lynn English was next slaughtered, but the team again took a slump and Classical had no trouble at all in winning. Winthrop played good football at Brockton, but a heavier and more experienced team sent them home in defeat. Chelsea staved off defeat by a few inches as the whistle blew, leaving a scoreless game. The close contest tired the team so that Marblehead took an easy game. Winthrop played with Beverly, but Revere fought hard to gain a 6 all decision, ending the season.

Captain "Red" Rock was the life of the team at full back again this year. He was

a very consistent ground gainer, and his gains came when they were needed. He was a hard playing defense man, his tackles stopping many runs which might have become touchdowns. His voice always could be heard urging the team on to greater efforts and victory.

Barney and Carnicelli at left half were two steady players. Both were light on their feet and did considerable gaining.

At right half Racca and Flannery alternated. These two started the season on the wings but, with the growing need of backfield material and the ample supply of ends, they were shifted to the backfield.

Quarter was ably filled by Spector, a speedy all around back. His long sweeping runs were among the features of the season. He was a brilliant back, a good forward passer, and an unpassable defense man.

Right end was covered by Sinatra, who showed plenty of speed and ability to pull down forward passes.

Ridgway played a good game on the left wing. He was a hard tackler and usually succeeded in disposing of his opponent.

Left and right tackles were held by Rowe and Exley. Both men made many spectacular tackles and teamed up well with the ends.

Titus, at left guard, had little difficulty in filling the position. His build made it nearly impossible to break through the center of the line.

The other guard position was held by "Slim" Pelofsky, a lad nearly as large as his team-mate. He was a hard player and his interference made many line plunges successful.

The pivot position went to Howard, who capably filled this most vital point in the line. His passes back were steady and

sure, while his defensive playing was excellent. Captain-elect Titus will have a fairly intact team next year, and, with the several promising candidates beside the letter men, should produce a top-notch season.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council, the following boys were unanimously awarded the football "W" for the season of 1924: Captain Henry Rock, Herbert Ridgway, Charles Exley, Richard Rowe, Samuel Pelofsky, Roger Titus, Robert Barney, Edwin Howard, Thomas Carnicelli, Louis Racca, Raymond Flannery, and Robert Johnson.

Gold footballs were awarded to the Senior "W" men, and also to Mr. Poole.

At a meeting of the boys who were awarded the letter in football, Roger Titus was elected captain for the 1925 season.

#### Summary of 1924 Season

- Sept. 19. Winthrop at Brookline.  
Brookline 8, Winthrop 7.
- Sept. 27. Winthrop at Peabody.  
Peabody 26, Winthrop 0.
- Oct. 11. Swampscott at Winthrop.  
Swampscott 2, Winthrop 0.
- Oct. 18. Lynn English at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 20, Lynn English 14.
- Oct. 25. Winthrop at Lynn Classical.  
Lynn Classical 21, Winthrop 0.
- Nov. 1. Winthrop at Brockton.  
Brockton 26, Winthrop 0.
- Nov. 8. Winthrop at Chelsea.  
Winthrop 0, Chelsea 0.
- Nov. 15. Winthrop at Marblehead.  
Marblehead 21, Winthrop 0.
- Nov. 21. Beverly at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 21, Beverly 0.
- Nov. 27. Revere at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 6, Revere 6.







### BASKETBALL

Front Row—H. Rock, R. Hazel, L. Wile, P. Connor, R. Crossman. Second Row—R. Rowe, R. Haley, E. Floyd, F. Fitzpatrick, E. Baker. Back Row—W. Bucek, R. Suzman, Mr. Clarke, T. Trainor, H. Poole, E. Brumby.

#### Natick at Winthrop

The basketball quintet, looking like one of the best in recent years, jumped to a flying start in the Suburban League basketball race by defeating Natick High 29-19. Winthrop led throughout, due mostly to the splendid shooting of Connor, Wile and Hazel, the local offensive. The second team started its winning drive by downing the visiting seconds 8-5. Baker was high scorer.

#### Winchester at Winthrop

Winthrop won its second victory in the Suburban League, trimming Winchester on the home floor 20-15. The visitors led at the end of the half but Winthrop retaliated, rolling up 13 points before the whistle. Capt. Wile scored three goals from the floor, with Hazel ringing two more. The seconds piled up a 14-5 win on Winchester's seconds.

#### Winthrop at Framingham

Both Framingham fives fell before the on-rushing Winthrop team. In the major game

Framingham was walloped 34-14. Capt. Wile at right forward piled up 17 points. The Winthrop attack had little difficulty in penetrating their opponents' defense, while Framingham was unable to get the necessary baskets. Baker and Floyd were the chief factors in the 28-5 defeat administered by the second team.

#### Chelsea at Winthrop

Winthrop suffered its first setback of the season at the hands of the undefeated Chelsea basketeters. The home team's inability to score from the foul line was the chief reason for the defeat. Winthrop had several chances to take the lead but was unable to score when the opportunity came. The final score was 9 to 6.

#### Winthrop at Watertown

A jinx seemed camped on the trail, for the quintet again went down to defeat, this time at the hands of the Watertown five. Winthrop played poor basketball, seeming-



ly handicapped by the small floor. Capt. Wile broke loose to score five points, with Brede and Packard starring for Watertown. It was a 25-10 victory for Watertown. The second team was victorious by the close margin of two baskets winning 18-14. They trailed at the half, but, led by Baker and Suzmann, forged ahead to win.

#### Winthrop at Wakefield

At last! The team seemed to have hit the stride again, taking Wakefield into camp to a score of 26-17. Connor at right forward proved to be a veritable whirlwind, scoring 14 points from the floor. The seconds easily took a 28-16 decision from the Wakefield five.

#### Brockton at Winthrop

A well developed passing attack with plenty of punch gave the visitors an easy 23 to 5 victory over the Winthrop team. The defense was unable to stop Creedon and Taylor, the Brockton aces.

The Winthrop seconds played an exceptionally fast game, and gave the Brockton seconds their first defeat in forty starts. Winthrop led at the half 8 to 6, with the final period being hard yet cleanly played. The final score of 11 to 10 is in proportion to the difference between the two teams. Floyd at center was high scorer, rolling up seven points.

#### Winthrop at Winchester

Another win. Captain Wile seemed to have things pretty much his own way, for he scored 21 points himself, nearly enough to win the game. Connor also ran up quite a score. Winthrop was practically invincible and played a good all around game to win 33 to 24.

#### Winthrop at Natick

Although trailing 10 to 6 at half time, Natick plunged onto a 15 to 11 win in their own Gym. In the second half Winthrop scored only one point, a shot from the foul line by Hazel, while Natick was able to gain 9 points before the whistle.

You can't keep 'em down! The second team again came out on top, defeating their opponents 18 to 10.

#### Framingham at Winthrop

Winthrop gained an easy 25 to 3 victory over Framingham. Connor again rolled up a football score of 14 points.

#### Watertown at Winthrop

Winthrop turned the tables and won han-

dily 24 to 4. Connor continued his shooting streak, totaling 16 points. Captain Wile and Floyd divided the remainder. Packard and Brede, the Watertown aces, were held scoreless.

#### Wakefield at Winthrop

'Nother one! An early lead gave Winthrop a 16-14 win. The game was fairly fast but was marred by personal fouls. Although able to score consistently from the floor, Winthrop was unable to do so from the foul line. Floyd and Wile played their usual heady game.

Fitzpatrick took the most of the second team score which was 17-11 for Winthrop.

#### Winthrop at Brockton

By far the most exciting game to date. Creedon of Brockton did most of his team's scoring with 13 points. Connor and Capt. Wile divided 20 of Winthrop's points between them. Trainor and Crossman played a good game on the defense, while Floyd displayed some good work at center. The score was Brockton 33, Winthrop 24.

Ten seconds meant the difference between victory and defeat for the second team. Winthrop led 15 to 14 with 10 seconds to play when a foul was scored on Winthrop. This tied the score and the game went into an extra period. Rowe was obliged to leave the game. Because of lack of substitutes, Winthrop finished with four men as Brockton won 17 to 15. This game destroyed our chances for the second team championship.

#### Winthrop at Chelsea

Winthrop had an off day but went down fighting to a 21 to 16 score. Captain Wile and Connor were Winthrop's total scoring power, with Crossman playing a good defensive game. Chelsea was used to the tiny gym, while Winthrop could not become accustomed to it.

Winthrop finished fourth in the Suburban League race, having 8 victories and 6 defeats to their credit.

At a meeting of the athletic council, the following were awarded the letter in basketball for the season 1924-1925; Capt. Lester Wile, Paul Connor, Edwin Floyd, George Hazel, Robert Crossman, Thomas Trainor, Robert Suzmann, Henry Rock, Fred Martel. Manager resigned, and Edward Brumby, Manager.

At a meeting of the basketball lettermen, Paul Connor was elected captain for next year.



### BASEBALL

**Front Row**—E. Baker, T. Trainor, H. Rock, G. Lothrop, V. Petrucci, R. MacGarigle, M. DeLorey. **Second Row**—M. Saggese, L. Wile, T. Carnicelli, J. Rex, V. Nelson, G. Glass. **Back Row**—H. Poole, J. Broderick, D. Perrone, L. Monahan.

#### Winthrop 17—Marblehead 6

Winthrop opened the season at Marblehead and won a loosely played game in the last three innings by a strong and unexpected batting rally.

Rock, on the mound for Winthrop, was very effective and held the "Headers" at his mercy after replacing Petrucci in the sixth inning.

#### Winthrop 7—Revere 7

After holding a seven run lead over our old rivals, Revere, Rock was removed from the box to give Petrucci a chance to show his wares. Revere played their bats furiously and when the smoke had cleared the score stood 7-7 where it remained; for the game was called at the end of the eighth inning on account of darkness.

#### Winthrop 3—Lynn English 8

Although playing a fast game, Winthrop was outclassed by English in a long, tedious

struggle. The feature of the game was Rock's long hit to left field for a home run. But even this could not make up for the timely and well-placed hits that Lynn gleaned from Rock's smoky delivery.

#### Winthrop 19—Beverly 5

Deluged under a storm of hits, Beverly was completely played off their feet by a seemingly new Winthrop team. Rock, DeLorey, Lothrop, and Rex were largely responsible for the hoard of runs that Winthrop gathered from the Beverly twirlers' delivery.

#### Winthrop 3—Chelsea 2

Chelsea came to Ingleside Park fully determined to show Winthrop just what a real ball game was. And from the spectators point of view it certainly was one fine game. After struggling neck and neck for twelve innings the better team, Winthrop, finally pushed across the winning run. Great



credit for this win went to Rock and Petrucci who were on the mound for Winthrop. DeLorey, Lothrop and Baker also played a fine game.

#### Winthrop 10—Marblehead 9

The "Millionaires" fell for a second time before the sluggers of the Winthrop team. The game was close and hotly contested throughout. Time and time again Winthrop's chances were saved by the brilliant fielding of Baker, the diminutive short-stop. Not until the last man had been retired was the victory assured and as a result the Marblehead team went back defeated.

#### Winthrop 8—Lynn English 10

Again Lynn proved to be Winthrop's jinx in a fast and brilliantly played game at Ingle-side Park. Lynn stung Rock's delivery for a few hits, but as a rule they were scattered. The real turning point of the game was a home run by Pacewicz the star first sacker of the Lynn team. This seemed to give a slight edge to English which Winthrop could not overcome, although they fought furiously until the end. The ninth inning batting rally that the home team staged fell short by two runs of tying the score and the game ended with Lynn English the victor for the second time.

#### Winthrop 2—Revere 4

After six innings of evenly-contested baseball which kept the score at two all, Sandler of Revere stepped to the plate with a man on second base and slammed the horsehide into center field territory. Petrucci and Carnicelli raced towards the spot where the ball was destined to land. Suddenly Carnicelli stuck up his gloved hand and as the ball was settling into his mit, the two fielders met with an impact that hurled both of them to the ground where they lay half stunned while the little ball rolled merrily between them and the astonished Revere batter made a circuit of the bases. This proved to be all the scoring for the day.

#### Winthrop 0—Peabody 9

A Peabody man was on third base and Rock was preparing to make his delivery to the plate when the man on third made a short dash towards home plate. Rock whirled, feinted a throw towards third, but did not deliver the ball. This was declared a balk by the umpire whose decision was disputed. The game was then protested and finally was awarded to Peabody by the usual score, under the circumstances, of 9-0.

#### Winthrop 18—Chelsea 4

Winthrop journeyed to Chelsea, staged a terrific batting spree and completely snowed the Chelseaites under by a score that looked more like a football game than one of the horsehide and willow. Rock worked like a charm which could hardly be said of his Chelsea opponent. The whole team batted with such ferocity that the Chelsea boys were only too glad when it was over.

#### Winthrop 11—Peabody 4

The leaders of the League and the team that had a protested win over Winthrop were shown what a fighting team are capable of when Winthrop easily defeated Peabody by the score of 11-4. Rock's pitching was of an excellent variety and it held the Peabody batters nearly at a standstill. The game was full of brilliant plays with Peabody's shortstop contributing a great share of them.

#### Winthrop 2—Lynn Classical 7

The two teams played a very even and tight game up until the seventh inning when Lynn pushed two runs over the plate. This brace of counters seemed to weaken Rock for in the next inning he yielded three more runs and Winthrop had met her Waterloo. The Lynn pitcher deserved a lot of credit for the win as he pitched a very fine game.

The game with Lynn Classical at Ingle-side Park wound up a very successful baseball season for Winthrop High School. DeLorey and Rock doing the greater part of the battery work proved to be the mainstay of the team along with Captain Guy Lothrop who held down first base. Guy made a fine captain. He was always near the head of the batting averages and his fielding and spirit in a game was inspiring to his team. McGarigle started the season at second base, but before half of the games had been played Les Wile took his place and turned in a fine account of himself. Brud Baker at short-stop was about the best man at that position for his size that Winthrop has ever seen. He fielded his chances cleanly and threw accurately. Pie Trainor played third base and shone at that position. The outfield was patrolled by Rex, Petrucci, Saggesse and Carnicelli who were largely responsible for their team's success. Petrucci pitched a few games and although not possessing the speed of Rock he certainly had a "world of stuff." Nelson and Saunders also got into a few games as pitchers.





### TRACK

**Front Row**—S. Jackson, E. Floyd, F. Juggins, R. Flannery, H. Rock, T. Saunders, R. Freeman. **Second Row**—R. Barney, J. Martin, H. Aiken, H. Whipple, R. Haley, G. Simson. **Back Row**—A. Jenkins, Mr. Davis, J. Grunen, R. Does.

At the opening of the track season, the small number of veterans consisted of Capt. Flannery, Jackson, Knell, Rock, and Saunders; also some promising material in Briggs, Freeman, Floyd, Jenkins, Baskin, Juggins, Barry and Crocker.

Each year at the start of the indoor season, the team has been handicapped by the small training quarters. This year the same handicap prevailed, but despite this hindrance practice was begun with plenty of enthusiasm.

A meet scheduled with Noble and Greenough was postponed twice on account of weather and could not be run off.

The first meet was with Browne and Nichols. The Winthrop team entered the meet as the underdog but issued as the victor by a three point margin. Knell won the 40 yd. dash in 5 seconds with Rock second. Freeman and Briggs placed second

and third in the 45 yd. hurdles. Jackson ran second to Spalding of Browne and Nichols in the 600 yd. run. Jackson also placed second in the 100 yd. run with Baskin third. Rock won the shot put and Briggs placed third. Saunders and Briggs tied for first in the high jump. The next meet was at Mechanics Building where the team competed in the annual Harvard Interscholastic Indoor Track Meet. Here Briggs placed fourth in the standing broad jump and the relay team tied with Fairhaven for the fourth best time.

The first outdoor meet was held with Melrose. Melrose had a formidable team and came out on the long end of the score. Captain Flannery won the "220" and placed second in the "100." Jackson took second in the "880" and Saunders jumped 19 ft. 6¾ inches to take second place in the running board. The winning jump of 19 ft. 7½

inches was made by Flint of Melrose. Winthrop obtained first and second in the high jump, Saunders and Briggs being the point scorers. Rock placed third in the shot.

On May 22, the team journeyed to Quincy and were defeated handily by the strong Quincy team. Incidentally it might be stated that Quincy had one of its strongest teams his year, placing third in the state meet in Class B.

Flannery, Juggins, Jackson, Saunders, Floyd and Rock were the point scorers for Winthrop.

The last meet which was with Beverly gave Winthrop its only outdoor track victory. Captain Flannery won the furlong and obtained third (3rd) place in the "100." Floyd won the high jump and Briggs tied Bonar of Beverly for second place. Jackson won both the "880" and the "440." Jenkins placed second to Jackson in the half mile and Barry ran third in the quarter. Rock and Floyd obtained first and second in the shot put. Barry placed second in the broad jump with a leap of 19 ft. 6½ inches.

On June 6 the team went to the Harvard Stadium to compete in the annual state meet. It was terrifically hot, a fact which hindered the runners a great deal. Winthrop did well, obtaining seven points which put the team in eighth place. Freeman placed third in the 120 yd. hurdles, Saunders obtained third in the running broad with a leap of 19 ft. 11 inches and Barry jumped 19 ft. 8¾ inches to get fourth place. The relay team had the seventh best time among the schools, the seventh place netting them two

points. Lawrence High, who won the meet, was well in the van with 27 points, but the next scores were closely bunched. They were Melrose 15½, Quincy 14, Rindge 10½, Cambridge Latin 9½, Concord 8, Framingham 7½, Winthrop 7, Maynard 5 and Haverhill 3.

Last year the team placed second to Springfield Tech in Class B. About June of this year it was learned that Springfield Tech had entered a runner who was ineligible to compete. It happened that this runner was a high point scorer and the subtraction of his points from Springfield Tech's total placed Winthrop in first place and Springfield Tech in fourth position. Winthrop now has won the Class B championship for two years.

The point scorers for the year are led by Stewart Jackson with a total of 21 points. Next in order are Capt. Flannery 18½, Saunders 16½, Rock 15, Floyd 12, Briggs 12, Barry 5½, Freeman 5, Knell 5, Jenkins 3, Juggins 1½ and Baskin 1.

Next year's track team will have Juggins, Baskin, Jenkins, Saunders, Floyd, Freeman, and Crocker back next year to form a nucleus for next year's team.

#### Summary—Indoor Meets

Winthrop 33, Browne and Nichols 30.  
Harvard State Meet, 2¾.

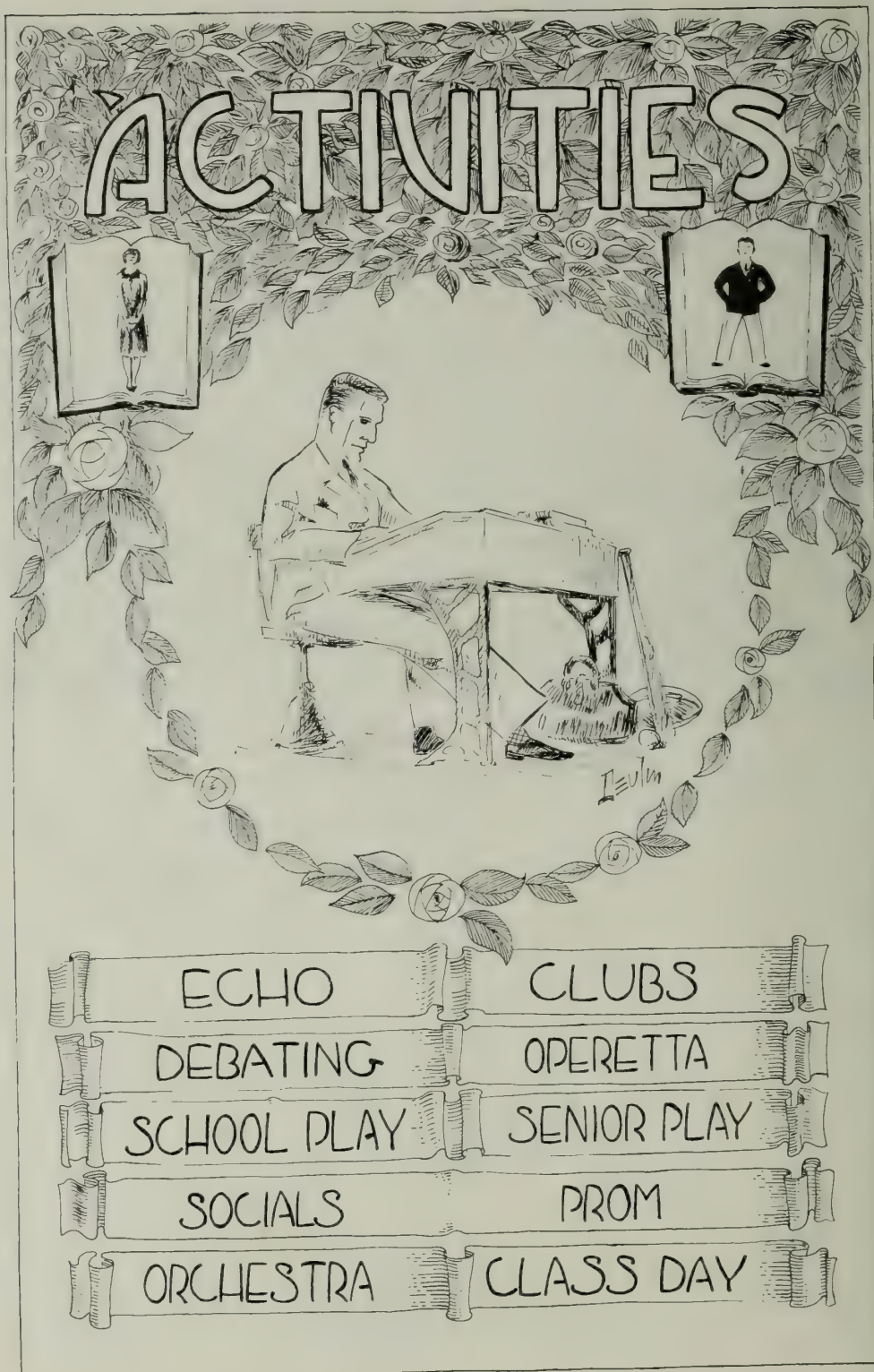
#### Outdoor Meets

Melrose 40, Winthrop 23.  
Quincy 58, Winthrop 14.  
Winthrop 38, Beverly 25.

#### Harvard State Meet

Winthrop 7.









## ECHO BOARD

Front Row—A. Peters, N. Story, A. Bowers, A. Cunningham, G. Lyons, B. Barkley, M. Foran, R. Gore, V. Ridgway. Second Row—H. Ridgway, G. Thomas, W. MacKusick, Miss Drew, L. Wile, C. Donovan, B. Barney. Back Row—R. Does, G. Lotherop, J. Knell, R. Johnson, E. Howard, T. Lithgow, F. Stone, M. Band.

Upon being afforded the privilege of graduating from high school, a privilege which many of our parents and grandparents were not permitted to enjoy, our thoughts should turn in thanks to our fathers and mothers who have made these four happy years possible. Recall the many sacrifices—great and small, known and unknown—that they have made for us. Think of the immense value of the thing that they have given us—a high school education. The loss of these four years, with their friendships, their fraternal spirit, and their broadening effect, could never have been replaced.

We have had the privilege during the past year of placing the news of the school before the student body in sixteen bi-weekly numbers of "The Echo." We are grateful for the training and experience offered to us, and we sincerely hope that we have pleased our readers and kept them well

versed in the activities of the school. We have endeavored to follow the policy of the modern newspaper, but we leave the degree of our success to our critics.

Each year in June the graduating class lays down the duties that it has supported during its Senior year and leaves the responsibility of furthering the school activities upon the shoulders of the incoming Senior Class. Every successive year has brought a widening of this field, and without doubt the years to follow will bring a much greater growth. For the next few years the Senior Class will have a new responsibility. The new Junior High School will take the largest class away from the Senior High School. The Seniors must, therefore, plan to do without the support of this class and must work doubly hard to make every venture a success.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



### SENIOR PLAY

Front Row—G. Harwood, B. Hatch, L. Crossman, B. Kilbourne, O. Fisher, V. Ridgway, B. Barkley, R. Gore, C. Bridgman. Second Row—H. Rock, B. Barney, J. Knell, E. Williams, G. Totman, G. Jones, E. Davidson. Third Row—J. Barry, W. MacKusick, T. Lithgow, R. Titus, P. Hatch, C. Donovan, R. Maw. Fourth Row—L. Finke, J. Goldberg, F. Farquhar, M. Brush, G. McEwan, R. Does, O. Johnson. Back Row—H. Rand, L. Briggs, M. Johnson.

On Friday, December 19, 1924, the annual Senior play was presented to a packed house. Miss Spence, in her choice of "A Tailor-Made Man," undertook a task considerably more difficult than in the past years.

Coaching a play with approximately thirty speaking parts, not to mention the number of extras needed in the production, is certainly an undertaking not easily accomplished. Nevertheless one can justly say that "A Tailor-Made Man" ranks with the very best of Senior plays.

Jack Knell, in the leading role of John Paul Bart, performed excellently and scored another of his many successes. Mr. Huber, the tailor, known to us as Robert Barney, was exceedingly well impersonated. Beulah Barkley as Tanya Huber, the heroine, portrayed her part in a most natural manner.

Francis Lithgow played the excitable villain of the play. Olive Fisher, as the charming divorcee, Mrs. Kitty Dupuy, added color to the cast with her display of effective gowns. The remaining players performed creditably, thus assuring the presentation of a complete success. The cast:

John Paul Bart .....	Jack Knell
Mr. Huber .....	Robert Barney
Tanya Huber .....	Beulah Barkley
Peter McConkie .....	Webster MacKusick
Dr. Sountag .....	Francis Lithgow
Mr. Rowlands .....	Daniel Hatch
Mr. Jellicot .....	James Goldberg
Pomeroy .....	Roger Titus
Mr. Stanlaw .....	Albert Riley
Mrs. Stanlaw .....	Betty Kilbourne
Corinne .....	Violette Ridgway
Wheating .....	Lester Finke



## Society People

Mr. Fitzmorris, Mrs. Fitzmorris,  
 "Bobbie" Westlake, Mr. Carroll,  
 Mr. Crane, Mr. Fleming.  
 Mrs. Kitty Dupy ..... Olive M. Fisher  
 Bessie ..... Gladys Harwood  
 Mr. Nathan ..... Edmund Morrison  
 Mr. Grayson ..... John Barry  
 Miss Shayne ..... Rosanna Gore  
 Mr. Whitcombe ..... Hovey Rand

## Labor Delegates

Mr. Russell ..... Milton Brush  
 Mr. Flynn ..... Henry Rock  
 Mr. Cain ..... George Hazel, Jr.

Guests at the Stanlaw's Reception  
 Elva Williams, Charlotte Bridgman,  
 Leita Crossman, Gertrude Jones,  
 Florence Rollins, Orland Johnson,  
 George McEwan, Richard Does,  
 Barbara Hatch.







### OPERETTA

Front Row—H. Rock, O. Fisher, C. Bridgman, E. Simson, M. Foran, R. Gore, V. Ridgway, K. Broussard. Second Row—R. Barney, S. Gross, D. Cohen, G. Totman, D. Young, E. Williams, B. Kilbourne. Third Row—W. MacKusick, Mr. G. H. Dockham, J. Goldberg, K. Hanson, L. Finke, F. Farquhar, R. Flannery. Fourth Row—J. Knell, O. White, J. Riley, P. Hatch, R. Titus, R. Johnson, T. Lithgow, M. Brush, R. Maw, M. Katziff.

This year's operetta, "Captain Crossbones" was first given at the High School May 27, and was repeated Class Day, June 5.

#### Cast

Don Cubeb De Cigaro, a Spanish Grandee ..... Jack Knell  
 Donna Isabella, his wife ..... Sarah Gross  
 Theresa, their daughter ..... Beulah Barkley  
 Eleanor, an American heiress ..... Olive Fisher  
 Captain Bombastio ..... Orrin White  
 Miss Pelling, a female tutor .....  
 ..... Betty Kilbourne  
 Richard Stoneybroke, an American planter  
 ..... Robert Barney  
 Anthony Law, the legal advisor .....  
 ..... Raymond Flannery  
 Bill Pilgrim, a retired pugilist .....  
 ..... Francis Lithgow

Kitty, the post mistress ..... Eva Davidson  
 Zim, of the Island Police ..... Roger Titus  
 Zam, of the Island Police ..... Parker Hatch

Chorus of relations, men and maid-servants and pirates, pirates' sweethearts and wives.

Violette Ridgway, Dorothy Young, Geraldine Totman, Rosanna Gore, Charlotte Bridgman, Florence Rollins, Norma Ansel, Eva Davidson, Stella Simson, Dorothy Russell, Margaret McCann, Margaret Foran, Elva Williams, Pauline Smith, Dora Cohen, Kathleen Broussard, Frank Farquhar, Morris Katziff, Robert Johnson, Ralph Maw, Milton Brush, James Goldberg, Lester Finke, Kenneth Hanson, Melvin Johnson, James Riley, Milton Band, John Kelly, Webster MacKusick, John Barry, Henry Rock.



## SCHOOL PLAY

Front Row—D. Davis, M. Kenrick, M. Barkley, V. Ochs, L. Rowe. Second Row—F. Bauer, C. Reede, J. Martin, A. Fenton. Back Row—G. Lothrop, J. Barry, R. Ball, G. DeRoo.

Another one of Miss Spence's excellent productions was presented to a very large and appreciative audience on Friday evening, April 17, at the Winthrop Theatre. "Under Cover" is a mystery play involving the smuggling of an expensive necklace into the country. The question of the real character of Stephen Denby, well portrayed by John Martin, created not a little excitement.

Ethel Cartwright, taken by Dorothy Davis, was a very charming secret service lady. Margaret Kenrick as Mrs. Harrington and Robert Ball as Michael Harrington furnished the humor of the play. Joseph Barry as Daniel Taylor, the deputy, who later became the villain, was easily recognized as such because of his moustache. Marjorie Barkley portraying the part of Sarah Peabody, the deaf and dumb lady, was very convincing. Clinton Reed, George Deroo and Alfred Fenton acted their roles very cleverly. Frank Bauer as Lambert, the butler, never once lost his dignity. Virginia Ochs played the

role of a silly flapper. Guy Lothrop, as Monty Vaughn, was one of the guests at the Harrington home over the week-end. Amy Cartwright, the heroine's sister, in other words Louise Rowe, presented quite a tragic figure.

At the end of the play Miss Dorothy Davis, representing the members of the cast, presented Miss Spence with a handbag in appreciation of her sincere and faithful work during the year.

Stephen Denby.....	John Martin
Ethel Cartwright.....	Dorothy Davis
Amy Cartwright .....	Louise Rowe
Sarah Peabody.....	Marjorie Barkley
Michael Harrington.....	Robert Ball
Mrs. Harrington.....	Margaret Kenrick
James Duncan.....	Clinton Reed
Harry Gibbs.....	George Deroo
Darill Taylor.....	Joseph Barry
Peter .....	Alfred Fenton
Lambert .....	Frank Bauer
Nora Rutledge .....	Virginia Ochs
Monty Vaughn.....	Guy Lothrop





### ORCHESTRA

Front Row—S. Gross, F. Pransky, S. Boiarsky, J. Fay, V. Petrucci, A. Roberts, W. Johnson, E. Jenkins, D. Stearns. Second Row—R. Marshbourne, E. Askwith, M. Cusiter, E. Fingold, S. Lundy, V. Crooker, G. Hall, B. Perlmutter. Third Row—B. Rosenberg, J. Moriarty, G. Uman, N. Corwin, G. MacLean. Fourth Row—L. Sobey, S. Cohen, G. Jameson, S. Levy. Fifth Row—L. Finkel, L. Finke, J. O'Toole, E. Dunn, S. Perrone, C. Reede, J. Campbell. Back Row—A. Jhonnot, Mr. Willis, Mr. Clarke, D. McGaw, J. Knipe.

President ..... Vincent Petrucci  
 Vice President ..... Arthur Roberts  
 Concert Master ..... Vincent Petrucci  
 Librarian ..... Samuel Boiarsky  
 Asst. Librarian ..... Joseph Fay  
 Secretary ..... Wilfrid Johnson  
 Director ..... Mr. N. Elliot Willis

The Winthrop High School Orchestra, under the capable direction of Mr. Willis, has completed one of its busiest and most successful seasons in the history of the organization.

The orchestra made a splendid start of its year's program with a concert at the meeting of the Middlesex County Teachers' Association, Colonial Theatre, Boston, on Oct. 31, 1924. Incidentally, this marked the second time in a period of four years that the orchestra has been honored by an invitation to play before this assemblage.

On Feb. 20, the orchestra held its fourth annual public concert at the Winthrop Theatre, assisted by Mr. Eber I. Wells, baritone.

A public concert was given at the Unitarian Church, Winthrop, on a later date. The orchestra appeared at the Revere-Winthrop debate and the Senior and School plays, while groups assisted at the Quincy-Winthrop and boys'-girls' debates.

It has been feared that Mr. Willis, because of his principalship at the new Junior High School next year, would be unable to continue his excellent services as "baton-wielder," but we can quell our fears, for he tells us that between himself and Mrs. Willis, concert-mistress-elect, the music that will issue from the portals of Winthrop High in future years will still contain that famous "Willisic" touch.





### DEBATING TEAM

Front Row—H. Brown, B. Kilbourne, A. Cunningham, S. Klier, N. Fleishman.  
 Second Row—F. Farquhar, R. Maw, M. Band, K. Clark, F. Bauer. Back Row—T.  
 Waddell, K. Hanson, H. Rand, G. Churchill, coach.

#### Boys' Club Officers

President .....Hovey Rand  
 Vice President .....Frank Farquhar  
 Secretary .....Ralph Maw

#### Girls' Club Officers

President .....Betty Kilbourne  
 Vice President .....Helene Ezekiel  
 Secretary .....Pauline Smith

This year the debating club has had fine success. However, their luck seemed better at home, as the team won every home debate.

Many girls went out for debating this year and proved to be promising debaters. In fact, girls took part in every debate of the season.

Three public debates were held during the year, two of which were with other schools.

A joint debate with Quincy was the first one of the year. It was held on Friday evening, February 6. The topic was: Resolved, that the Child Labor Amendment

Proposed by Congress Should be Ratified by the People. The following speakers represented Winthrop:

#### Negative, at Winthrop

Betty Kilbourne, Rebuttal  
 Alice Cunningham  
 Frank Bauer  
 Laura Atkinson, Alternate

#### Affirmative, at Quincy

Milton Band, Rebuttal  
 Kenneth Hanson  
 Hovey Rand  
 Theodore Waddell, Alternate

The Winthrop team won the decision at home but lost at Quincy. Betty Kilbourne was chosen as best speaker at Winthrop, and Hovey Rand as best speaker at Quincy.

The next debate was the one between the boys' and the girls' teams. It was held on Friday evening, April 3, 1925, in Osborne Hall. The subject was: Resolved, that there should be an all traffic bridge between Boston and East Boston.

The negative was upheld by the following girls:—

Sarah Klier  
Minnie Fleischman  
Laura Atkinson  
Grace Brown, Alternate

And the affirmative by the following boys:—

Ralph Maw  
Frank Farquhar  
Theodore Waddell  
Kendall Clark, Alternate

In this debate a new plan was tried; each speaker gave a short rebuttal speech. The boys were more fortunate this year than last, as they won by unanimous vote of the judges. Miss Atkinson was chosen best speaker of the evening.

The last debate was with our old rival, Revere. It was held on Thursday evening, May 14. The question was: Resolved, that the United States should immediately recognize the Soviet Government of Russia. The speakers for Winthrop were as follows:

**Negative, at Winthrop**

Frank Bauer  
Sarah Klier  
Hovey Rand  
Kenneth Hanson, Alternate

**Affirmative, at Revere**

Betty Kilbourne  
Alice Cunningham  
Milton Band  
Minnie Fleischman, Alternate

As in the previous debate, each speaker gave a rebuttal speech. Winthrop won at home, but lost at Revere. This debate concluded the program for this year.

Seniors and Juniors participated in each debate. There was only one veteran from last year, but there will be several next year. The Juniors have shown quite an interest in debating, and a good team for the coming year will probably be the result.

The success of this year should encourage the interest in debating in this school. It would be of great benefit to the debating club as well as to the participants if more members of the lower classes would join the club.

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**SCIENCE CLUB**

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The Science Club began its very successful season with an organization meeting on October eighth. The club has enjoyed a

membership of sixty-four during the past year, and under the leadership of Herbert L. Ridgway has by far eclipsed the activities of other years.

At the first meeting the club voted to assess each member a sum of money which, in the aggregate, would be sufficient to build a moderate sized radio receiving set. This plan was carried out and the set was designed and built by T. E. Waddell and L. C. Dimes. Both the club and the school have heard various programs on the set, the best of which was the President's Inaugural Address.

Several times during the year Mr. F. C. Loomis, the faculty treasurer, arranged to vary the routine meetings by motion pictures. These films were all very fine and were enjoyed by the club members.

At the regular meetings the executive board, consisting of H. L. Ridgway, T. F. Lithgow, C. S. Nickerson, L. C. Dimes, F. F. Bauer, Jr., and J. E. Wells, gave lectures on scientific subjects.

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**CONTIO LATINA**

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The Latin Club has had a gala year for 1925. It has surpassed itself in arranging interesting and amusing programs for the members. On April 14, in Osborne Hall, a joint meeting was held with the French Club, this being the first event of its kind since the formation of the two clubs. The Junior Consul, Evelyn Peters, presided jointly with the president of the French Club, Helen Brosseau. Members of each club took part in the program, which included songs, readings, the club cheers and two motion pictures. On February 26, another meeting was held in the hall. The members of the Junior College A division gave a play, "Sponsalia Romana" (A Roman Betrothal) which was most interesting, and excellently given. Throughout the year three other meetings were held in Room 15. The program committee arranged programs which were interesting to all who attended. We sincerely believe that Miss Ayres, the Praetor, should be congratulated on the wonderful success she has made of the Contio Latina this year. The programs are as follows:

**"Sponsalia Romana" (A Roman Betrothal)**

Given in Osborne Hall, February 24

**Dramatis Personae**

Sponsa: Tullia, the Betrothed.....Anna Cook  
 Sponsae pater: Marcus Sullius Cicero.....

.....Joseph Barry

Sponsae pater: Marcus Sullius Cicero.....

.....Carl Baskin

Sponsae mater: Larentia.....Virginia Fowler

Sponsi pater: Lucius Piso.....Robert Ball

Sponsae pater: Marcus Sullius Cicero,

adulescens .....John Lochhead

Juris consulus (Legal Magistrate).....

.....Max Swartz

Quintus Hortensius (Amicus).....Lester Wile

Pronuba (Matron of Honor).....

.....Isabel Blandford

Marcipor } .....Abraham Smith

Philotimus } Servi .....Sydney Goldberg

Anna } .....Veronica Preg

Prologue .....Laura Atkinson

Pianist .....Dorothy Stearns

**Contio Latina-Cercle Francais Assembly**

Osborne Hall, April 14, 1925.

Junior Consul, Evelyn Peters

Presidente, Helen Brosseau

**Trio**

Tonalouwa .....Grunn

The Caress .....Lemont

**Club Reports****French Club**

Song—La Marseillaise

Salute to the Flag—In French

Reading—"Jean Valjean".....Helen Goodwin

Picture—"Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo

Club Cheer

**Trio—Selected****Latin Club**

Club Cheer

Reading, "Virginia".....Eileen Sweeney

Picture, "From the Tiber to the Piave"

Burton Holmes Travelogue

Song—Te Cano Patria

Salute to the Flag—In Latin

**Meeting Held in Room 15, March 19**

Senior Consul, R. Gore, Presiding

1. Reports of the Scriba, V. Crooker

2. Report of the Quaestor, B. Bruce

3. Report of the Program Committee, A.  
 Bowers

4. Roll-Call—Latin Adverbs

Freshman—Joan MacWillie

Sophomore—Matilda Cohen

Junior—Hortense Saunders

Senior—Rosamond Graham

5. Victrola: "Santa Lucia"

6. Dialogue: "What's the Use? .....

.....Grace Hall, Eileen Sweeney

7. Milton Promisel—Radio terms derived  
 from Latin

8. Dialogue Containing a Moral, "On  
 Studying" .....

.....Alfred Fenton, Jerome Epstein

Announced by Irene Bucek

9. Victrola: "Aida"

10. "The Latin Sentence Dramatized"

Bernice Bruce, Matilda Cohen, Mar-

jorie Barkley, Julia Fagel, Anna Mar-

den, Margaret Grady, Margaret Dunn,

Marie Treanor

11. Game—Punning Riddles in Latin

12. Club Cheer

**Meeting Arranged by Miss Nelson, May 14**

1. Macaronic Poem.....Frieda Pransky

2. Playlet, "The Gifts of Mother Lingua"

Mother Lingua.....Ruth Simson

Puella.....Edythe Sawyer

Another Girl .....Sarah Cohen

3. Mother Goose Rhymes

Marcia Karp

Louise Metcalf

Katherine Godfrey

4. One-act Play, "Pyramus and Thisbe"

Pyramus .....Wilfred de Mille

Pyramus' Father .....Baldwin Steward

Thisbe .....Rosalind Canner

Thisbe's Mother .....Estelle Rainville

**Scene I.****House of Pyramus I-XII.**

1. Frances Lill

2. Pauline Ehrlich

3. Dorothy Stengal

4. Helen Murray

5. Myrna Toy

6. Dorothy Berger

7. Celia Swartz

8. Marian Liberman

9. Frances Ednas

10. Helen Belcher

11. Mae Roberts

12. Catherine Robinson

**House of Thisbe**

13. Marie Bacon

14. Samuel Fleischer

15. Allen Jones

16. Edward Leach

17. Francis Mulloney

18. Morris Grant

19. William Patterson

20. Eugene Dunn

Carpenter—James Whipple

**Scene II.**

Statues 1-5—First Five of House of Pyramus



Statues 6-10—Second Five of House of Pyramus

The Story of the First Scene..... Geraldine McCarthy

The Story of the Second Scene ..... Doris Terry

### CERCLE FRANCAIS

The French Club has had a very successful season, and, although this year the membership was limited, the meetings have been well attended.

The first program of the year was presented under the auspices of Natalie Story, Gladys Lyons, and Webster MacKusick. The following numbers composed the program—a short scene, "Au Premier Dejeuner," cleverly acted by Richard Does and Barbara Bowen, a poem, "L'Huitre et les Plai-deurs," recited by Mary Carnicelli; a monologue, "Le Poète," recited by Melvin Johnson; a crossword puzzle contest conducted by Virginia Crooker; an amusing dialogue, "Le Bon Moment," by George Jameson and Orland Johnson; a droll "Petite Histoire Illustrée," by Betty Kilbourne, and, last but not least, a comical playlet, "Les Voters,"

acted by Dorothy Smith and Orland Johnson.

The program of the next meeting was arranged by the Juniors, the committee consisting of Joseph Barry, James Leighton and Cathrine Stevens. The meeting was opened by the singing of the "Marseillaise" to the accompaniment of the violin, played by Arthur Roberts, and the saxophone, played by George Jameson. A geographical sketch of France, delivered by Meredith MacKusick, followed. It was truly interesting. Alfred Botti held our interest with an educational talk on the government of France and that of the city of Paris. A memorable feature of this meeting was a talk given by Miss Brown entitled, "Bits from France." It was based upon her recent sojourn there, and was greatly enjoyed because of its interesting and personal incidents.

Another novel event was a joint meeting with Latin Club in Osborne Hall. Helen Goodwin read exciting portions from Hugo's "Les Miserables," which indeed kept us in suspense. A short adaption of the moving picture, "Les Miserables," followed this. This meeting which was one of the most entertaining of the year, concluded the season's program.





### THE DESPERATE ONE

"Hey, kid! Can you wrap up parcels?" These words floated through the dust-laden air into the alert ears of the desperate one, aged thirteen. It was one of those stifling hot days in July, and Timothy Otis, better known in public life as "Timmie," wore the barest requirements for clothing, a pair of overalls and a shirt. By his side panted Nibs, his own dog, of mysterious origin and pedigree; but nevertheless faithful. The hero of this tale shot a glance more fiery than his carrot-colored hair at the offending Muriel Gintz, the buxom daughter of "Abe" Gintz who owned the Emporium. That degrading term "kid"! Why, he was now in his teens, almost a man! She would never learn.

"Yup," he answered, after a moment's meditation, "how much?"

"You come on up and see!" snapped the amply-proportioned maiden, leaning still farther out of the window, "Pa's got some shuvvels he wants ya to do up!"

He, who but a few minutes before had been "too tired" to split kindling wood, now darted up the stairs in four bounds. He entered the storeroom on the second floor of the Emporium, closely followed by the excited Nibs. Muriel, a lass of perhaps seventeen summer, sat by the open window, munching a salty, juicy pickle. In her hand three bananas of golden hue were temptingly held out toward Timmie. He extended a welcoming hand for the payment of his services; but the alluring fruit was coquettishly withdrawn from reach.

"Not till you've finished doin' 'em up," she said, pointing to the assortment of picks and shovels heaped up by her side. "Pa's gone down to Nottin'ham Centre to git some more bung'low aprons. Them sell awful quick."

Timmie began his task and meanwhile plied her with questions as to who wanted

all "them shuvvels" at the same time and why.

"Yeah. There's somethin' funny 'bout that. Two of the swellest lookin' ladies come in with a whole lotta men and bought all the shuvvels. They been lyin' around here about five years, and we used one of 'em to bury Ma Pickett's cat. But these people didn't care how the shuvvels looked. Seems they was goin' out to Half Moon Island. I dunno what for. That's the island 'cross from Hopkins Landing, aint it?"

"Yup. But how about a banana? Ain't I got a lot of 'em done up, already?" asked Timmie, feeling a too well-known emptiness of the interior.

"You only done up two, so far!"

"You gimme that banana or you do your own old shuvvels up!"

"Here, take it," tossing it over to him, "an' you don't get the rest till you've finished, see?"

"Uh huh."

As he consumed the delicious fruit, he reflected on the subject of Half Moon Island. He recollected vague memories of his grandfather who, but a few years ago, had told him blood-curdling tales of the pirates' gold rumored to be hidden there. Captain Blue-boy, a bold buccaneer, who had been treacherously killed by one of his crew, was buried in the shifting sands of that lonely region. On summer nights he had often watched the flame-colored sun sink down behind the swaying pine trees. In the purple twilight he could seem to see mysterious forms moving around on the shore. Sometimes twinkling lights appeared here and there; but the fireflies were responsible for that. Visions of haunting ghosts of other days rose before him. A hot lick of Nib's tongue on his grimy hand reminded him that he was not gazing at Half Moon Island in the twilight, but standing in the store room of Gintz's Emporium with a banana skin in his fist. He offered this remaining delicacy to Nibs who

sniffed at it as disdainfully as a newly-rich scoffs at last year's Ford. Muriel was also in other worlds; she was finishing the last installment of the life of Hedda Duval, the famous vampire of the cinema. Timmie resumed his toil, but his imagination ran riot in bold adventures with treasure-seekers, daring thieves, and hair-breadth escapes. So great was his concern over this affair that when he had finished he forgot the "sweet fruit of his labors" and abstractedly withdrew from the presence of Muriel. By this time she had reached the sixth divorce of Hedda Duval and was still in opened-mouthed suspense.

En route to his home Timmie took "the easiest way," over fences and through pet flower gardens. Nibs accompanied his master, but only to desert him when the scampering of an alarmed cat lured him to the glorious thrill of the chase. For Nibs was a born sportsman and patron of Diana. His fuzzy face bore the disastrous results of dangerous conquests. But was he not a veteran cat-chaser since puppyhood, the neighbor title-holder? The smell of steak and onions pervaded his keen nostrils; they were home.

Next morning Timmie, while selling papers at the station, watched the 11:03 "draw in." From it stepped the mysterious and looked-for party, consisting of six men, two women, and countless traveling bags and cases. The services of the Blue Ribbon Taxi Company were offered to the strangers in the person of Josiah Saunders, its sole owner and official, also a retired undertaker. The flivver, of 1914 vintage, wheezed and coughed its way to Hopkins' Landing with four of the party. The remaining half waited and hoped (alas, in vain) for its speedy return. After the daring band had departed the boy sleuth made plans for attack.

At supper his strawberry-shortcake was left half-eaten! Strange phenomenon indeed! But Nibs profited by Timmie's loss. After hearing on the radio a trio from the Blatz Soap Company croon their woes to a hardened world, the desperate one turned the dials to listen intently to a description of two internationally famous thieves who had lately robbed the mansion of a New York millionaire. Their description would surely fit one of these characters. And were not clever women the brains and inspira-

tion of notorious thieves? At least they were in the weekly detective-story magazines. Why they *had* to be "crooks." What do people like them want on lonely islands if "ain't" for hiding from the police or "hatching" some plan? He had heard of many daring "hauls pulled off" in that way (through the newspapers). He went out of the house and sat on the wall near the edge of the water. Yes! There was really a campfire on the island! In the purple mist of the twilight he could just distinguish the moving forms of the men. They were actually dangerous treasure-hunters! But why did they boldly light their fire upon the edge of the shore if they feared detection? The super-thieves of fiction would have scorned such a blunder. But there are flaws in the best of them. He, Timothy Otis, could see no reason why he could not have that treasure as well as "them crooks." Lots of boys did "awfully clever" things like that, to gain fame and fortune—at least in books they did. Why, he could buy "swell" things if he had all that money. Just think—a locomotive all to oneself! Yes, he was going to—"Timmie! Oh, Timmie! Come on in! Do you know its half-past nine? If your father was home you wouldn't be out as late as this! You come in this house!!" The voice of his mother startled him and broke the spell.

He was speedily ushered to his room where he sat in deep thought on the edge of the bed. His mother could be heard putting the protesting Nibs down in the cellar for the night. Timmie started to peel off his stockings, but he could not go on. He must know what those "crooks" wanted over there. Fully dressed he snuggled under the sheets, for he heard his mother coming to see that he was well "tucked in" for the night. Silly habit of hers, anyway! Mrs. Otis entered and shut one of the windows to keep out a draft and returned to her room. Her daring son, tense with excitement, eagerly awaited the sonorous sounds which would soon issue forth from his mother's room to assure him that she was in deep repose.

When all was still, he painstakingly tiptoed downstairs. Each board shrieked its utmost. He heaved a sigh of relief when he got out of doors.

The glowing embers of the campfire still gleamed over on the island. The moonlight



silvered the surrounding foliage and the hammered waters of the river. Even his own hand looked metal-white. He shuddered in the chilling moonlight; it was as light as day. "A poor night for a murder" was his comforting thought, as he slipped into his father's rowboat and untied it from its moorings. The oars cut the glassy waters as two knives. The only sounds were the whispering murmurs of the trees and the lapping of the waves against the wall. As he drew nearer the island, the moon seemed to him even more ghostly. As a welcome to the quaking visitor were the moaning and creaking of black pines in the breeze. A harsh grating of sand against the bottom of the boat reminded him of his arrival.

He beached his noble craft upon the shore, perhaps for the last time. He was now approaching unknown perils. With pounding heart and skin quivering with "goose flesh," he stole into the enemy's camp. Three tents had been erected around the now dying campfire. Two men of distinctly foreign appearance sat smoking and drowsily conversing in a strange tongue. The boy sleuth, behind one of the tents, lay prone on his stomach. It seemed that these two men were going to talk for hours and hours. They gradually grew dimmer and dimmer; their voices fainter and farther away.

\* \* \* \* \*

A shrill feminine scream aroused our hero from peaceful slumber. His shoulder was roughly seized and shaken. He found himself gazing into eyes as wide open and even more astonished than his own. His tongue froze in his mouth. His eyes bulged from their sockets. This was the end; he was completely surrounded by the threatening band.

He was relieved, however, to find that the man who grasped his shoulder was not of so terrifying appearance as the others. Some of the men were garbed in strange, outlandish costumes. Nobody ever dressed in that way in Nottingham. With gay colored kerchiefs tied around their heads and fierce, long moustaches, they seemed to glare at him murderously! The women eyed him with avid interest.

"How'd you get over here, young fellow? What's the idea, anyway, of snooping around here?" asked the man with the cutlass in his hand.

"I—I came over crawfishin' last night. They only come out of the sand at night, you see," stammered the bewildered one.

"But why butt into us?" questioned another.

"I came over near the fire cause—"

"Oh, don't be that way, Louie!" broke in another. "The kid's all right. Kind of a queer little devil, I guess."

"Yeah, I s'pose so," responded Louie, "Say, how would you like a job for today? Are you strong?"

In answer he displayed the sun-tanned biceps of his wiry arm. An accomplice to real robber! Surely this would be an adventure. But, perhaps his mother wouldn't like it, and the kids would never believe it! But even Jesse James was a hero.

"'Course I'd like a job: But it won't be too awful, will it?"

"What do you mean, awful?"

"The job—I mean what you're gonna make me do, mister."

"Say, all you have to do is lug around those make-up boxes and campstools for the ladies. We're 'on location shooting' pirate scenes for Hedda Duval's latest picture. It's gonna be a knock-out. Hey! Jerry, bring them cameras out here!"

HELEN BROSEAU, '25.

### THE MOODS OF MUSIC

Music is a lovely, delicate thing, fleeting and iridescent as a rainbow, ineffably fair, and hauntingly sweet. It is like a painting, at which the great men of all ages have worked, adding color to color, shading here, subduing there, and laying it aside. Though music is one of the oldest of the arts, and the darling child of the Thespian Maids, yet it is always fresh and ever-changing, like a silvery cascade of sunlit water. All too often one thinks of music as something remote and detached as something which is to be enjoyed on occasion, but which plays a very small part in the events of life, as—**just music**. Ah, no. How can it be called "**just music**"? It has a thousand different moods; it has as many sides as the facets of a precious gem, each one made more lovely than the last. Every emotion and shade of fancy has its counterpart in poetry, in art, and in the dance, but most especially, I think, in music. Music is the universal language, the favorite me-

dium of thought and feeling of all peoples, in every land.

There are countless examples of the many aspects of music to be found in the works of the great masters who have produced the world's most famous compositions. A few of my favorite pieces which are among the simpler of these compositions will serve as illustrations.

For the gay, yet tender, mood, I have chosen the "Valse in D Flat," by Chopin, whose music has such a haunting, indefinable charm. This piece, popularly called the "Minute Waltz," is a delightful little aria, full of joy and merriment. It has a lilting melody which reminds one of the rippling of a brook over its pebbly bed, as the chirping and trilling of a woodland thrush, mingled with the distant sound of silvery bells across the country-side.

The noble grandeur of the immortal Beethoven meets the bolder, more dashing mood, whose sentiments his "Sonate Pathetique" vividly expresses. Surely one cannot but feel the passion and ardor of the somberly crashing minor chords, and of the brilliant, rapid rondo which follows them. Such a piece makes the pulses throb, and the blood course more swiftly through the veins. It would seem that it must move a marble statue and give it life, even as Pygmalion's love did to Galatea.

What more appropriate for the ardent, poetic mood than the "Dream of Love," from the "Liebestraume," by Franz Liszt? The exquisite chanson, with its tenderly beautiful melody, expresses the thought of its companion poem:

"Oh, love while love is thine to give, while true love yet remains to thee,

The hour comes, when at the grave thou'lt stand, and weep full bitterly;  
Let kindness glow within thy breast, let love's bright flame unfailing burn,

While still another faithful heart to thine beats warmly in return . . . . "

If one is in the mood for the colorful, rugged compositions of Edward Grieg, a most fascinating piece is the "Bridal Procession," from his "Sketches of Norwegian Life." It teems with rough vigor and hearty cheer. One can hear the wedding bells echoing among the snow-capped hills, and one can almost see the Norwegian peasants in their gay costumes, drinking toasts to the bride and groom, and singing their strange, barbaric folk-songs.

For the lighter mood I would choose the melodious scenic music of Ethelbert Nevin. A particularly lovely group is "Un Giorno En Venezia," representing four scenes in romantic Venice, the "City of the Soul." The first scene is "Dawn," pearly gray light flooding the sleeping city, the hushed lapping of the waves, the glory of sunrise over the silvery cobweb of the canals.

"Around me murmurs  
Softly the morning breeze,  
While a resplendent azure  
Suffuses sky and seas."

The second piece is called the "Gondoliers," in which the rippling motion of the waves forms the rhythm. One pictures a gay-painted gondola, lazily propelled by a swarthy gondolier, singing a dreamy barcarolle in his lyric Italian.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyrs blow,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realms

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes."

This scene portrays the Venice that Shelley loved, and of which he wrote:

"Under day's azure eyes,  
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies;  
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
Shine like obelisks of fire."

In the third piece, the "Venetian Love Song," is expressed the very spirit of Venice, full of suppressed fire and passion:

"The night-wind sighs, our gondola flies

Across the dark lagoon;

The city sleeps, and well she keeps

Her watch the gentle Moon;

For with her light she guides our flight

Across the silver sea.

We are alone! The world, my own,

Doth hold but you and me."

And the fourth one, "Good Night," begins with a slow chant, into which breaks the distant sound of bells over the water, in rising and falling echoes of the cathedral chimes.

"The bark on the rippling deep  
Hath found a pillow,  
And the pale moonbeams sleep  
On the green billow.  
Bound by her emerald zone  
Venice is lying,  
And round her marble crown  
Night-winds are sighing."

For the lively mood there is the fantasy piece, "Whims," by Robert Schumann. This is a capricious little composition, to be played "Mit Humor." And indeed it is humorous; it is bursting with fun and jollity, and one fancies he hears a roguish chuckle now and then.

When one is in a dreamy mood, there is nothing more delightful than the queer, little themes of Selim Palmgren, called the "Modern Chopin." They are full of whimsy and elfin mischief, and they have an alluring, foreign sound. Two lovely pieces by Palmgren are "Sarabande" a languid dance motif, with an Oriental atmosphere; and "May-night," which brings the very breath of a sweet, summer evening, with the crushed fragrance of flowers, and the subdued brilliance of the stars in the sable velvet of the sky.

And, finally, for the thoughtful mood, with an undercurrent of sadness, I have chosen a few of the collection called "Sea-Pieces," by our American composer, Edward MacDowell, which possess all the sad, haunting sweetness that is characteristic of him. The first, "To the Sea," is a tribute to "Ocean, the Mighty Monster," and in it are the monotonous rumbling of its surf, and the thundering roar of the breakers. The second, called "A. D., 1620," pictures, with its rolling rhythm, an ancient vessel sailing far out to sea:

"The yellow setting sun  
Melts the lazy sea to gold,  
And glids the swaying galleon  
That, towards a land of promise,  
Lunges hugely on."

The third, "Nautilus," tells of a "fairy sail and a fairy boat" on an ocean of mother-of-pearl. There is a dreamy rise and fall to the rhythm, like the gentle swell of the sea. And the last is a sailor's song, in changing moods:

"A merry song, a chorus brave,  
And yet a sigh regret  
For roses sweet, in woodland lanes—  
Ah, love can ne'er forget!"

The lusty chorus comes faintly over the sea, as the vessel buffets the waves, but each time the breeze bears back the echo with a sad, scarcely audible sigh.

And so one might go on endlessly, search-

ing for the beautiful musical complement to one's fleeting fancies, for music sighs and weeps, laughs and smiles, as truly as do we, and it paints as vivid a picture as lies in the power of words to do. And just as music is the natural outlet for the emotions and precious ideals of the composer, so it is a solace and refuge for the player, in which he finds a true companion in his joys, and a sharer of his every mood.

NATALIE M. STORY.

### THE ENCHANTED ISLE

Tiny isle of purest emerald,  
Scintillating in the sea,  
Girt around with golden beaches—  
That's the fairyland for me!

Strange, alluring, and exotic,  
In its tropic setting rare,  
With its birds and painted flowers,  
And its perfume-laden air.

When Aurora's rosy chariot  
First begins its morning flight,  
Then, O paradise of beauty,  
Thou art bathed in golden light.

And at noon each jewelled leaf is  
Clearly etched against the sea;  
Palm, and fern, and rarest rosewood  
Form a verdant canopy.

Every sunset makes thee glorious  
With the rainbow's vivid hues;  
Then, before thy radiant splendor,  
Jewels must their beauty lose.

But the evening, scarce revealing,  
Turns realities to dreams;  
Thou art then a land of fancy  
In the moon's pale silver beams.

Delicate as lacy cobwebs,  
Every fern and petal see,  
Beck'ning to a charmed existence  
On that far and distant lea.

May the hand of Father Cronus—  
By thy loveliness beguiled,  
In his flight across the ages—  
Touch thee gently, little isle.

NATALIE STORY '25.



TRANSLATION OF VICTOR HUGO'S  
"ELLE AVAIT PRIS LE PLI"

Each morning, as the sun came in my room,  
She, too, a ray of sunlight, would appear,  
And with her coming scattered all the  
gloom;

T'was happiness to me to have her near.  
She used to sit upon the floor and play  
With books and manuscripts I worked with  
there

(E'en now, among my papers, day by day,  
I find her little scrawls, worked with such  
care).

Birdlike, from place to place, she'd flit and  
fill

The room with her sweet presence and her  
charm

Then, like a bird, she'd disappear, and still  
I'd seem to feel her, leaning 'gainst my arm.  
And always, after seeing her, I'd write  
With better courage, lighter heart and soul,  
Yes, she could make me happy, day or night;  
Those evenings, round the fire of glowing  
coal;

My wife, and all my children, and a friend—  
All had I then to make me glad and gay,  
And now—she's dead, and I—wait for the  
end,

God help me now! for bitter is my way;  
She was my all, my every care and thought,  
When she was sad, I seemed to hear her  
sighs;

The happiest sunshine was to me as naught  
If once I saw a shadow in her eyes.

BETTY KILBOURNE '25.

YOU ALL KNOW HIM

He was a sheik with coal black hair;  
He talked his hearers deaf and numb.  
Then he waxed wroth when they remarked  
That they considered him plain "dumb."

EVERYWOMAN

She shops—and all the world stands still  
In mute despair and wonder,  
She shops in joy the livelong day  
And buys? Why, not a thing—by thunder!

A. C., '25.

PAS LES CHEVEUX

Her hair is glinted, glossy, gold  
Meticulously neat

She has it washed, perfumed, and waved  
—Looks very sweet.

She combs it ninety times a day—

She mirrors it beside;

If one wee lock is out of place

—O woe betide!

I question soulfully and oft

"Does it ever occur to her

Que c'est la tête quicompte toujours

—Pas les cheveux?"

ALICE CUNNINGHAM, '25.

ECSTASY—TRANSLATED FROM HUGO'S  
"EXTASE"

—Et j'entendis une grande voix—Apocalypse

My eyes looked past the vista of the years  
Past world that is to world that is to be.  
At night, alone, no clouds, the sky gold-  
starred

And not a sail upon enchanted sea.

But woods and winds had subtle murmuring  
To question mystic stars and waves that  
sing.

And star-light and water in glittering revel  
Communing together what secrets they tell.  
No list ever need question, loud voices wait  
it

In white crest, in gold gleam to those they  
love well.

The sea uncontrollable, the stars seem to  
call

"Lo, God is here, the God of all!"

ALICE CUNNINGHAM, '25.

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S

When I view with alarm this pimple on my  
nose

That seems to spread just like a rosy ball,  
I marvel more and more the courage of the  
man

Who said, "Paint me as I am, wart and all."



During the last year the "Echo" has exchanged publications with schools all over the United States. Each Exchange was indicative of the school's individual locality, aims and character.

The news of the Western schools was fresh, chummy and breezy, a decided contrast to the more scholarly and literary features of the Eastern schools. The South contained the best modern short stories of any of the exchanges.

The "Echo" hopes that it may continue its enjoyable connections with these schools throughout the coming year.

#### Exchange List

"The Hi-Life," Great Falls High School, Montana.

"The Noddler," East Boston High School, Mass.

"The Hilltop," Warren High School, Mass.

"The Pathfinder," Washington Junior High School, Rochester, N. Y.

"The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston.

"The Talisman," Appleton High School, Wisconsin.

"The Newtonite," Newtonville High School, Mass.

"The Wyndonian," Windham High School, Willimantic, Conn.

"The Voice," Concord High School, Mass.

"The Radiator," Somerville High School, Mass.

"The School Life," Melrose High School, Mass.

"The Sphinx," Shrewsbury High School, Mass.

"The Bulletin," Watertown High School, Mass.

"The Red and Black," Hillsboro High School, Tampa, Fla.

"The Oracle," Jamaica High School, Long Island, N. Y.

"The Gale," Revere High School, Mass.

"The Torch," Junior High School, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"The Tunxis," Windsor High School, Windsor, Conn.

"The Sagamore," Brookline High School, Mass.

"The Cambridge Review," Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.

"The Bulletin," Lawrence High School, Mass.

"The Sigma," Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill.

"The Sutherland," Proctor High School, Vermont.

"The Stimulator," Coffee High School, Florence, Ala.

"The Herald," Westfield High School, Mass.

"The Tattler," Nashua High School, N. H.

"Palo Alto," Campanile High School, Calif.

"The Bulletin," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"The Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

"B. U. News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"St. Joseph's Chronicle," St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Imp," Brighton High School, Mass.

"The Record," North High School, Worcester, Mass.

"The Broadcast," Everett High School, Mass.

"The Drury Academic," Drury High School, No. Adams.

"The High School Folio," Flushing High School, Flushing, New York.

"The Echo," Canton High School, Mass.

"The Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

## - - Alumni - -

### CLASS OF 1922

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Sidney Blanford, Tech.  
Lawrence Bicknell, Tufts.  
Clara Brown, B. U.  
John Eaton, B. U.  
Ruth Evans, B. U.  
Robert Hazel, Dartmouth.  
Mary Lochhead, Smith.  
Richard McClintock, Dartmouth.  
Mary Murphy, B. U.  
Philip Ruskin, Harvard.  
Harold Turner, B. U.  
Hymen Silverstein, Harvard.

### CLASS OF 1923

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Dorothy Barbour, Sullins College.  
Anita Bates, Salem Normal.  
Regina Bradley, Salem Normal.  
Boardman Chase, Tech.  
John Fulham, Northeastern.  
Catherine Grady, Radcliffe.  
Clement Higgins, B. U.  
Phyllis Irish, Boston Bible Training School.  
George Jenkins, Tech.  
Samuel Weible, Tech.  
Albert Nevers, Tech.  
Eleanor Plummer, Miss Wheelock's School.  
Charles Russell, University of N. Hampshire.  
Alfred Grady, Exeter.  
Stanley Robinson, Tufts College.  
Margaret Sawyer, Framingham Normal.  
Elizabeth Sheehan, Salem Normal.  
Harriet Segal, Miss Choate's School.  
Roosevelt Boyd, Radcliffe.  
Angeline Goodall, North Adams Normal.  
Carolyn Magee, Boston School of Physical Education.  
Geraldine McCarthy, Salem Normal.  
Arthur Murry, Harvard.  
Herbert Swan, Brown University.  
Franklyn Waite, Harvard.

### CLASS OF 1924

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Lawrence Barclay, University of N. H.  
George Boyarsky, B. U.  
Joseph Bradley, Boston College.  
Lucy Branz, Salem Normal.

Mildred Brogan, Salem Normal.  
Beatrice Brown, Wheaton College.  
Richard Canton, Dartmouth.  
Esther Chisholm, Wellesley.  
Selma Cohen, Simmons.  
Seymour Colby, Bently School.  
Archie Cummings, Northeastern.  
Thomas Ezekiel, Northeastern.  
Hope Frankland, Perry Kindergarten School.  
Robert Franklin, Harvard.  
Mary Gillespie, Sargent.  
Rubin Glass, Mass. College of Pharmacy.  
Joseph Guidi, Worcester Tech.  
Henry Haley, Northeastern.  
Joseph Haley, Tufts.  
Alice Hall, Roger's Hall.  
Richard Johnson, Rutger's Prep, N. J.  
Elizabeth Kent, Wheaton.  
Rubin Klier, Mass. College of Pharmacy.  
William Leviston, Northeastern.  
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Marjorie McCarthy, Salem Normal.  
Robert Merritt, Harvard.  
John T. Metcalf, Tech.  
Ina Minto, Simmons.  
Lucille Nevers, Salem Normal.  
Martha O'Toole, B. U.  
Walter O'Toole, B. U.  
Walter Ramsey, New Hampshire University.  
Aurelia Schober, B. U.  
Catherine Sewall, Leland Powers.  
Theodore Stockwell, Oak Grove Seminary.  
Eric Svensson, West Point.  
Eunice Swift, Mass. Normal Art.  
Francis Ward, Exeter.  
E. Montgomery Wells, Dartmouth.  
Richard Whorf, Copley Players.  
Thomas Wiczorek, U. of Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Joseph Wise, Harvard.

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\* marks spot where radiator boiled over \*

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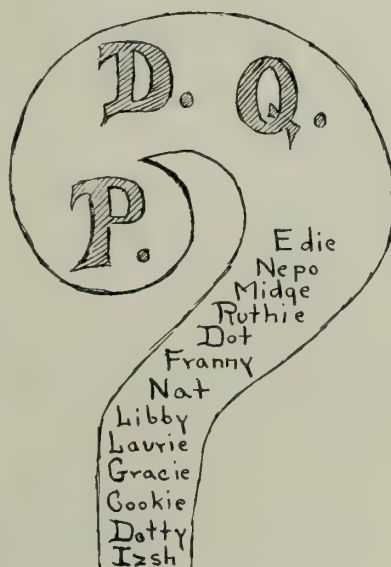
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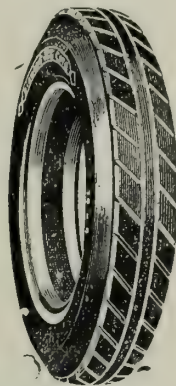
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*To the Graduating Class of the Winthrop  
High School:—*

*We extend our congratulations and best wishes and hope that the fulfillment of your desires in the new lives which you are about to assume will make the future bright by the fullest realization of your ambitions.*

*We thank you for your valued and appreciated patronage.*

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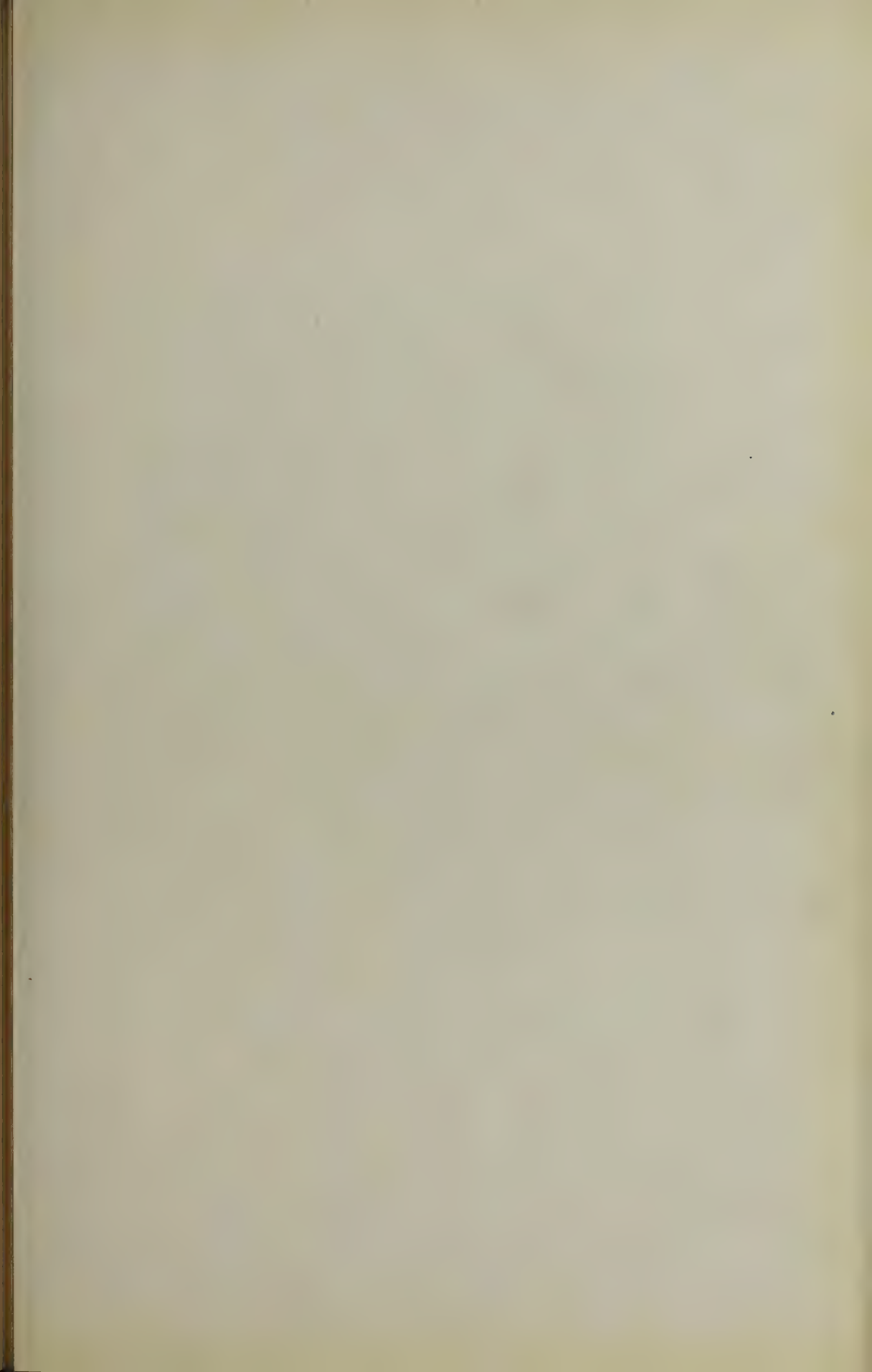
## WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL



# YEAR BOOK

## 1926









MISS CLARA M. SPENCE

### *The Dedication*

*We, the Class of 1926, seeking to  
find a fitting tribute, in expression of  
our appreciation and gratitude, for  
one who has played a large part in  
making our high school years happy  
and successful, lovingly dedicate this*

*Commencement number of*

*The Echo to*

*Miss Clara M. Spence*



EDWARD R. CLARKE, Principal



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1926

---

*As you leave your high school to go out into business or to college or technical schools, I wish you would remember that the Winthrop High School expects "Every one to do his duty." If you strive to reflect credit upon your Alma Mater you will at the same time bring credit upon yourself.*

*Try to get at the right values of things in the world. I mean by this that I hope you will choose pleasures, pursuits, and friends of real worth and not be confused and led aside by a vain search after pleasure for pleasure's sake alone.*

*The greatest joy and satisfaction that can come to you is that which comes from doing something really worth while in the world. You can get these joys by trying to do your daily tasks better than anyone else can do them.*

*We shall miss you very much and shall want to see you and hear from you often. With congratulations and all best wishes,*

*Your friend,*

EDWARD R. CLARKE.

June 23, 1926.

# In Memoriam

CLARA GRACE AYRES

*of the*

FACULTY

Died December 23, 1925

JOHN FREDERICK  
GUNN


Class of 1927

Died January 13,  
1926

CATHERINE  
GERTRUDE BELCHER

Class of 1928

Died May 6,  
1926



## ECHO BOARD

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Frank F. Bauer, Jr.

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Phyllis B. Altmeyer

**Distributing Agent**  
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Miss Lucy A. Drew

DEVLIN  
-26



# HIGH SCHOOL DIRECTORY

## School Committee

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Charles A. Williams

## Superintendent of Schools

Frank A. Douglas

## Principal

Edward R. Clarke

## Sub-Master

Frederic C. Loomis

## Secretary

Dorothy Cousins

## Assistants

Latin, Katherine Bacon, Florence Nelson; French and German, Crescentia Beck; Chemistry, History, Physics, Ethlinda G. Rice; Spanish and Latin, Helen J. Cady; English, Lucy A. Drew, Florence Wilder, Marjorie Twitchell; French, Martha L. Eveleth; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Geometry and Algebra, George D. Grierson; French, Helen E. Brown; Algebra, Chemistry, Physical Training, Harold W. Poole; General Science, Lenna M. Peabody; Bookkeeping, Civics, Arithmetic, Anna Pfanenstiehl; Penmanship and Arithmetic, Margaret L. Reed; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Geography, Walter Donahue; English, Spanish, Latin, Helen Beaton; Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Leslie Dunham; Domestic Science, Marie J. McPherson, Dorothy Higgins; History, Mark Mohler, Elizabeth Buethe; Science, Mathematics, Physical Training, Arthur Coulman.

## Special Teachers

Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, Eber I. Wells, Timothy Sheehan; Free Hand Drawing, Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Supervisor of Music, George H. Dockham; Physical Culture, Florence T. Key; Dramatics, Clara M. Spence.

## LIST OF PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY IN THE CLASS OF 1926

Six Years	Four Years	Five Years
Stella Hinchcliffe		Hortense Sanders
Otis Crocker		Dominic Perrone
John Lochhead		Ada Foley
Three Years		
Gladys Barclay	David McEwan	Dorothy Stearns
Joseph Gray	Arthur Nickerson	Margaret Verdi
	Veronica Preg	
Two Years		
Isabel Blandford	Walter Johnson	Robert Rockwood
Ruth Clarke	Harold Mayer	Catharine Stevens
Evangeline Jenkins	Estelle Rainville	Marion Thompson
One Year		
Phyllis Altmeyer	Dorothy Dixon	Paul Norris
Laura Atkinson	Eleanor Fisher	Evelyn Peters
Doris Baker	Warren Gillon	Madel Ramsey
Ernest Baker	Gwendolyn Hall	Helen Remick
Robert Ball	Helen Hall	Ellis Stone
Frank Bauer	Ruth Herbert	Allison Stewart
George Boyle	Guy Lothrop	Wellington Stewart
Mildred Bridgman	Isabella McFarlane	Arthur Tewksbury
Francis Bucek	Franklyn McNaught	Doris Wales
Arthur Burke	Guy Mellgren	Stella White
Paul Connor	Laurence Monahan	Lester Wile
	Victor Nelson	

## The Seniors

- Richard D. Abrams  
Dorothy Louise Adams  
\*Phyllis Beatrice Altmeyer  
William Roberts Ames  
Eleanor Elizabeth Arnold  
\*Laura Chapman Atkinson  
Doris Mae Baker  
Ernest Andrew Baker  
Nancy Hannah Baker  
Robert Walter Ball  
Gladys Barclay  
\*Carl Baskin  
Frank Ferdinand Bauer, Jr.  
\*Mary Becker  
\*Isabel Selina Blandford  
George James Boyle  
Catherine Frances Brady  
\*Mildred Vincent Bridgman  
Sarah Brooks  
\*Waldo Francis Bucek  
George Arthur Burke  
Ruth Louise Canton  
Thomas John Carnicelli  
Sylvia S. Ceder  
Caroline Ciampa  
Kendall Clark  
Ruth Leigh Clarke  
Adeline Cecilia Clougherty  
Paul Clayton Connor  
\*Anna Whitman Cook  
Robert Morris Copenhagen  
Norman Lewis Corwin  
Ruth Frances Cousins  
George Clayton Crocker  
Otis Waite Crocker  
Robert Wallace Crossman  
Esther Marjorie Curran  
Alice Flora Davenhall  
Dorothy Vogel Davis  
Martin Peter Delorey  
John Edmund Devlin  
Leslie Richard Dimes  
Margaret A. Dineen  
\*Dorothy Elizabeth Dixon  
Cecile Marie Donoghue  
Ralph M. Ferrar  
\*Evelyn Fingold  
Irene Eleanor Fisher  
Bernard Joseph Flannery  
\*Minnie Fleishman  
\*Ada Gertrude Foley  
Madeline Fopiano  
\*Virginia Minot Fowler  
Paul Douglas Frankland  
Joseph Albert Fraser  
Milton Hill Friedenberg  
Eva M. Garr  
\*John Warren Gillon  
George Glass  
\*Lazarus Harold Goldberg  
Sydney David Goldberg  
Stephen Joseph Grady  
Joseph James Gray  
Gwendolyn Hall  
Helen Cecelia Hall  
Violet Gwendolyn Hannaford  
John Francis Harkins  
Margaret Eileen Hayes  
Stanley Charles Healy  
Raymond Eugene Herbert  
Ruth Herbert  
Stella E. Hinchcliffe  
Ruth Maud Irish  
Evangeline Ellen Jenkins  
Walter Durant Johnson  
Miriam Beatrice Kadushin  
Margaret Mary King  
\*Sara Klier  
Minerva Kranetz  
\*James Ambrose Leighton  
\*Charles Liberman  
John Lipton Lochhead, Jr.  
Guy Henry Lothrop, Jr.  
\*Byron LeRoy MacKusick  
Rufus Washington Madison  
Anna Pauline Mahony  
John Francis Martin  
Harold Francis Mayer  
Geraldine Rosalie McCarthy  
David Beattie McEwan  
\*Isabella Law McFarlane  
Franklyn Cameron McNaught  
Guy Waldemar Mellgren, Jr.  
Laurence Patrick Monahan  
Henry Edwin Moore  
Florence Elizabeth Mourad  
Beatrice Mae Nelson  
Victor Joseph Nelson  
\*Agnes Julia Nestor  
Arthur Thomas Nickerson  
Paul Augustus Norris  
Dominic Perrone  
\*Evelyn Florence Peters  
Grace Frances Pigon  
Frieda Pransky  
\*M. Veronica Preg  
Louis Raymond Racca  
\*Estelle Marie Rainville  
Madel Vera Ramsey  
Jeanette Marie Rea  
Ethel Evelyn Reese  
\*Charles Bertram Reid  
Helen Ray Remick  
\*Arthur Dudley Roberts  
Robert Baker Rockwood  
Evelyn Ida Rogers  
Josephine Rosamond Rollins  
Rita Romig  
Louise Rowe  
Esther Bella Rudginsky  
\*Hortense Crum Sanders  
Dellcine Maria Sandiford  
Kathryn Shepherd  
Frieda Silverman  
Rose Ann Silverman  
Marjorie Virginia Simpson  
Fred Francis Sinatra  
Abraham Smith  
Webster Armstrong Smith  
Stella Sperber  
\*Dorothy Jeanne Stearns  
Catharine Mary Stevens  
Allison Carver Stewart  
Wellington Johnstone Stewart  
Frederick Ellis Stone  
Lawrence Perry Stone  
John Edward Sullivan  
Paul Winthrop Svenson  
Max Swartz  
Arthur Sprague Tewksbury, Jr.  
Esther Evangelyn Thompson  
Marion Josephine Thompson  
Roger Elden Titus  
Margaret Virginia Tully  
\*Abraham Solomon Uman  
Mary Margaret Verdi  
Felix Joseph Vergona  
Doris Carolyn Wales  
James Bertram Wells  
Estella Merriam White  
Lester Milton Wile  
\*Frances Beatrice Zaks  
Barney Alfred Zieff

---

\*Honor Pupils.



**ROGER TITUS**  
"Ty"

Class President '26; Social Committee '25, '26; Football '23 (2nd), '24, '25, Capt. '26; School Plays '24, '25; Operettas '24, '25, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; Senior Play '26.

**DOROTHY DAVIS**  
"Dot"

Class Vice-Pres. '26; School Play '25; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Echo Board '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**LENNA M. PEABODY**  
"Len"

Class Treasurer.

**SARAH BROOKS**  
"Sally"

Class Secretary '26; A. A. Secretary '26; Social Committee '25; Field Hockey '23 (2nd), '24, Capt. '25, Capt. '26; Tennis '26.

**RAYMOND HERBERT**  
"Ray"

Class Marshal '25, '26; Social Committee '25, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24; French Club '24, '25; Science Club '24, '25.



**RICHARD ABRAMS****"Dick"**

Operetta '26; Debating Society '26;  
French Club '26; Science Club '25,  
Senior Chorus '26.

**DOROTHY ADAMS****"Dot"****PHYLLIS ALTMeyer****"Phyl"**

Assembly Programs '26; Echo  
Board '26.

**WILLIAM AMES****"Bill"****ELEANOR ARNOLD****"Patsey"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs  
'23, '24, '26; General Knowledge  
Club '23; Senior Chorus '26.

**LAURA ATKINSON****"Laurie"**

School Play '24; Operetta '26; As-  
sembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26;  
Echo Board '26; Debating Team '25;  
Debating Club '25, '26; French Club  
'24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25,  
'26; Gym Exhibition Committee '26;  
Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24;  
Class Historian '26.

**DORIS BAKER****"Dot"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

**ERNEST BAKER****"Brud"**

Social Committee '24, '25; Dress  
Committee '26; Basketball '24 (2nd),  
'25 (2nd), '26; Baseball '24 (2nd),  
'25, '26.

**NANCY BAKER****"Nan"**

Science Club '24.

**ROBERT BALL****"Bob"**

Tennis '26; School Play '25; Sen-  
ior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly  
Programs '26; Latin Club '23, '24,  
'25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.



**GLADYS BARCLAY****"Gladie"****CARL BASKIN****"Euphus"**

Track '25; French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**FRANK BAUER****"Ferdie"**

Editor-in-chief Echo; School Play '25; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Debating Club '24, '25, President '26; French Club '24, '25, Vice Pres. '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25; Science Club '24, '25, Vice Pres. '26.

**MARY BECKER****"Becky"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

**ISABEL BLANDFORD****"Is"**

Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**GEORGE BOYLE****"Greg"**

Orchestra '25; French Club '23, '24, '25.

**CATHERINE BRADY****"Kay"****MILDRED BRIDGMAN****"Dink"**

Class Secretary '24; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '26; French Club (Sec.) '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**WALDO BUCEK****"Farmer"**

Basketball Manager '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26.

**GEORGE BURKE****"Burkie"**

Football '24 (2nd); Track '26.

**RUTH CANTON****"Ruthie"**

Class Secretary '23, '25; Social Committee '24, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24; French Club '24; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25.

**THOMAS CARNICELLI****"Gin"**

Dress Committee '26; Football '25, '26; Baseball '24 (2nd), '25, '26; Track '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**SYLVIA CEDER****"Syl"****CAROLINE CIAMPA****"Carrie"****KENDALL CLARK****"Cake"**

Debating Team '25, '26; Debating Club '25, '26; Science Club '24, '25, '26.

**RUTH CLARKE****"Ruthie"****ADELINE CLOUGHERTY****"Ad"**

Debating Club '26; English Club '23, '24.

**PAUL CONNOR****"Dutch"**

Football (2nd) '23; Basketball '24, '25, Capt. '26.

**ANNA COOK****"Cookie"**

Social Committee '23, '25, '26; Farewell Social Committee '26; Class Day Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '23, '24, '25, Treas. '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, Senior Consul '26; English Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

**ROBERT COPENHAGEN****"Brutus"**

Debating Club '26; Science Club '26.





**NORMAN CORWIN****"Norm"**

Chairman Class Day Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '26; Orchestra '26; Debating Club '26; French Club '26; Science Club '26.

**RUTH COUSINS****"Ruthie"****GEORGE CROCKER****"Clay"**

Football '24 (2nd), '25; Track '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25; Senior Chorus '26.

**OTIS CROCKER****"Dish"**

Football '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**ROBERT CROSSMAN****"Bob"**

Football '26; Basketball '25, '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26.

**ESTHER CURRAN****"Binkie"**

Science Club '25.

**ALICE DAVENHALL****"Al"****MARTIN DELOREY****"Frog"**

Football '24 (2nd); Baseball '25, Capt. '26.

**JOHN DEVLIN****"Dev"**

Social Committee '23, '24, '25, '26; Farewell Dance '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '26; Debating Society '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '26.

**LESLIE DIMES****"Dimee"**

Science Club Business Manager '25 and '26.

**MARGARET DINEEN****"Dintie"**

Dress Committee '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Club, Vice Pres. '26; Spanish Club '24, '25; Science Club '25; Senior Vaudeville '23.

**DOROTHY DIXON****"Dot"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

**CECILE DONOGHUE****"C"****RALPH FERRAR****"Manny"**

Assembly Programs '23, '24; Orchestra '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25.

**EVELYN FINGOLD****"Ev"**

Orchestra '24, '25, '26; Debating Society '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

**IRENE FISHER****BERNARD FLANNERY**

Chairman Cheering Committee '26.

**MINNIE FLEISHMAN**

Pres. General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '23, '24; Spanish Club '24; Girls' Debating Club '25, (Pres.) '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Secretary Debating Society '26.

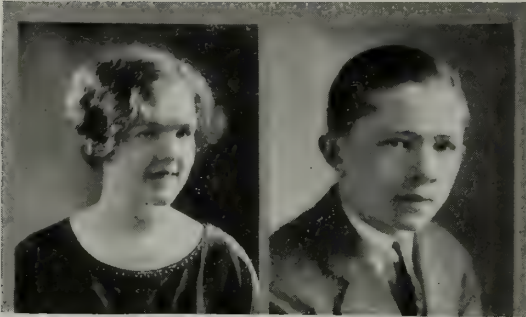
**ADA FOLEY****"Spink"**

Social Committee '25, '26; Field Hockey '23, '24, '25, Manager '26; Operetta '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25, '26; Cheer Leader '25, '26; Gym Exhibition Committee '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**MADELINE FOPIANO****"Bunny"**

Assembly Programs '23, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '24, '25, '26.



**VIRGINIA FOWLER**

Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**PAUL FRANKLAND**

"Dutch"

**MILTON FRIEDENBERG**

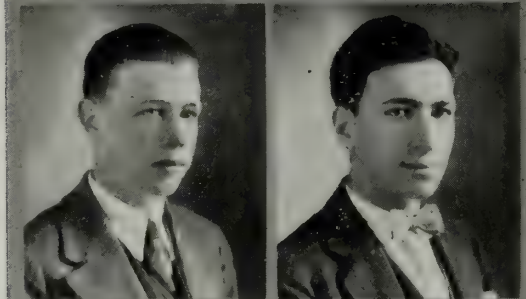
"Nippers"

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Head Cheer Leader '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**EVA GARR**

"Eve"

Orchestra '24; Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

**JOHN GILLON**

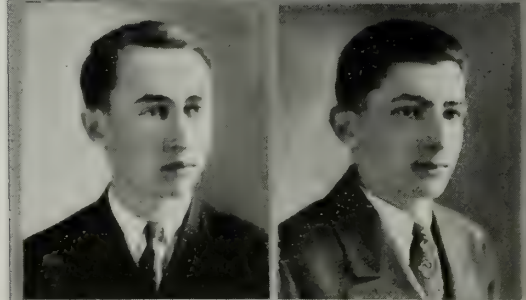
"Windy"

Science Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Day Electrician '26.

**GEORGE GLASS**

"Gidge"

Baseball '25 (2nd), '26; General Knowledge Club '24.

**LAZARUS GOLDBERG**

"Laz"

Assembly Programs '23, '24; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25.

**SYDNEY GOLDBERG**

"Syd"

Debating Society '26; French Club '26.

**JOSEPH FRASER**

"Joie"

Football '24 (2nd), '25; Baseball '25 (2nd).



**STEPHEN GRADY**

"Cleo"

Football '23 (2nd), '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**JOSEPH GRAY**

**GWENDOLYN HALL**

"Gwennie"

Orchestra '23, '24, '25, '26.

**HELEN HALL**

**VIOLET HANNAFORD**

"Vi"

**JOHN HARKINS**

"Johnnie"

Track '22.

**MARGARET HAYES**

"I"

**STANLEY HEALY**

"Buts"

**RUTH HERBERT**

**STELLA HINCHCLIFFE**

"Hinchie"

Science Club '24.



**RUTH IRISH****"Rootie"**

Social Committee '23, '24; School Play '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Club '25; Senior Chorus '26.

**EVANGELINE JENKINS****"Van"**

Social Committee '26; Chairman Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23; Orchestra '23; Vice Pres. '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**WALTER JOHNSON****"Wally"****MIRIAM KADUSHIN****"Mimi"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Debating Society '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; English Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

**MARGARET KING****"Peg"**

Field Hockey '23 (2nd), '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Debating Club '26.

**SARA KLIER****"Say"**

Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Assembly Programs '23, '24; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Girls' Debating Club '25, Secretary '26; Debating Society '26; Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '23, '24.

**MINERVA KRANETZ****"Nervie"**

Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24.

**JAMES LEIGHTON****"Jimmie"**

President A. A. '26; Social Committee '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Day Committee '26; Chairman Gift Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Football '25 (2nd), '26; Senior Chorus '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**CHARLES LIBERMAN****"Elias"**

Assembly Programs '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25, '26.

**JOHN LOCHHEAD**

Echo Board '26; French Club '26; Latin Club '25, '26.

**GUY LOTHROP****"G. Henri"**

Social Committee '24 (chairman), '25, '26; Chairman Dress Committee '26; Baseball '23, '24, Capt. '25, '26; School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '25.

**BYRON MacKUSICK****"Boulder"**

Salutatorian '26; French Club '24, '25, '26.

**RUFUS MADISON****"Duffus"****PAULINE MAHONY****"Polly"**

Latin Club '25, '26.

**JOHN MARTIN****"Steve"**

Social Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Football '25 (2nd); Track '25; School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**HAROLD MAYER****"Har"**

Operetta '26; French Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**GERALDINE McCARTHY****"Jerry"**

French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**DAVID McEWAN****"Dib"**

Assembly Programs '25; Debating Society '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**ISABELLA McFARLANE****"Isabelle"**

French Club '24, '25, '26.

**FRANKLYN McNAUGHT****"Red"**



**GUY MELLGREN****"Melvin"**

Social Committee '24; Manager Track '26; Assembly Programs '26; Echo Board '26.

**LAURENCE MONAHAN****"Pat"**

Manager Baseball '26; Echo Board '26; Orchestra '23.

**HENRY MOORE**

Band '26.

**FLORENCE MOURAD****"Flo"**

Assembly Programs '26; General Knowledge Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

**BEATRICE NELSON****"Be"**

Assembly Programs '26.

**VICTOR NELSON****"Redvick"**

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd), '26; Baseball '25 (2nd), '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**AGNES NESTOR****"Tillie"**

Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Assembly Programs '26; Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

**ARTHUR NICKERSON****"Art"**

Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26; Assembly Programs '26.

**PAUL NORRIS****"Dimples"**

Track '23, '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Science Club '23.

**DOMINIC PERRONE****"Len"**

Baseball '25 (2nd); Science Club '25, '26.

**EVELYN PETERS****"Evvy"**

Assembly Programs '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, Jun. Consul '25, '26.

**GRACE PIGON****"Gracie"**

Class Day Committee '26; School Play '24; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Debating Club '25, '26; French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Historian '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**FRIEDA PRANSKY****"Teeny"**

Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Orchestra '24, '25, '26; Debating Club '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '26; General Knowledge Club '26; Senior Vaudeville '23; English Club '24.

**VERONICA PREG****"Peggy"**

Operetta '26; French Club '24 '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; Assembly Programs '26.

**LOUIS RACCA**

Football '22 (2nd), '23, '24, '25; Basketball '23 (2nd), '26; Track '23, '24.

**ESTELLE RAINVILLE****"Stella"**

Dress Committee '26; Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Club '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**MADEL RAMSEY****"May"****JEANETTE REA****"Mox"**

Social Com. '23, '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Latin Club '24; Spanish Club '25; Senior Chorus '26.

**ETHEL REESE****"Ettie"**

Science Club '23, '24.

**CHARLES REID****"Bert"**

**HELEN REMICK****"Evalina"**

Assembly Programs '24; Latin Club '24, '25, '26.

**ARTHUR ROBERTS****"Eli"**

Orchestra '23, '24, '25 '26; French Club '24, '25, President '26; Science Club '25, President '26.

**ROBERT ROCKWOOD****"Deacon"**

Science Club '26.

**EVELYN ROGERS****JOSEPHINE ROLLINS****"Jo"**

Social Committee '26; Farewell Social Committee '26; Class Day Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25; Spanish Club '24, '25, '26.

**RITA ROMIG**

Field Hockey '22 (2nd); Science Club '24.

**LOUISE ROWE****"Lou"**

School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26.

**ESTHER RUDGINSKY****"Es"**

Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

**HORTENSE SANDERS****"Holly"**

Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**DELLCINE SANDIFORD****"Dell"**

General Knowledge Club '24.



**KATHRYN SHEPHERD****"Nepo"**

Social Committee '25; Field Hockey '25, '26; Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '23; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25; Farewell Social Committee '26.

**FRIEDA SILVERMAN****"Pal"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

**ROSE SILVERMAN****"Ro"**

Dress Committee '26; Assembly Programs '23; Debating Team '26; Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

**MARJORIE SIMPSON****"Ginn"**

French Club '26.

**FRED SINATRA****"Freddie"**

Class President '24; Social Committee Chairman '23; Football '25, '26; Basketball '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Track '24, '26; Assembly Programs '26; Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**ABRAHAM SMITH****"Rabbit"**

Track '26; Debating Team '26; Debating Society, Vice-Pres. '26; French Club '26.

**WEBSTER SMITH****"Webb"**

French Club '24; Latin Club '23.

**STELLA SPERBER****"Juney"**

General Knowledge Club '22.

**DOROTHY STEARNS****"Dot"**

Class Pianist '23, '24, '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Orchestra '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24.

**CATHARINE STEVENS****"K"**

Class Day '26; Senior Play '26; French Club '25, Secretary '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; English Club '24.



**ALLISON STEWART****"Hod"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Program '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**WELLINGTON STEWART****"Duke"**

Science Club '24, '25, '26; Tennis Team '26.

**FREDERICK STONE****"Stonie"**

Football (2nd) '25; Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26; Echo Board '25, '26; Science Club '25; Tennis Team Player Manager '26.

**LAWRENCE STONE****"Stoney"****JOHN SULLIVAN****"Sullie"**

Football (2nd) '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**MAX SWARTZ**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**PAUL SVENSON**

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd), '26.

**ARTHUR TEWKSBURY****"Ba"**

Science Club '24, '25, '26.

**ESTHER THOMPSON****MARION THOMPSON**

**MARGARET TULLY****"Peggy"**

Field Hockey '25; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Orchestra '25; French Club '25, '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26 (Quaestor); Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24.

**ABRAHAM UMAN****"Sol"**

Operetta '26; Orchestra '24, '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**MARY VERDI****"Peggy"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '26; Tennis Team '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**FELIX VERGONA****"Feller"****DORIS WALES****"Dor"**

Social Committee '23, '24 (Chairman); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

**JAMES WELLS****"Twang"**

Science Club '25, Sec. '26.

**ESTELLA WHITE****"Stel"****LESTER WILE****"Les"**

Class Vice-President '24; President '25; A. A. Vice-Pres. '25; Social Committee '23; Class Day Committee '26; Gift Committee '26; Basketball '24, Capt. '25, '26; Baseball '25, '26; Track '25; Assembly Program '26; Echo Board '25, Bus. Manager '26.

**FRANCES ZAKS****"Fan"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

**BARNEY ZIEFF****"Al"**

Operetta '26.





# Commencement

CLASS DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

## Program

March—Marines Inspection.....Bennet  
 High School Orchestra  
 N. Elliot Willis, Director  
 Song—Cadets on Parade.....Lowe  
 Seniors and Juniors  
 Address of Welcome  
 Class President—Roger E. Titus  
 Class Prophecy, "A Midsummer Night's  
 Scream"  
 Written by Norman Corwin  
 Setting by Warren Gillon  
 Bachelor—Abraham Smith  
 Voices—Laura Atkinson, Norman Corwin  
 Song—Forget-Me-Not .....Giese  
 Seniors and Juniors  
 Selection—The Red Mill.....Herbert  
 Orchestra  
 "Pepita"—An Operetta of Old Mexico  
 The Mexican scene on the back drop  
 painted by John A. Pike, W. H. S. '29.  
 Class History—  
 Written by Laura Atkinson and Grace Pigon  
 Graduation: Laura Atkinson. Freshmen:  
 Ada Foley, Evangeline Jenkins. Sopho-  
 mores: Catharine Stevens, Mildred Bridg-  
 man. Juniors: Dorothy Stearns, Margaret  
 Tully. Seniors: Grace Pigon, Louise Rowe.  
 Presentation of Class Gifts—  
 Class Day Committee  
 Song—Alma Mater.....Old American Air  
 Seniors and Juniors  
 Exit March—With the Colors.....Panella  
 George H. Dockham—Director of Music  
 Miss Clara M. Spence—  
 in charge of Operetta  
 Dorothy Jeanne Stearns—Accompanist  
 Class Day Committee  
 Norman L. Corwin, Chairman; Josephine  
 R. Rollins, Anna W. Cook, Catharine M.  
 Stevens, Grace F. Pigon, Lester M. Wile,  
 James A. Leighton.

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the  
 Senior Class, Juniors:  
 We have been brought together today to

begin the festivities which mark the pass-  
 ing of the Class of 1926 from the school  
 that has guided and sheltered us through  
 the four happiest years of our life.

We appreciate the fact that so many par-  
 ents and friends of the Class can be with  
 us this afternoon, and sincerely hope that at  
 the conclusion of these exercises you will be  
 more intimately acquainted with the Class  
 of 1926, and that you will have learned  
 something of the friendliness and goodfel-  
 lowship that exists in it. Remember that  
 this afternoon everything is in the spirit of  
 fun only. Please do not take too seriously  
 anything that is said or done.

On behalf of the Class of 1926 it is my  
 great pleasure to welcome you, the guests  
 of the afternoon, to our Class Day exer-  
 cises.

ROGER E. TITUS.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM

The Bachelor, James.....Abraham Smith  
 Voices.....Laura Atkinson, Norman Corwin

(The rising of the curtain finds James, a  
 bachelor whose only joy is his radio, seated  
 comfortably in a chair at l., reading a news-  
 paper eagerly under the mellow light of a  
 floor lamp. A table upon which rests a  
 large and grotesque radio set is found at  
 c. r., while a few scattered pieces of fur-  
 niture complete the furnishings.)

James . . . (mumbling) . . . 8:00-9:00—  
 WOW . . . . . 957 meters, DX. (Rises  
 and goes over to set.) Now, for a good  
 night's entertainment. I don't ever know  
 what I'd do without my "Herberts-Harkins  
 Howling Hetrodyne,"—it's my only real  
 comfort. (Tunes in carefully; squeaks,  
 howls, etc. . . . Breaking through the  
 static is a powerful soprano voice which fi-  
 nally becomes clear as the song is ended.)

Announcer—Station TIN, Detroit, Michi-  
 gan. You've just been listening to Mme. Fo-  
 piano, the French opera star singing a se-  
 lection from Carnicelli's gem, "The Moon-  
 light Sinatra." Our next number will be a  
 violin solo by A. Roberts, entitled, "The  
 Rookies that Hit In the Spring, Tra, La.

Can Never Keep up with the Pace."

**James**—O ye gods, this is gonna be terrible! I'll try to pick up something else. (Tunes in; gets new station.)

**Announcer**—This is station H<sub>2</sub>O, Rainville, Mass. We have just received word from Svenson's Syncopating Saps, who were to play from this studio tonight, notifying us that Swartz and Sullivan, the two snappy saxophonists, have got chapped lips and cannot make their appearances tonight. We will now broadcast the news-flashes direct from the office of "Bauer's Daily Blah" . . . one moment please . . . Don't get impatient . . . another moment please.

**Different Voice**—Today's news flashes!—

Washington, D. C., Senator James Leighton today brought suit against Robert Copenhagen, the Dutch ambassador, for assault and battery. Leighton claims that while he was delivering a speech against the Friedenbergs Fish Tariff, Copenhagen hit him in the head with two unsound vegetables, at which act Irene Fisher, supporter of the Fish Tariff, shouted "Bravo"! The Dutch ambassador, however, claims that the vegetables were absolutely sound, for if they were not he must have been gyped by Richard Abrams, the pedlar from whom the vegetables were purchased. Senators H. Mayer, S. Healy, J. Gray, W. Bucek, J. Fraser and president of the Senate, George Boyle, testify that they have never known vegetables to be so foul smelling, and that they really believe that the missiles were poultry products—in fact, witnesses E. Curran, W. Ames, B. Flannery, M. Delorey, F. Vergona and A. Nickerson support that belief.

New York, New York—Scientists L. Dimes and W. Gillon today patented a new and cheap method of obtaining slate for roofs, the plan is to be carried out in conjunction with Kendall Clarke's Coal Co.

Sloppyburg, Ohio—Margaret Tully, chair-lady of the "Cleaner Music" committee today suppressed the "Song of the Vulgar Boatmen" from sale, the E. and N. Baker Co., publishers of the song hit, will fight the move.

Gabbsville, Missouri—Sara Klier of this town today won a twenty-six hour talking marathon, having had to pause but seven times for breath. M. Fleishman, the run-

ner-up, got tongue-tied towards the end and thus lost her chance for victory.

Boston, Mass.—John Lochhead defeated Roger Titus in a wrestling match here this afternoon, 2 falls to 1. Lochhead's headlock did the trick while Titus's double "Vic-Nelson" was ineffective.

Burlap, Indiana—The United Ash-Collectors' Union banquet was held today at the Hannaford Hotel Ballroom. Among the extinguished guests were John Martin, Grace Pigon, Laura Atkinson, and Dorothy Davis of the "Stage Floor Dissociates," Geraldine McCarthy, Dorothy Dixon, Robert Crossman, Minerva Kranetz, Freida Pransky, Paul Norris, and Helen Remick of the "Consolidated Shoe-makers Incorporation" and Fannie Zaks and Barney Zieff of the celebrated Zinger Zowing Machine Co." The "Ruthless Ramblers" quartette, composed of Ruth Canton, Ruth Herbert, Ruth Clarke and Ruth Cousins, entertained . . . One minute please.

**James**—I can't bear waiting . . . I'll get something else. (Tunes in . . . Different voice is made distinct.) Voice (ending lecture) . . . "and furthermore, radio listeners, I will say this, . . . give me Liberty . . . or give . . . me any other magazine."

**Different Voice**—This is station 9, Caribaldi, Illinois. You have just been listening to a talk by W. Stewart of the A. and W. Stewart Co. on "The Heeby-Jeeby Epidemic in Jugo-Slavakia. Cecile Donoghue will now read a bed-time story for the little children who have not yet hit the Hayes.

(The "bach" makes himself comfortable to hear the story.)

**Feminine Voice**—"Once upon a time, a King, who lived in a Hall made of Rockwood, Stone and Glass, devised a riddle, the correct answering of which entitled any suitor to the hand of the Fair princess, and conversely, entitled him to a funeral. The riddle was this—"If zero is nothing, what is twice zero?" Now the people of the kingdom of Frankland were very dumb in mathematics, and consequently funerals were very frequent. One day, however, a young suitor by the name of Devlin came along and boldly approached the King, saying, "Ho, King,—do you Ceder Shepherd Bas-kin' in the sun over there?"

"Over where?" said the King. Stop your

Kadushin, young man, I see nothing of the sort."

"Gee," replied the noble fellow,—“what's going through Uman? Your mind must be Romig. Don't you see what I see?”

"No!" answered the irate king.

"Wells, wait a Wile and you might see it."

"Say,—what's all this got to do with the answer of the two times zero riddle, anyway?"

"Oh, . . . er . . . nothing," stammered the suitor, and, that being the correct answer, he won the fair maiden.

Wasn't that a Wales of a story? Now remember, kiddies, don't be McNaughty! Good night!"

"**Bach**"—Rea, Rea, that was good! Now I'll test the selectivity of my set.

(Tunes in; howls, noises, etc., etc. Some jazz band has just finished playing.)

**Announcer**—This concludes the program given by Verdi's Voracious Vandals from station OILY, Chelsea, Mass. This is an every day feature of Racca's Radio Hour. The next part of our program will be furnished through the courtesy of the Crocker & Crocker Crockery Co. The E. and M. Thompson twins, eccentric dancers, B. Nelson, and Nestor, clever pantomimers, and A. and W. Smith, the premiere acrobats, will entertain you. "Marjories" Tewksbury and Simpson will illustrate some common errors found by the Davenhall deaf and dumb language shorthand course. R. Madison will first sing a silent song entitled "You Dineen meet me at the Connor after I waited two hours for you."

"**Bach**"—I really do hate silent radio entertainment. I'll pick up something else. (Tunes in; etc., etc.)

What's this? (Hears four or five voices just ending a song.)

**Announcer**—You have just heard the "Valuable Five" quintette composed of E. Findgold and the Goldbergs, L. and S. and the Silvermans, F. and R. sing Estella White's "Washing Song," from LUX. We will now transfer you to the stage of the Rudginsky Repertory Theatre, where you will hear the first act of D. Perrone's latest opera "Wig-giletto."

The following is a synopsis of the first act: After the orchestra, which, by the way, is under the direction of Dorothy Stearns, finishes the overture, the curtain

rises on a quiet stage, the scenery of which suggests the rustic atmosphere of a football game. The orchestra plays a soft, sweet tomato obligato with a slight diminuendo crescendo andante spaghetti movement as the chorus of football players, which includes George Burke, Ralph Ferrar, Steve Grady, Charles Liberman and Henry Moore, dance in upon the scene—amidst the exultant singing of the spectators. The chorus of pretty co-eds (composes of the Misses Adams, Mourad, Altmeyer, Arnold, Becker, Barclay, Clougherty, Hinchcliffe, Ciampa, Jenkins and Garr, form in the stands, and the first ball is thrown out by Walter Johnson. But here the plot thickens . . . David McEwan as Ali-oop, the cruel villain, loads the ball with dynamite and L. Monahan, as Ignatz, the hero, is just about to kick a punt, when he is seized with a fit of dropsy, dropping the ball on the soft grass.

While this is happening, however,—

**Bach**—Aw, who wants to hear this opera stuff anyway? (Tunes out and gets new station.)

**Announcer**—Station WOW . . . The next number on the program furnished by the Mahony Baloney Co. will be a soprano solo,—“A Hebrew Folk Song,” by McFarlane,—sung by Madel Ramsey with Hortense Sanders at the piano.

**Bach**—Ugh! I hate sopranos. (Tunes away . . . gets new station.)

**Announcer**—Station BLA, Axelgrease, Utah. Dr. Guy Waldemar Mellgren, Junior, M.D., P.H.D., I.O.U., B.V.D., will now answer health queries submitted by the members of the radio audience,—Dr. Mellgren . . . .

**Different Voice**—Good evening, Folks . . . Here is a letter from Stella Sperber of Winthrop-on-the-sea. She writes—Dear Doctor: My five year old brother today swallowed a silver dollar, and we are all frantic about it. What would you suggest doing?

Well, Miss Sperber, I would advise you to get the silver dollar exchanged for a paper dollar because of the fact that the latter is much easier to digest.

Here is one from Miss E. Rogers of Broolska, Wyoming—Dear Dr. Mellgren: My uncle Ambrosio has a very peculiar habit of picking his teeth in public. How can I cure him of the habit?



I should say, Miss Rogers, that a solution of potassium cyanide or bi-chloride of mercury, would easily end him of this habit. Let him take it once before going to bed.

**Bach**—I must get something good. (Tunes in) . . . .

**Announcer**—Station YAP, the Rollins-Rowe Stores, Philadelphia. We are announcing a huge sale tomorrow. Among the article to be sold at half price are: in the miscellaneous department—Cook's Cookies, Peter's Chocolates, Sandiford's Sandwiches, Irish confetti, and Reese's cheese. In the book department,—“The Smart Set,” by Fowler, Blandford and Preg, “Ping-Pong and Tiddleywinks as the National Sports,” by Guy Lothrop, “The Stevedore,” by Stevens, “Out of the West,” by Sahara Brooks, “Out of the Yeast,” by D. Baker, “The Brakeman,” by Bridgman, “Parnassus on Heels,” by C. Brady, Foley's “Folio,” and Reid's Rhetorical Readings.”

One moment please . . . You will now listen to a contralto solo . . . “Rolling down to Rio,” . . . by “Bob” Ball.

**Bach**—Ah, Good!

(The song begins to come over but one of the tubes burst with a resounding “pop” and the curtain drops on the bachelor.)

THE END

Written by NORMAN L. CORWIN.  
Stage Settings by JOHN W. GILLON.

### CLASS HISTORY

**Graduation**—“Well, my friends, the time has at last arrived when we must assemble to review the events, successful or otherwise, of the inimitable, incomparable, but far from inanimate class of '26. Ah! dear comrades, to be sure, what a class this has been—first in honors, first in school activities, and first in the hearts of our “beloved teachers”! This last statement is merely taken for granted, but may we not be excused, since we know we have lived up to the prophecy of the gone but not forgotten class of '24—that it would be a glorious and successful class which would graduate in '26? Yes, friends, I consider that we have done a wise thing in having one last meeting, before we disband, and 1926 becomes nothing but a pleasant memory. Let us consider: first, naturally, came that un-

inspiring year of greenness, ignorance and insignificance—how long ago it seems! I am scarcely able to remember. Possibly the youngest members of our group will refresh our memory! How about it, my little Frosh?

**First Freshman**—“Gee, about all I can remember is the swelled up feeling I had when Mr. Clarke told us we were young ladies and gentlemen now—being akshully in High School! (Tee! Hee!) I thought I was the whole cheese, until I came out of my trance to ask those high-brow Seniors how to get to room 13 or 32—and saw 'em gaze right over my head as if I wasn't there at all!”

**Second Freshman**—“Ya, weren't they the cats, tho! With their hair all done up an' their skirts trailing on the ground. I used to look around at the freckled, skinny little shrimps in short pants; and then at the Senior ‘gentlemen’ and wonder if we'd ever grow up. Gee, it seemed as if the four long years ahead would never end.”

**First Freshman**—“And I remember how we all came in with nice shiny new bags the first day. I used to wonder why the Seniors carried such banged up looking things—sort of wrecked their dignity, you know. (Tee! Hee!) I got so sick of being called ‘Freshie,’ and ‘Greenie’ that I almost forgot to respect my upper classmen as I should have. (Tee! Hee!)”

**Second Freshman**—“And the end of a perfect year was that social. Maybe we weren't proud of our first honest-to-goodness dance! Our new patent leather slippers weren't new any more when those young sticks got through tramping over them. But, remember, we had a good time. And,—remember?—we could hardly wait to get out of that awful state of being the youngest and dumbest in school.

**Graduation**—“We were rather an unsophisticated crowd, weren't we? However, most of us got safely launched on the lazy sea of sophomore apathy—Would it be arousing you too much, my dear sophs, to exercise your memory in telling us something about that year?”

**Sophomores** (together) yawn—“We'd be delighted—It certainly was . . .”

**First Sophomore**—“As long as you're so insistent upon taking the floor—go to it. I'm going back to sleep!”

**Second Sophomore**—"No, you tell them. I want to sleep."

**First Sophomore**—"You would! Well now, let me see—Ah yes, well do I recall during one of my conscious moments in the first part of the year, the exhilarating feeling I experienced when I realized my superiority to those insignificant freshman! How we sophomores did grow! It seemed, indeed as if we towered above the almighty Seniors! However, 'tis not to be wondered at, since humans are said to grow while asleep, and it seemed as if I was awake only two or three times that year—and the boys!! I think they slept mostly on their feet, from the size of them. I recall once, during that memorable play, "Three Live Ghosts"—but I'm tired—You describe it—"

**Second Sophomore**—"Ho-hum let me concentrate. It seems to me the Sophomore class was well represented. Mr. Clarke congratulated us on our large representation. And the play—Oh yes! you said it! Such superb acting—ideal love-making—gorgeous, realistic. I could go on, and on, and on—"

**First Sophomore**—"I've just had another thought! Do you know that year was just full of fads! I don't see how so many fads originated among such a sleepy crowd—Why! Everyone was running up and down the corridors with silly looking little round caps perched on top of their heads . . . and girls were autographing their middy collars and wearing the most barbarous looking ear rings! And those boys! With little fluffy lacy handkerchiefs sticking out of their pockets—Wasn't it killing?"

**Second Sophomore**—"Don't be quite so peppy, my dear. It's catching. I'm beginning to feel almost awake. And the social that year—with its Dutch trimmings and little windmills at each end of the gym. And the souvenirs! I have mine yet."

**First Sophomore**—"Ah yes! It was some social! It took my feet two weeks to recover from being stepped upon by those of the masculine element—but then—it capped the climax of a delightfully drowsy and irresponsible year, didn't it?"

**Graduation**—"It surely did, my friends; In spite of the fact that Morpheus made it the traditional Sophomore year—it was a well spent one, at that. And now my dear

Juniors, what are you able to contribute to our review?"

**First Junior**—"Well, I think the first sensation of any note I experienced was in the first assembly of the year, when it was impressed upon me that I was then an upper classman and was expected to begin to behave sensibly. I realized then how brainlessly and irresponsibly I had pranced through two long years, and that if I had any desire to graduate, I would have to eat the books, so to speak. My near relationship to the Seniors made the silly conduct of the Sophomores and Freshies unbearable, and it seemed impossible that I had actually passed through such stages. I began to want to do and accomplish things—How about you, my dear?"

**Second Junior**—"Yes, I'm sure all we Juniors were imbued with the same spirit, and we did have a successful year, didn't we? Wasn't our clever crossword puzzle social the talk of the season? Weren't we congratulated on all sides about our wonderful play 'Under Cover.' We were also well represented on our noted debating team. Why, even at Miss Key's gym exhibition the Junior girls carried off all the honors.

**Graduation**—"Yes, Juniors, without a doubt, you outdid yourselves to a marked degree—but now for a few words from our sophisticated, almighty, all knowing Seniors!—Seniors, you have the floor—"

**First Senior**—"Well, so many interesting things have happened this year that I hardly know where to commence. In the first place, of course we were Seniors—and that's saying a lot! The four years that seemed so long when we first entered the then imposing, now familiar, building, have flown on the light-hearted wings of good times. Before we knew it clubs had been organized,—Debating, Science, French, Latin and many others. I was never so interested in football as I was this year. What a wonderful team we had!—It came nearer to winning the championship than any other year's team has. Our basketball team was a winner, too.

**Second Senior**—"By the way, have you noticed what a class of dieticians it seemed to have been? That is—for the girls' part. And Bridge playing was quite in evidence, too. Our December social was quite an

event! Wasn't the floor just crowded with merry-makers? Oh, yes! (sarcasm)—Can we omit a word of praise for our faithful orchestra and the excellent work it has produced? Our class surely did its bit toward making it the last word in High School Orchestras."

**First Senior**—"Oh! but our play—"The Charm School"! Everybody pronounced it the best performance ever put on. Well, of course;—look what class gave it! Speaking of dramatics reminds me of the superb operetta this year. The scenery and costumes, acting, and singing certainly made it a howling success.—**Mostly** howling. It makes you feel like singing just to think of it! (All sing.) I've had a wonderful year. I think the Seniors usually do anyway—don't you?"

**Second Senior**—"Oh, yes! You see, they know that soon they'll be either dignified college students or dignified business people, and they want to make the most of the carefree life while it lasts. It seems impossible that I'm really leaving High School! I've wondered for so long what it would be like to be saying 'good-bye' to it all, that now that the time has come, it seems like a bad dream from which I shall presently waken—But, then—it is true, and there's no getting around the fact. So all I can do is to leave in a cheerful spirit and hope that each member of our class will have a bright and jolly future."

**Graduation**—"Well done, good Seniors. You have described the noble heights of a memorable and noteworthy class. And now just a few words in closing—

Friends, wherever you may go—  
With whomever you may mix—  
Don't forget—a few kind thoughts  
For the class of twenty-six."

Written by

GRACE PIGON,  
LAURA ATKINSON.

#### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

March—Marines Inspection.....Bennett  
Overture—Sunshine and Showers.....Flath  
High School Orchestra  
N. Elliot Willis, Director  
Invocation.....Rev. Ralph M. Harper  
Chorus—Song of the Flag  
Chorus

Salutatory—Byron Le Roy MacKusick  
Modern Poetry—Isabel Selina Blandford  
Invictus .....Huben

Senior Glee Club

Reading—Wednesday Madness.....Tarkington

Anna Whitman Cook

Violin Solo—Hungarian Dance.....Kassmayer

Arthur Dudley Roberts

Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing.....Nutting

Chorus

Prohibition .....

Frank Ferdinand Bauer, Jr.

Alumnus Football.....Grantland Rice

James Ambrose Leighton

Valedictory—Teaching .....

Virginia Minot Fowler

Presentation of Class Gift .....

Roger Elden Titus, Pres. of Senior Class

Acceptance .....

Justin Layre Rex, Pres. of Junior Class

Award of Prizes—

Quest & Question Club Founders' Educational Prize

Winthrop Woman's Club Prize

The Bentley Swift Memorial Cup Prize

Winthrop B. P. O. E. General Excellence Prize

S. A. R. Washington and Franklin Medal

Deane Winthrop Chapter D. A. R. Prize

Winthrop Catholic Woman's Club Prize

Typewriting Proficiency Prize

Sundown—Londonderry Air .....

Senior Glee Club

Conferring of Diplomas .....

Charles A. Williams, Member of School Committee

Star Spangled Banner .....

Audience, Orchestra, Chorus

March—Lights Out .....McCoy

Orchestra

Chorus numbers under direction of George

H. Dockham, Supervisor of Music.

Dorothy Jeanne Stearns, Accompanist.

#### SALUTATORY

Members of the Faculty, Parents, Friends,

On this day, we, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-six receive the long-coveted prize for which we have been striving during the past four years. Although we do not realize it as yet, these years have been the happiest in our lives, and as time rolls on, we shall learn to appreciate them more fully.

We deeply regret leaving our Alma Mater



on this day, for it is our home, and whether we go to continue our education in college or to enter the activities of the business world, we shall never be among truer friends nor have more devoted teachers.

Many of us who are gathered here consider that we have now completed our education, but in reality we are just beginning it. We go forth today into the great school of life, where our teacher is experience. We no longer have a loving hand to guide us, but take our destinies for the first time in our own hands. We are filled with dreams, hopes and ambitions, which we fondly hope to realize, but we must inevitably come upon obstacles and difficulties in our path which we, and we alone, must surmount. The knowledge that you will give us your advice and guidance in the future, as you have done in the past, will greatly help us to overcome those difficulties, and give us greater confidence for the step which we are about to take.

We, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-six, most heartily welcome all who are gathered here on this day, and hope that these exercises will remain in your minds as a pleasant memory of the class of '26.

BYRON L. MACKUSICK.

#### MODERN POETRY

From the beginning of time man has expressed his natural instinct for beauty and harmony in the creation of art, and among the earliest of great arts was poetry. The development of poetry has kept pace with the progress of the world, and the tendency has always been toward a broader and freer field of thought and expression, leaving more and more room for individuality and variety, until the urge for freedom in all aspects of life has resulted in the modern era.

The modern period is the very spirit of progress, novelty, experiment, keenness of perception, and power; and poetry, always a medium of expression of the spirit of life, contains the same characteristics. The wide range of subject matter and variety in treatment of subjects, the breaking away from the conventional forms begun in the past period, have continued and increased. The poetry of the present time cannot be divided into types as it once could. It is

undoubtedly lyrical, for the most part, but it contains qualities of other of the old types mingled and blended into something new and different. The narrative and descriptive are interwoven with the figurative and imaginative. Like all modern literature, poetry is affected by realism, an effort to express the truth about life. Many writers of not so long ago would turn over in their graves and sigh for the traditions they strove to maintain, could they know the subjects chosen by modern writers, subjects far from poetical yet treated in such a way as to be of the utmost beauty and appeal. Damp, cold, disagreeable fog is certainly unromantic; yet who can resist the appeal of Carl Sandburg's charming little picture so vividly painted in "Fog":

"The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on."

Common, everyday things, everyday scenery, everyday events are painted for us in a different light, shown to us from an angle we never thought of before. Roof-tops, just ugly, grimy, city roof-tops, Charles Hanson Towne has made into a poem to make us think—a very realistic yet poetic poem:

#### "City Roofs"

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?  
Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing  
lover;  
Wise people, simple people, children of  
despair—  
Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:  
You are thick as poisonous plants, thick  
the people under;  
Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelter-  
less they roam,  
The driftwood of the town who have no  
roof-top, and no home!"

Things we never fully appreciate are called to our attention; the most beautiful things of life are pictured for us in glowing words unparalleled for fantastic and artistic imagination. Trees have been a fav-

orite subject among modern poets and we see them in a variety of aspects. Everyone is familiar with Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"; as a contrast we have one of those charming "Irradiations" by John Gould Fletcher, in which the trees are compared to elephants under the sun of India, a most fantastic but beautiful suggestion:

"The trees like great jade elephants,  
Chained, stamp and shake 'neath the gad-  
flies of the breeze;  
The trees lunge and plunge, unruly ele-  
phants;  
The clouds are their crimson howdah-can-  
opies.  
The sunlight glints like the golden robe  
of a Shah.  
Would I were tossed on the wrinkled backs  
of those trees."

Does a barrel-organ on the street suggest as much to the ordinary mind as to Alfred Noyes? After reading his poem do we not feel more kindly toward that nerve-racking machine? Where among the older poets do we find the genuine pathos of Thomas A. Daly's poems of the Italian immigrants, such as "Een Napoli" and "Da Leetla Boy?"

All poetry depends upon rhythm. Even free verse must have it, not evident, perhaps, but underlying it all; spiritual rhythm rather than sensuous. Rhyming scheme is of little importance; the poet may choose or invent anything to suit his fancy. Pattern naturally takes shape according to the spirit of the writer and the thought in the poem.

Free verse is a subject that might be discussed at great length. Opinion varies; some like it; others cannot see that it is true poetry. Perhaps according to the old and established theories of poetry it is not; but if one is liberal-minded one can see it as an art in itself, an art in the formative stage, with great possibilities. However, it is very new, it has no precedent, and its future cannot be predicted. After all, is there not poetry in the expression of beautiful thoughts in vivid and picturesque words whether or not those words are grouped in rhyming lines?

Of course the modern poet is not entirely a product of this generation. He is a development of all who preceded him,

just as modern poetry is an outgrowth of the poetry of the past. Shelley had the same inspiration and insight—a man hardly earthly, who seems to have soared among the clouds and poured forth sheer music like the skylark he wrote of.

Among the many contemporary poets a few names stand out, well-known to even the most casual reader. Rudyard Kipling is loved by everyone. Alfred Noyes with his power of portraying the picturesque and romantic, and John Masefield with his love of the sea imparted to the reader through his poems, are favorites. Joyce Kilmer has reached the height of art in his famous "Trees" and in "A Prayer of a Soldier in France." Vachel Lindsay has a superb imagination and responsiveness to nature—one has only to read "An Indian Summer Day on the Prairies" to feel it. Pages could be filled with the names of poets and their most charming creations; these are only representative.

What is poetry? What is that indefinable quality that changes prosaic English words into ecstatic melody? How better describe it than by poetry itself?

"Talking to people in well-ordered ways is prose,

And talking to them in well-ordered ways or  
in disordered outbreak may be poetry.  
But talking to yourself, out on a country  
road, no houses and no hedges to con-  
ceal a listener,

Only yourself and heaven and the trees and  
a wind and a linnet;

Talking to yourself in those long breaths  
that sing or hum or whistle fullness of  
the heart.

Or the short breaths,

Beats of the heart,

Whether it be of sadness or a haystack,

Mirth or the smell of the sea,

A cloud or luck or love,

Any of these or none—

Is poetry."

ISABEL BLANDFORD.

### PROHIBITION

The question of prohibition is still an urgent one. In 1920 the national prohibition amendment went into effect. Now, in 1926, there is talk of repealing that amendment. Colleges are debating the subject, and Con-

gress has recently renewed her debates. Newspaper ballots give evidence of a large and strong anti-prohibitionist faction. People are openly taking a definite stand against prohibition. So it is necessary to remain alert.

Before the national prohibition amendment went into effect, there was in every large city a saloon on practically every important corner. These shops did a thriving business. The hinges on the swinging doors seldom had a rest. Men entered on steady feet and came out staggering. Many of the customers were team drivers who, after partaking of intoxicants, would come out and work off the stimulating effects in beating their innocent horses; or else they would forget their teams and duties and wander staggeringly up the street to find a patch of grass on which to sleep off the effect. Fathers in their mad desire for liquor often forgot that they had a home and dependents. This description is mild. The saloon was a dreadful evil. It caused a detestable environment. It was a snare to the weak man. But now it is gone. Prohibition rid us forever of that great evil, and what a blessing that riddance is!

The anti-prohibitionist often resorts to the argument that the eighteenth amendment is an infringement upon his personal liberty. He cannot seem to understand that old maxim, "liberty is not license," and he forgets that the general welfare always comes first. Compare liquor with opium. If it is an infringement upon one's liberty to prevent him from drinking an intoxicant, why isn't it an infringement upon one's liberty to prevent him from smoking an intoxicant? The anti-prohibitionist has been heard to say that national prohibition was "put over" suddenly, but by analysis we see that it was voted over fairly and only after careful consideration. Forty-six states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Contrary to all precedent, a limitation of seven years was put upon the time within which the Eighteenth Amendment might be ratified. Time actually required for the first thirty-six states—one year and twenty-eight days! !

It cannot be denied that prohibition has done much good. It has rid us of the saloon. Statistics show many other advantages.

With prohibition there came evils. The pocket-flask and the bootlegger are new

difficulties to meet. But, are these evils caused by prohibition or the failure to enforce prohibition? It is easy to answer that simple but vital question. The new evils are due to the lack of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Perhaps the anti-prohibitionist will declare that it can't be enforced. He is wrong. It can be enforced—not in one year, not in two years, not in six years perhaps; but it can be enforced. It merely needs the hearty co-operation of the public—you and I. Compare the liquor question with the slavery question. It took over one hundred years for the American people to realize that slavery was wrong. It was a step in the path of progress when they did realize that it was wrong. So with the liquor question—it is a step in the path of progress. It isn't quite ripe yet and will not be until it is enforced; so it must be instilled into the coming generation that prohibition is a progressive step, and that it must be enforced. May we, the class of 1926, recognize prohibition as a fine thing, worthy of our support. The ideal prohibition will be the prohibition that is enforced; but let us not slow up the wheel of progress by repealing this beneficial, national law.

FRANK F. BAUER, JR.

#### VALEDICTORY

Classmates:

We are gathered together tonight to observe a great turning point in our lives. For four happy and profitable years we have worked and played together. We have formed lasting friendships, and have learned lessons of loyalty and honesty which will be of inestimable value in the new life upon which we are about to enter. We owe endless gratitude to our principal and our teachers for the assistance and advice so cheerfully rendered in preparing us to assume new and greater responsibility. We should not feel disheartened in leaving the school which has sheltered us, but rather consider that we have attained a victory for which we have long striven. It is the first step upward on the ladder of success. The opportunities which lie before us are unlimited; but may we always remember that it matters not so much whether we win, or whether we lose in Life's conflicts, as with what spirit we go forward to meet



them. Let us each, in the years which are to come, endeavor to make the class of '26 forever the pride and glory of Winthrop High!

VIRGINIA FOWLER.

### TEACHING

Teaching is a field for action wherein lie unlimited possibilities. Its scope is so wide and so vast that it reaches into the life of every one. Teaching is a part of life. We are all teachers. We all, to some degree, influence and control the deeds and conduct of other people. Likewise we are all pupils. There is no one who is not constantly learning something more of life. True genius is merely the state of being teachable. Thomas A. Edison would know nothing of electricity had he not allowed electricity to teach him. Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." Thus we behold the great school of Life in which we are all teachers and, at the same time, all students under the guidance of that supreme teacher, Nature.

Many persons have chosen teaching as their particular life work, their profession. Among these are numbered not only school teachers, but ministers, missionaries, and all who are fathers or mothers. These people feel that they have something to give, some knowledge to impart, and devote their lives to this work. Theirs is a noble task. Their responsibility is great.

Let us consider the importance of the school teacher's mission. Children are sent to her like empty cups which are to be filled. It is the teacher's duty to help fill them up. (Of course the parents should co-operate with the teacher and fill the major portion of each cup. In too many cases this is not done.) The teacher pours into the cups book-knowledge. This is her first duty. Her second duty, however, is equally important. The teacher should show her pupils the difference between right and wrong, and inspire them with the earnest desire to do right. The teacher has much to do with forming the characters and ideals of the boys and girls who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

By far the most critical age in the life of the youth of today is that period commonly known as the later 'teens or the high

school age. Before this time the child obeys his parents and teachers without fully comprehending why he does so. When he grows older, however, the young man or woman demands a reason. It is at this time that he or she is most tempted to be lead astray. It is, therefore, at this period that the influence of the teacher, in co-operation with that of the parents, should be very great. The teacher should be not only a drillmaster, but a helper and a friend.

Why does this responsibility rest with the teacher? Because it is with the teacher that the pupil is in daily contact. It is the example set by the teacher which exerts so great an influence over the lives of her pupils. The attitude of the teacher is reflected in the minds of the students. If a teacher is indifferent and only half interested in her work, there is sure to be a decided lack of interest on the part of the class. If, on the other hand, the teacher is cheerful and enthusiastic, there is an enthusiasm and zeal reflected in the pupils, together with greater willingness to work and greater efficiency. A teacher may be compared to a human magnet. There is an invisible power which reaches out and attracts the pupils to her. All unconsciously the pupil turns toward his teacher for guidance.

We are not such separate and distinct individuals as we suppose. Our "Selves" are our spirits and our spirits are in no way confined to our bodies. They may go forth and enter into the lives of others. Even as the wind blows a seed from a plant, and, from the place where that seed falls, a beautiful flower grows up, so we may radiate gifts of Self, which enter the Life of some other person, and become a power of beauty in that other Life. Thus does the teacher influence her pupils.

The ideal happening would be a complete transformation of the Life receiving the gift of Self. This, however, does not often come about. There are many obstacles to be encountered by the teacher, the giver of Self. In order to be successful in her undertaking, she must win the respect and the confidence of her pupils. This is in itself a difficult task. There are many different personalities to be met, and all of these cannot be approached in the self-same manner. Then too, in many cases,

there is no co-operation in the home. The teacher alone can accomplish almost nothing when the parents do not encourage respect and obedience for her. What a happy day it will be when every mother and father realizes his or her personal duty in connection with the school!

Bearing in mind the supremely important duty of the teacher, and the difficulties which she must overcome, we can form some conception of the ideal teacher. She is one who fully realizes the importance of her mission; who, besides being master of her subject, is truly inspired by her work; who stoops to the pupil's level in order to raise him to a higher one; and who commands the respect and confidence of her pupils. The ideal teacher is one who is patient and untiring; who is firm, but just; who is always ready to give help, praise, and encouragement, when it is deserved; and who has a good influence on all with whom she comes in contact. This is the ideal professional teacher.

The one who came nearest to being the ideal teacher is, in my opinion, Miss Ayres, who just before Christmas completed her earthly duties among us. In her were all the qualities requisite for the ideal teacher. She not only was master of her subject, but she had the faculty for stimulating her pupils' interest. She was always cheerful and patient, ready at all times to help and to encourage. She was teachable, constantly studying in order to keep pace with her profession. She was a human magnet,—a powerful magnet since she attracted pupils toward her even against their own will. These, after leaving school, felt her influence and the good she had done them, and never failed to express their appreciation. Miss Ayres gave gifts of Self. The philosopher Bergson said, "A body is present wherever its influence is felt." Miss Ayres' influence will always be felt by her pupils; her gifts of Self are imperishable. She is among us still, no longer as a teacher of Latin, but as a teacher of courage, patience, hope, and faith. Was she not truly the ideal teacher?

Whether we are teachers by profession or not, we can all endeavor to acquire the qualities so essential to a successful teacher. No matter what our work may be, we

can try to become more proficient in it, and to appreciate its importance. With business associates, friends, and members of the family, we can be patient, untiring, firm, just, helpful, and cheerful and by so doing command their respect and confidence. We can all be a kind of magnet, and draw other persons to ourselves. We can all give gifts of Self. We can all strive to do some good in the world, and thus to be a sort of teacher.

Those who have adopted teaching as their life work, and are successful in it, may well be proud of their choice. Theirs is a life of constant self-giving—a life of helpfulness and service. Those must be of the highest type of men and women who have been chosen for this great mission of moulding the characters of boys and girls in whose hands will sometime rest the control of the nation. Surely teaching is the noblest of professions!

VIRGINIA FOWLER.

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#### PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

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Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Each year it has been the custom of the graduating class to present a gift to the school. After much thought and deliberation the class of 1926 has decided to make a new venture. In other years the gift has been some appropriate bit of furniture or ornamentation for the school. This year the class is going to start a fund to assist in meeting the expenses incurred through injuries to those participating in athletics. This fund has been placed in the hands of our principal, Mr. Clarke.

Other activities are contemplated for the enlargement of this fund, and it is hoped that it will meet with the approval of the school in general and of the parents in particular. We trust that other classes will follow the example of the class of 1926 and increase the fund.

At this time it is my great pleasure on the behalf of the Class of 1926 to present this check for \$100.00 to the Winthrop High School.

ROGER E. TITUS.

## THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CLASS GIFT

Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, President and Members of the Graduating Class, Parents, and Friends:

As representative of the undergraduate body of Winthrop High School, I wish to thank the "Class of 1926" for their most valuable gift. The Senior Class has exercised the greatest wisdom in choosing a gift

and I am sure that whenever this fund, which is established as their gift, is mentioned or even thought of, the "Class of 1926" will be gratefully associated with it.

It is indeed a great pleasure, as President of the Junior Class, to accept, in behalf of the school, this most unusual gift and to wish the members of the graduating class success and happiness in future years.

JUSTIN REX '27.

## Those Juniors

**Marjorie Barkley**—"I did the things I shouldn't and didn't the things I should."

**Bernice Bruce**—"Her cogitative faculties immersed incogibundity of cogitation."

**Matilda Cohen**—"Tilly" adores Latin—and answers one in an "et tu Brute" tone, when asked if she has prepared her work.

**Julia Fogel**—"Oh, would some gift the giftie gie us—To see ourselves as others see us."

**Sarah Cohen**—The timid little girl, who seems to consider a recitation a "necessary evil."

**Margaret Dunn**—Rumor has it that Peggy is going to be a famous pianist some day, "Why hide your light under a bushel?"

**Mary Grace**—We wonder if it's a case of "Still waters run deep."

**Margaret Grady**—Margaret seems to be not of this world at least not during classes.

**Ruth Greenfield**—Ask Ruth how both of them fell for her—she knows other cute ones too, N'est-ce pas Ruthie?

**Mary Macken**—"A woman is known by the secrets she keeps"—and Mary just won't tell us whether it's true or—

**Hildegard Goranson**—The little girl with the big name.

**"Liz" Magee**—"The funniest thing about a girl is her sense of humor."

**Anna Marden**—We are curious to know why "Annabelle" attends all the Chelsea games.

**James Whipple**—Jimmy: "Mais, oui, certainement, je parle français."

**Frances McCann**—Place Latin—Frannie: "Of course I prepared the lesson, but I don't seem to remember this part."

**Miriam Ceder**—Miriam always manages to "get by."

**Mary Corinha**—Our eloquent class orator.

**Margaret Forristall**—"Sweet and petite."

**Caroline McNaught**—Caroline recites every day: "Well—er. I don't know!"

**Ethel Piken**—Ethel just loves English!

**Evelyn Rosenberg**—Our dark eyed Susan.

**Sophie Lundy**—Why do we have to stand, to recite?

**Johanna Gilman**—A little louder, Jo!

**Virginia Day**—Are those bad boys teasing you again?

**Marian Henry**—"Red as a rose" are her cheeks.

**Beatrice Gewirtz**—Do you sting, Bee?

**Jeanie Ballou**—We hear that Jeanie is Isabelle Hurley's rival in typewriting. Is that true, Jeanie?

**Edith Beck**—Will wonders never cease?

**Annie Branz**—These two have really failed to talk today in class.

**Grace Brown**—Grace may be small, but she is a great help to Room 7.

**Fred Cronenwett**—Thanks for the buggy ride, "Super!"

**Helene Ezekiel**—Helene has become quite trained when it comes to selling lunch checks.

**Valleda Guidi**—The famous junior rival of "Dot" Stearns, senior pianist.

**Madeline Halford**—I suppose Clayton is an artist when it comes to paddling Madeline home.

**"Winnie" Maclean**—It is evidently seen that "Winnie" believes a "Silent tongue is in a wise head."

**Alice Moriarty**—We can't say much about Alice except that she's a good sport.

**Gertrude Murphy**—Gert may be bashful but oh my when she is angry beware!!!

**Evelyn Mitten, Madeline Mitten**—Stalling



—their favorite pastimes. "Please repeat, I didn't hear the question."

**Mary Philips**—Mary's father must be a radio announcer for May broadcasts quite a bit too.

**John Campbell**—Some day John will get really angry at being unduly awakened and will burst forth in, "Don't wake me up, let me dream."

**Sylvia Scantlebury**—Sylvia may be small but her name helps to make up for it.

**Lillian Stone**—Oh, dear, Lillian, will you ever get a question straight?

**Isabelle Hurley**—We hear that you are quite a typist, Is.

**Lincoln Von Betzen**—What do pronouns and prepositions mean in Lincoln's young life?

**Emily Witham**—Emily's the girl who could easily compete with Webster in giving long words.

**John Bradley**—The blackboard in Room 14 has a peculiar fascination for John—I wonder why.

**Steven Cogswell**—Our silent aristocrat.

**Franklin Crosby**—The obliging small boy who is loved by all. Oh, yes.

**Alfred Fenton** says—"Spare the rod and spoil the hairbrush."

**George Goldberg**—An epigram is that which no one can understand.

**Winthrop Lyons**—Our sheik in a lion's Skin.

**Muriel Lenth** says that charity covers a multitude of sins, but curiosity uncovers many more.

**Elizabeth Polson**—Ode by Betty—Ten cents.

**George Webster** says that if you want to tell the teachers where to get off, be a conductor on the Narrow Gauge.

**Justin Rex** demands an answer to this conundrum, "Who is the best looking fellow in the class, and why am I?"

**Marie Treanor**—Does Marie love to snap her fingers?

**Alice Belyea**—Alice is quiet, but it's a relief—in comparison with the rest of the class.

**Francis Mulloney**—And rushing in upon the leopard, I shot him on the spot.

**Frank Amadon**—Our little motorcycle expert.

**Howard Bartlett**—"Seed" is our coming champ miler.

**Richard Brock**—Sound asleep! Answers to the name of "Galloping Morpheus."

**Howard Cotton** is a radio wizard but is always "tuned off" in class.

**Harry Chase**—Are you really there, Harry? You're so noisy (?)

**Wilfred Creighton** wants to know if there really is a Santa Claus.

**"Alex" Davison**—The little boy with the correct answer.

**Saul Foster**—Young Innocence. "I wasn't talkin'."

**Louis Goldman**—Ever get called down "Goldie?"

**Harold Greenfield**—The walking dictionary is always on hand with an argument.

**Frank Holbrook**—Is it necessary to wiggle your ears, Holbrook?

**John Holmes**—Sticks to the bus when he goes to Quincy now.

**Albert Jenkins** is a track champ. He admits (?) it.

**Allen Jones, Allison Johonnot and John O'Toole**—"The Silent (?) Trio."

**Gladys Lavoie**—A quiet little lass but always on hand with an answer.

**"Jawn Paul" McCarthy** always looks up in time to get caught.

**Walter Lauritzen**—The sheik of the Lauritzen Home.

**Ida Leibovitz**—Society always arrives late, especially to classes.

**Leslie May**—Silence is golden.

**Mildred Maw and Mary Mulloy**—The Dual Alliance personified.

**Ralph Murray**—The guy behind the grin.

**Calvin Roberts**—If there's anything you want to know ask "Aristotle" '27.

**Henry Saggese**—The guy that won the marshmallow cufflinks.

**Thomas Saunders**—Who doesn't know the Triple Threat of Winthrop High?

**Richard Simpson**—"Beany's" getting used to having his bones "broke."

**Walter Smith**—If there's anything you want to know about French, ask Walter to ask Miss Eveleth.

**Miriam Sprince**—As your name suggests you're "fast" in your studies.

**Leslie Walker**—Spanish and French don't mix well do they "Les"?

**John Donovan**—He looks innocent anyway.

**Horace Smith**—Aims to be our star actor.

**Elsie Rouillard**—The little girl in the back of the room.

**Elizabeth Armstrong**—Lib thinks that she is big, being librarian.

**"Fred" Brush**—Too bad Fred has such a poor memory.

**Marjorie Bissell**—Our coming Nell Brinkley.

**Georges Bertrand**—Maybe Slikum would help, Georges!

**Eugene Dunn**—Gene does not take after his learned twin; that is sure.

**Samuel Fleischer, Yale Greenberg, Morris Grant**—English class would be incomplete without the debaters, Sam, Yale, and Grant.

**Katherine Godfrey**—We would all be better off if we did our home work as faithfully as Katy does.

**Olive Gatter**—Question: does or does not Olive like chem?

**Dorothy Hartt**—It is a shame that Dot dropped chem, because we all miss the little controversies.

**Harriet Hayes**—Hatt may be slow and quiet, but "she gets there just the same."

**Helen Jorgenson**—It must be an advantage at times to be as tall as Helen.

**Margaret Kenrick**—Isn't it a shame, girls, that we can't all be actresses like Mag?

**Edward Leach**—Ah, ha!—Miss Beck's favorite student.

**Louise Metcalf**—We are all glad that it wasn't necessary after all to collect the money for Louis' hair cut.

**Robert Morrison**—What would we do if we didn't have Bob to correct everything we say?

**Dorothy O'Brien**—We can't all be artists like Dot.

**Wm. Patterson**—There is one thing to be said for Bill—he can jump.

**Mary Petrucci**—The girl who needs a loud speaker to be heard, whispering in class.

**Lucia Saylor**—We take great pleasure in introducing Lu, the human question box.

**Ruth Simson**—Never mind, Ruth, we can't do math either.

**Robert Sedoff**—Never mind, Peanut, good things come in small packages.

**Edythe Sawyer**—Edie, president of the well known P. D. Q.'s—'nuff said!

**Baldwin Steward**—Stewie is so bright in chem! He actually shines.

**Emmy Thompson**—Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious thing for the teachers if we were all as smart as Emmy?!

**Frances Magee**—We wonder how many books Fran reads per day, and if she really knows as much as she pretends to.

**Leslie Goodall**—Maybe Les will wake up some day—maybe!



## Senior Class Ballot

### Number of Ballots Cast—112

Out of the chaos of ballots and names that piled onto the editor's desk, the following results were obtained (not counting one crippled editor):

- Wittiest (Boy)**—M. "Nip" Friedenberg grabs the prize in this department, with "Norm" Corwin trailing; **(Girl)**—For spontaneous feminine wit we have Madeleine Fopiano, with Ada Foley a close second.
- Most Popular (Boy)**—Quantity and quality determine popularity, thus "Rajah" Titus; **(Girl)**—Not so much quantity in this case, but plenty of quality—Miss Anna Cook with Sally Brooks as runner-up.
- Best Looking (Boy)**—John Martin and Arthur Tewksbury are voted the closest resemblances to collar ads; **(Girl)**—"Jo" Rollins and Doris Wales, in respective order emerge victorious from the wide-spread field of competitors.
- Quietest (Boy)**—Arthur Tewksbury has the laziest larynx, while Johnny Lochhead's tongue gets plenty of rest; **(Girl)**—Veronica Preg and Ruth Clarke can be called the "Gold Dust Twins" if silence is golden.
- Best Workers (Boy)**—Frank Bauer never snoozes in class—neither does Jim Leighton, the runner up; **(Girl)**—Virginia Fowler nosed out Anna Cook in this department.
- Best Athletes (Boy)**—"Les" Wile grabs this honor, but "Tom" Carnicelli sees that he doesn't "hog it all"; **(Girl)**—The inseparable Sally Brooks and Ada Foley, respectively.
- Best Actors (Boy)**—John Martin almost unanimously receives the verdict; **(Girl)**—D. Vogel Davis and Anna Cook take this honor.
- Most Prompt (Boy)**—F. Ferdinand Bauer, Jr., easily romps to victory; **(Girl)**—And so does Virginia Fowler.
- Know the Most (Boy)**—Uncomfortably close race, with "Art" Roberts just nosing out Byron MacKusick; **(Girl)**—Here Virginia Fowler begins to monopolize.
- Best Bluffers (Boy)**—"Abe" Smith and Martin Delorey are the best life savers (they throw the best line); **(Girl)**—"Kate" Stevens enjoys this office all by her little self.
- Sleepiest (Boy)**—Franklyn McNaught and "Butz" Healy never heard of insomnia; **(Girl)**—Virginia Simson is found to sleep extemporaneously, spontaneously, and spasmodically.
- Nicest Smile (Boy)**—"Jim" Leighton's wicked smile is enchanting; **(Girl)**—"Jo" Rollins is voted best smiler, while Grace Pigon garners quite a few ballots.
- Best Dressers (Boy)**—Guy Lothrop and Tom Carnicelli without a doubt; **(Girl)**—Isabel Blandford and Jeanette Rea without that much.
- Prettiest Hair (Boy)**—Tom Carnicelli and John Martin will never wear hats after reading this; **(Girl)**—Anna Cook's blue hair, of course, nets her first place, with Isabel Blandford an eyelash-to-eyelash second.
- Had the Most Sessions (Boy)**—Felix Vergona and "Butz" Healy were inspired by the song, "Linger Awhile"; **(Girl)**—Geraldine McCarthy was hardly disputed.
- Biggest Feet**—John Sullivan and Roger Titus are the best "dog breeders."
- Biggest Drag (Boy)**—When anything "big" is mentioned, Roger Titus grabs the spotlight; **(Girl)**—Ada Foley hypnotizes the teachers somewhat.
- Tallest (Boy)**—We'd hate to cross up Crossman . . . unanimous cowboy victory; **(Girl)**—Isabel Blandford and Doris Wales have skyscraperish lines.
- Shortest (Boy)**—Robert Copenhagen and Charley Reid are the tiny boys; **(Girl)**—Ruth Cousins and Ethel Reese never eat Fleishman's yeast.
- Poet (Boy)**—"Norm" Corwin's rhymes give him first place, while Guy Mellgren follows up; **(Girl)**—Laura Atkinson and Isabel Blandford dash off a mean line of verse.
- Artist (Boy)**—J. Edmund Devlin fell short four votes for a unanimous victory; **(Girl)**—Laura Atkinson had Devlin's difficulty in winning first place.
- Thinnest (Boy)**—"Bob" Crossman and Warren Gillon use themselves for toothpicks; **(Girl)**—"Maggie" Verdi's diet was very successful.
- Bolshevik (Boy)**—N. Lewis Corwin juggles the bombs while D. Perrone uses a dirk; **(Girl)**—Miriam Kadushin is the most radical girl.
- Business Man (Boy)**—Bernard Flannery and Frank Bauer ought to work together; **(Girl)**—Sara Klier, undisputedly.
- Scientist (Boy)**—Who else but "Les" Dimes and Warren Gillon?; **(Girl)**—Isabella Macfarlane "hocks" the most votes.
- Orator (Boy)**—"Norm" Corwin appears to be quite glib, while his accomplice, Frank Bauer shares the distinction; **(Girl)**—Sara Klier and Minnie Fleishman make it a debating team quartette.





## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

James A. Leighton '26, President

Richard Rowe '27, Vice President

Sarah Brooks '26, Secretary

Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer

**Field Hockey**—Sarah Brooks '26, Captain; Ada Foley '26, Manager; Natalie Howland '27, Assistant Manager.

**Football**—Roger Titus '26, Captain; John Campbell '27, Manager; Horace Smith '27, Assistant Manager.

**Basketball**—Paul Connor '26, Captain; Waldo Bueck '26, Manager; John Holmes '27, Assistant Manager.

**Baseball**—Martin Delorey '26, Captain; Laurence Monahan '26, Manager; Harry Aiken '27, Assistant Manager.

**Track**—Albert Jenkins '27, Captain; Guy Mellgren '26, Manager; John Donovan '27, Assistant Manager.

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## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Edward R. Clarke, James A. Leighton, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Stedfast,  
Harvey E. Sleeper, Harold W. Poole



#### FIELD HOCKEY

Front Row—F. Till, M. Abely, S. Brooks, A. Foley, E. Rainville. Second Row—N. Howland, B. Bruce, F. McCann, K. Shepherd, M. Barkley, L. Saylor. Back Row—M. Thompson, Miss Dow, Miss Key.

The Field Hockey Team finished a highly commendable season on November 10, playing Swampscott at Swampscott.

Winthrop had an almost entirely veteran team this year, there being seven "experienced wielders" who returned to the lineup. Captain Sarah Brooks, Manager Ada Foley, Kathryn Shepherd, Bernice Bruce, Marjorie Barkley, Frances McCann and Marion Thompson constituted the nucleus upon which the team was made up. These players along with "Bunny" Abely, Estelle Rainville, Lucia Saylor, "Nat" Howland, and Frances Lill—played first team hockey throughout the season. Helene Ezekiel played as a substitute in several games and upheld her position as such very well.

The girls opened their season by journeying to Dedham in the large spacious bus which was hired to transfer the teams to all out-of-town games. Although conquered in so far as the actual score was concerned, nevertheless a practice game such

as this one is often the means of perfecting the teamwork. When the whistle blew at the end of the fourth period, the score stood 4-2 in favor of Dedham. Ada Foley started in this season where she left off last year and chalked up both points for Winthrop.

Keeping up the fine spirit which pervaded throughout the entire season in victory or defeat, the girls cheerfully accepted the second reverse of the season at the hands of the Wellesley aggregation, at Wellesley. The girls themselves, however, considered this game in the light of a victory because of the decided improvement in teamwork which was very noticeable throughout the entire game. Bernice Bruce, Estelle Rainville, and "Sally" Brooks played a good game for Winthrop. This, the second game of the season, was also a practice game.

On October 16, still playing on foreign territory, the girls started their league

games with a decisive victory over the Woburn outfit with a score of 3-1. This game was most exciting from start to finish. Bernice Bruce, Frances McCann, and Ada Foley played best for the home team, each adding their bit to the final score.

Playing their first home game of the season, the local team conquered the flashy champions of 1924. This was the first defeat that the Arlington aggregation had suffered since 1923. Each player was in rare form, and many thrills were afforded the audience throughout the game. The first thrill came when Ada Foley dashed up the field and when within a few yards of the goal "socked" the ball between the bars with plenty of speed to spare. This goal was not counted, however, because of off-side, and the game continued with both teams battling on even terms. Then Marion Thompson stepped out of the ranks, did a young Nurmi up the field, and crashed the ball through the goal posts which spelled victory for W. H. S. in the form of a 1-0 score.

Melrose, the championship outfit for this past season, proved a veritable stone wall for the local girls. The Winthrop team could do nothing when brought up against a team of Melrose's strength, agility, pass-work, and teamwork. "Sally" Brooks proved her ability to play in the back field when she stepped into the goal as guard in place of Lucia Saylor, who was hurt in the course of the game. When the dust had settled at the end of the fourth quarter, the final score as outlined by the official score-keepers was 4-0 in favor of the red and white. Frances Lill and "Bunny" Abely did some fast stepping for the home team.

The local outfit came back strong in the next game, however, and overwhelmed Lexington to the tune of 4-1. The game started off with a bang when Ada Foley dashed up the field for the opening goal of the game. In the next few minutes of play Frances McCann followed her example and added another point to the score. When the game was ended the final score stood 4-1 with the blue and white leading. Marion Thompson and Ada Foley accounted for the remaining two goals.

The next adventure was at Winchester and was perhaps the most exciting of all, as one might easily judge from the final

score of 1-1. Bernice Bruce saved the day for Winthrop by accounting for the only goal for the home team. "Nat" Howland and Estelle Rainville played a good game for Winthrop.

The last game of the season didn't turn out as we would have liked to see our season close. Fate was unkind to our girls, and they departed from Swampscott with the score of 2-0 in favor of the home team. This game was played on a very muddy field, and it afforded much amusement to the spectators to see the girls slipping and sliding from one end of it to the other. This score reflected no discredit on the home team, however, as it was a very closely contested battle throughout and the Swampscott aggregation had to put up a strong fight for their two points. Ada Foley, Lucia Saylor, Marion Thompson, and Estelle Rainville played a good game for the home outfit.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council, the following girls were unanimously awarded the "W" for the season of 1925: Captain "Sally" Brooks, Manager Ada Foley, Captain-elect Bernice Bruce, Manager-elect Frances McCann, Estelle Rainville, Lucia Saylor, "Nat" Howland, Marjorie Barkley, Marion Thompson, "Bunny" Abely, and Kathryn Shepherd.

Miss Dow, a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Culture, who coached the girls this season, deserves commendation for the way in which she handled the team.

"Nat" Howland, a member of the Junior Class, was appointed Assistant Manager for the year.

- Oct. 8. **Dedham at Dedham.**  
Winthrop 2, Dedham 4.
- Oct. 13. **Wellesley at Wellesley.**  
Winthrop 0, Wellesley 1.
- Oct. 16. **Woburn at Woburn.**  
Winthrop 3, Woburn 1.
- Oct. 20. **Arlington at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 1, Arlington 0.
- Oct. 22. **Melrose at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 0, Melrose 4.
- Oct. 27. **Lexington at Winthrop.**  
Winthrop 4, Lexington 1.
- Oct. 30. **Winchester at Winchester.**  
Winthrop 1, Winchester 1.
- Nov. 6. **Swampscott at Swampscott.**  
Winthrop 0, Swampscott 2.





### FOOTBALL

Front Row—T. Carnicelli, V. Nelson, S. Pelofsky, R. Titus, J. Fraser, L. Marotta, J. Leighton. Second Row—F. Fitzpatrick, M. Saggese, R. Rowe, R. Crossman, R. Freeman, E. Guidi, T. Saunders. Third Row—T. Grimes, W. Aiken, P. Svenson, L. Racca, R. Haley, F. Sinatra, J. Gray, J. Rex. Back Row—H. Smith, J. Campbell, R. Goldstein, H. Saggese, W. Bell, G. Crocker, D. Snow, T. Trainor, Prin. Clarke, H. Bartlett, Coach Poole.

When Coach Poole in the fall of '25 presented a rather seedy-looking batch of pigskin chasers, the football experts were convinced, from one look, that the team would merit the "also-ran" distinction.

The critics gloated over the partial fulfillment of their prophecy when Winthrop, in its first game of the season, was unable to break through Chelsea's line for the score which would have broken the 0-0 deadlock. Although the scoreless tie is indicative of an evenly-matched game, Winthrop's playing was far superior to that of its opponents.

On Saturday, October 3, with typical Harvard-Yale sloppy weather conditions Winthrop met with a 6-3 defeat at the hands of a Brookline High outfit which later proved the sensation of its league. The "Blue and

White" led 3-0 (thanks to the toe of Tom Saunders) until a blocked punt ruined things.

The "Pooles" took the breath away from the beloved experts by spanking the powerful Durfee High team of Fall River on the latter's home grounds to a 13-0 tune. Saggese and Carnicelli did the "doings" while Leighton contributed generously to the smearing.

Winthrop's second win was chalked up when it successfully dribbled Swampscott, champs of 1925, by a 20-0 score—Leighton and Saggese did some clever eccentric dancing on the Swampscott line, while Capt. "Rajah" Titus and his line were as impregnable as usual.

The football world received another shock when Winthrop, completely outclassing the

classy Lynn Classical team, took first place in the league. The Lynn boys were entirely helpless before the terrific pounding of the Winthrop backs, and they made snail-like headway against the powerful resistance of the opposing line. Saggese scored the tally that provided for the 6-0 victory,—the first in more than a decade against Classical. The Lynn team won the North Shore league championship but Winthrop had the distinction of being the only team in the circuit to make it "bite the dust."

Only a week later, a second Lynn team bowed to Winthrop. English, after remaining on even terms for three periods, faded out of the picture when Dick Rowe snatched one of Saunders' passes and toddled down the field for a touchdown. Guidi's point after touchdown netted the 7-0 score.

For the first time in five weeks of strenuous football playing, Winthrop's goal line was crossed, due to the rather lucky completion of a forward pass. Despite the Beverly touchdown, Winthrop took things easily in romping to a 10-6 win.

Marblehead's big football ship fresh from sailing through to a 58-0 victory, met with a cyclone when it bumped into Winthrop at Ingleside Park. Dick Rowe and Bob Crossman broke into a Marblehead play late in the third quarter and blocked a punt. A march down the field, marshalled by Carnicelli, Leighton and Saggese, terminated in a touchdown when Thomas Saunders pierced the Marblehead opposition—Leighton distinguished himself by his clever backfield work. The Winthrop line was the feature of the game. Not a first down was made by rushing against Titus' men in the entire fray.

Battling to keep first place out of the reach of Revere and Classical, Winthrop, under the nervous tension created by the winning of six straight games, fell under Peabody's aerial attack. In one period, Peabody did more scoring against Winthrop than had been done during the entire season. The first quarter's results proved final,—14-7. Both of Peabody's scores were made from forward passes—and Winthrop's line still remained with a clean record!

"With all the bad football out of its system," as Mr. Stedfast remarked in his address at the Revere game rally, Winthrop crushed Revere in a game which marked the climax of a highly successful season. The game was played at Fort Banks, neutral grounds. The 20,000 people in attendance watched Winthrop rip its way down the field in the first quarter to gain a well-earned touchdown (Leighton to blame). In the last quarter Saunders plunged over the line for Winthrop's second tally and Guidi's catch of a pass brought the count up to 14-0. The victory gave Winthrop undisputed possession of second place, a mere half game behind Classical. The pleasure, of course, came in the fact that Revere lost its chances for championship and dropped to third place.

A few minor games were played against the Fort Banks team, Winthrop running wild in all of them. The scores of two such scrimmages were 26-0 and 61-0.

Winthrop's line, consisting of Fraser, Nelson, Capt. Titus, Pelofsky, Guidi, Rowe and Freeman was unscored on during the entire season.

#### The Year's Results

- Sept. 26. Chelsea at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 0, Chelsea 0.
- Oct. 3. Brookline at Brookline.  
Brookline 6, Winthrop 3.
- Oct. 12. Fall River at Fall River.  
Winthrop 13, Fall River 0.
- Oct. 17. Swampscott at Swampscott.  
Winthrop 20, Swampscott 0.
- Oct. 24. Lynn Classical at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 6, Lynn Classical 0.
- Oct. 31. Winthrop at Lynn English.  
Winthrop 7, Lynn English 0.
- Nov. 7. Beverly at Beverly.  
Winthrop 10, Beverly 6.
- Nov. 14. Marblehead at Winthrop.  
Winthrop 7, Marblehead 0.
- Nov. 21. Peabody at Winthrop.  
Peabody 14, Winthrop 7.
- Nov. 26. Revere at Fort Banks.  
Winthrop 14, Revere 0.
- Totals: Winthrop 87, Opponents 26.**





### BASKETBALL

Front Row—T. Trainor, E. Baker, L. Wile, P. Connor, R. Crossman, J. Rex, L. Racca. Second Row—R. Mackay, J. Campbell, T. Saunders, D. MacPherson, C. Crutchfield, R. Verdi. Third Row—W. Lappen, A. Fenton, O. Tornrose, S. Pelofsky, E. Coghlen. Back Row—W. Bueck, R. Titus, J. Holmes, Coach Poole.

#### Winthrop at Natick

The basketball team made a fine showing in their opening game by winning from Natick 29-15. Wile and Connor showed in this first game that they would pair up to make a wonderful combination as forwards.

The second team also won by a score of 15-11.

#### Winthrop at Everett

The second game of the season also proved to be a win for Winthrop. The game, fast from the start, gained speed with every second until the action became so rapid towards the end that the outcome of the game virtually hinged upon the toss of the ball. The final score was Winthrop 28, Everett 25.

The second team lost 10-6.

#### Watertown at Winthrop

Winthrop for the third successive time showed what wonderful basketball it could play by winning from Watertown 22-19. The game was very fast and exciting from start

to finish, especially so in the last few minutes. The second team was nosed out in a very close game 17-16.

#### Framingham at Winthrop

Another win for the Blue and White making four altogether. Framingham started out well but were soon routed and easily whipped to the score of 34-10.

Brud Baker, our old point scorer, surprised the visiting team by rolling up seventeen points—half of the team's total and almost twice as much as the visitors scored.

The second team was beaten 10-6.

#### Winthrop at Chelsea

Playing under the handicap of a small sized floor, Winthrop lost to Chelsea 23-18. Capt. "Egg" Connor accomplished the astonishing feat of securing the whole eighteen points of his team's score.

The second team also lost 25-5.

#### Arlington at Winthrop

Winthrop easily beat Arlington 35-13 in a fast and interesting non-league game. Con-



nor and Wile, our flashy forwards, seemed to work wonderfully together and piled up most of the score between them.

The second team lost 16-9.

#### **Winthrop at Brockton**

Brockton High's undefeated quintet added another win to its streak of six victories when it beat Winthrop, its closest contender, a 25-18 trimming. The Brockton five were forced to fight the limit to gain this victory.

Captain Connor and "Les" Wile, with nine points apiece, did all of the team's scoring, and stood out as the individual stars of the game.

Winthrop's seconds came back to form today and forced their opponents to battle hard for a 10-9 win.

#### **Winthrop at Arlington**

In a non-league game Arlington tied Winthrop 24-24. The game was slow and uninteresting, being marred by the frequent blowing of the whistle. Captain Connor starred for Winthrop by scoring fourteen points.

The second team lost 19-2.

#### **Everett at Winthrop**

Winthrop tucked away its fourth home victory when it crushed Everett's first and second teams by the respective scores of 26-14 and 9-4.

Di Venuti and Fisher, Everett's much-heralded stars, quite lost their brilliance in the wake of the flashy playing of "Egg" Connor and "Les" Wile who provided an ample supply of baskets.

The playing was fast and clean, the latter being observed in the decided lack of fouls.

The second team won its first game in seven starts when it suddenly arose against their opponents and laid them low.

#### **Winthrop at Watertown**

Winthrop met its third defeat of the season at the hands of Watertown by the score of 22-15. The game was poorly played and was marred by many personal fouls.

The second team lost a very close and fast game in an overtime period by a score of 12-10.

#### **Winthrop at Framingham**

Winthrop scored another victory by snowing under the Framingham quintet to the

tune of 48-21. They certainly put over a decided victory as the one sided score shows. The first quarter was fast, both teams scoring, and at the end of the half the score was 17-14. The second half showed no opposition for Winthrop as they made thirty-one points to seven made by Framingham.

The second team lost 25-20.

#### **Chelsea at Winthrop**

In the fastest and most spectacular game of the season the Winthrop High quintet caged a 19-14 win over Chelsea High. Chelsea High favored to win, started off with a rush, but at the end of the half found themselves trailing along at the short end of a 12-7 score. The game was a hard fought one all the way, and was in no way marred by unsportsmanlike playing. Connor and Wile, consistent high scorers for Winthrop, secured sixteen points for their team. Both teams showed a wonderful five-man defense, a fact which accounted for the low score.

The second team was beaten by a much stronger team 18-14.

#### **Brockton at Winthrop**

Winthrop determined to equal its series with Brockton; and Brockton equally determined to remain undefeated in the league, clashed at Winthrop in a game which proved to be the narrowest squeak for Brockton this season. The play went back and forth, neither side securing a decided lead, and toward the close of the game, with the score 15 all, Brockton gained a three-point lead which they held for the rest of the game.

Winthrop lead at the close of the half 11-6 but failed to do anything in the second half.

The second team lost 17-7.

Winthrop finished second in the Suburban League—won eight, tied one, and lost four.

At the meeting of the Athletic Council the basketball "W" was awarded to the following: Captain Paul Connor, Lester Wile, Robert Crossman, Louis Racca, Ernest Baker, Justin Rex, Thomas Trainor and Waldo Bucek.

The lettermen unanimously elected Thomas Trainor to pilot the Blue and White next year.



### BASEBALL

Front Row—M. Saggese, T. Trainor, L. Wile, E. Baker, M. Delorey, J. Rex, G. Lothrop, T. Carnicelli, B. McLaughlin. Second Row—H. Aiken, V. Nelson, T. Saunders, G. Glass, D. MacPherson, W. Lappen, G. Vance, Coach Poole. Back Row—H. Freeman, J. Bradley, C. Dailey, J. Broderick, E. Rabinowitz, R. Verdi, O. Tornrose, A. Beddoes, R. Gaudet, L. Monahan.

Although the team was delayed at the beginning of the season by poor playing conditions and the absence of its captain, "Frog" Delorey, it has given a fine account of itself. A large number of candidates reported, and the school was lucky to have a practically entire veteran team on the diamond. The usual try outs and elimination left the following team ready for the practice game with Burdett:

Catchers—Glass, Beddoes, Gaudet, Freeman and H. Saggese.

Pitchers—McLaughlin, Nelson, MacPherson, Broderick, Rabinowitz and Tornrose.

First—Lothrop, Vance.

Second—Wile, Fenton.

Third—Trainor, Haley.

Short—Baker, Bradley.

Field—Rex, Saunders, Carnicelli, Verdi, and Lappen

The games are as follows:

#### April 16—Burdett 8, Winthrop 4

This was the first game played by the team. It was only a practice game but was full of promising characteristics, considering that the team had had so little practice due to the poor condition of the park. Lothrop and Trainor both brought in a run with two baggers, and, although the game was not on the list of victories, no body felt at all disturbed.

#### April 21—Winthrop 2, Lynn English 2

This game was played at Lynn English and was a fine peppy game. Both teams seemed in good form, and the crowd was enthusiastic. This game developed into an eleven inning game, which was called on account of darkness. The result of this game was encouraging, and the team seemed ready to meet Revere.

**April 24—Revere 12, Winthrop 9**

This game, although a loss for Winthrop, was a close game into the eighth inning. "Brud" Baker and "Tom" Carnicelli played wonderful baseball, and the team looked good until the last inning, when Revere brought in three runs and cooked the "Goose" for Winthrop.

**April 28—Chelsea 4, Winthrop 3**

Chelsea's rally in the seventh won the game. This game was a fast clean game to watch. "Jud" Rex knocked a triple in the second inning but was unable to score, and "Brud" Baker reached third three times only to get left. "Goose" McLaughlin pitched a wonderful game, and the game was a hard loss to Winthrop.

**May 1—Winthrop 5, Peabody 3**

This game was played at Peabody and put much encouragement into the team. "Pie" Trainor starred with two triples and a fine job at catcher's position. "Goose" fanned ten men and put the pep into the team that everybody expected.

**May 5—Winthrop 13, Beverly 5**

The Beverly game, played here, added another fast and flashy victory to the Winthrop nine's credit. Trainor again took charge of the catcher's unit, and Nelson started, striking out four men in his four innings of action. "Goose" McLaughlin finished out the last five innings. Baker, Trainor, Carnicelli, Rex, Saunders, Lothrop, Nelson and Haley all scored, Haley knocking two successive home runs, the only homers of the season.

**May 7—Lynn Classical 10, Winthrop 2**

This game seemed to be overcast by bonehead plays and general bad luck, which resulted in a 10-2 victory for Classical.

**May 12—Winthrop 8, Marblehead 2**

"Frog" Delorey who was previously ineligible now took up his old position at home plate. Martin seemed to bring back the luck and break the jinx. MacPherson pitched a fine game and was mostly responsible for this victory.

**May 15—Winthrop 6, Lynn English 2**

This was a short and sweet victory for the Winthrop nine. Drenched by rain, the team easily ran up six runs to English's two, and the game was called at the end of fifth due to the rain.

**May 19—Revere 3, Winthrop 2**

Although this was a close game, the Winthrop team was greatly disappointed at losing to their old rival, Revere. The score was 1 to 1 until the tenth inning, when Vowles of Revere socked out a three socker and brought in the winning run for Revere.

**May 22—Lynn Classical 6, Winthrop 3**

Another defeat was experienced when Classical won a decisive victory 6-3 over Winthrop. Hopes were up in the ninth when MacPherson brought home a man on a triple hit, but they were soon dashed and the game was a loss.

**May 24—Peabody 9, Winthrop 5**

The team seemed to have a jinx on it and went down to another loss to Peabody. Nothing very sensational occurred, and Peabody ran the score up to a 9-5 loss for Winthrop.

**June 2—Winthrop 7, Beverly 5**

This game seemed more like the real team playing again. Lothrop showed up in his old form and knocked a three bagger in the 11th inning. "Goose" and "Vic" held down the mound and both pitched a good game.

**June 5—Chelsea 2, Winthrop 1**

This game was a fast game and was among the best games played this season. It was a close 1-0 game in favor of Winthrop, until in the eighth Chelsea scored two runs on a three bagger by Player. Although a loss on score the team deserved credit.

**June 8—Winthrop 9, Marblehead 3**

With this game the team wound up its season. It was a good all around game, although a few errors were made. The game turned out to be a splendid victory characteristic of the nine.

Out of fourteen games the team won seven, tied one and lost six. The regular first team line up was as follows:

Catcher—Delorey and Glass.

Pitcher—McLaughlin, Nelson, MacPherson.

First—Lothrop.

Second—Wile.

Third—Trainor.

Short—Baker.

Left Field—Carnicelli.

Centre Field—Saunders.

Right Field—Rex.





### TRACK

Front Row—E. Coghlan, G. Simson, L. Sobey, T. Carnicelli, T. Saunders, A. Jenkins, W. Bell, F. Sinatra. Second Row—Coach Coulman, H. Bartlett, W. Van Dalinda, W. Aiken, C. Crocker, F. Holbrook, W. Patterson, J. Henry. Back Row—G. Mellgren, J. Dervan, P. Mover, M. Saggese, J. Whipple, J. Holmes, P. McCarthy, J. Zerga, J. Donovan.

The season opened this year December 3 when Coach Coulman called for candidates. There was a fine showing of sixty-nine, but there were only six veterans.

The first meet was lost to Browne and Nichols by a score of 48-15. Saunders and Patterson took 2nd and 3rd respectively in the high jump. C. Crocker got a third in the 40-yard dash, Jenkins a 2nd in the 1000-yd. dash, and Sinatra a 2nd in the 300 yd. dash. Saggese tossed the shot for a 3rd.

The second meet was won by Lynn English by a score of 44-10.

#### Summary

Broad Jump—Bell, 2nd.  
High Jump—Saunders, 2nd.  
300 yd. dash—Carnicelli, 2nd.  
600 yd. dash—Simson, 3rd.  
Relay—Winthrop.

#### Results of Noble and Greenough Meet

Noble and Greenough 44, Winthrop 16.  
45 yd. dash—C. Crocker, 3rd.  
1000 yd. dash—Jenkins, 2nd.  
Hurdles—C. Crocker, 2nd; Saunders, 3rd.  
High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson, 2nd.  
300 yd. dash—Bell 3rd.

#### B. A. A. Meet

Winthrop 4½ pts. for second in the relay.

#### State Meet

Winthrop won 9th place. Saunders got a 2nd in the High Jump, and the Relay team won a third place.

The Juniors walked off with the Inter-class meet with a total of 57 points. The Seniors came second with 15 points. The Sophomores took away 8 points and left the Freshmen 1.

Winthrop lost to Cambridge Latin 47-25.  
High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson,  
3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,  
2nd.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Sinatra, 3rd.

1 mile—Bartlett, 3rd.

220 yd. dash—Sinatra, 3rd.

440 yd. dash—Sinatra, 2nd.

Rindge Tech was beaten by Winthrop  
with the adding machine reading 46-26.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Bell, 3rd.

1 mile—Bartlett, 2nd.

Shot Put—Saggese, 1st; Bell, 2nd.

High Jump—Saunders, 1st, tied with  
Patterson.

440 yd. dash—Simson, 1st; Whipple, 3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; Bell, 3rd.

220 yd. dash—Bell, 1st; Sobey, 2nd.

880 yd. dash—Jenkins, 3rd.

Winthrop loses to Quincy 44-28.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st.

220 yd. dash—Sinatra, 1st.

1 mile—Bartlett, 2nd.

High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson tie,  
2nd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,  
2nd.

Beverly easily taken by Winthrop 49-19.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Carnicelli, 3rd.

880 yd. dash—Jenkins, 1st; Holbrook,  
3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,  
3rd.

220 yd. dash—Sobey and Sinatra, 1st.

Shot Put—Aiken, 3rd.

440 yd. dash—Simson, 1st; Sinatra, 2nd;  
Whipple, 3rd.

High jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson,  
2nd.





### TENNIS

Front Row—A. Fenton, E. Stone, E. Coghlen. Back Row—W. Stewart, R. Ball.

Through the efforts of a few W. H. S. students a tennis team was organized this year. Upon the receipt of a letter from Mr. Wakefield, President of the Winthrop Tennis Club, offering the use of that organization's grounds, a meeting was called of those interested in tennis. A team resulted with Ellis Stone, manager, and Sarah Brooks, assistant manager. After a week's practice, including a match with Lynn Classical, the team started the sea-

son by defeating the Mechanic Arts High School on May 19 by a score of 5-0. On May 22 the team went to Dummer Academy and were defeated 4-2. On May 28, the team played Watertown at Watertown winning 4-1. The next day Mechanic Arts was defeated a second time by a score of 4-1. On June 3 Melrose nosed out W. H. S. by a score of 3-2. In the second game with Watertown, June 11, W. H. S. was defeated 3-2.



A wide, ornate border with a repeating geometric and floral pattern surrounds the central text area.

# ctivities



#### ECHO BOARD

Front Row—V. Fowler, E. Rainville, A. Foley, A. Cook, L. Rowe, S. Klier.  
 Second Row—A. Fenton, J. Lochhead, L. Atkinson, P. Altmeyer, I. Blandford, D. Davis.  
 Third Row—N. Corwin, J. Devlin, Miss Drew, O. Crocker, G. Millgren.  
 Fourth Row—L. Wile, J. Leighton, L. Monahan, W. Bucek, A. Stewart. Back Row—F. Bauer, L. Goldberg, Prin. Clarke, J. Martin, H. Smith.

This year of 1926 ended the fifth year since the establishment of the Echo in newspaper form. We of the Board, realizing the importance of this paper to the student body, have tried hard to make the Echo worthy of its many readers. In the publication of this small paper there is involved more expense than the subscribers perhaps realize. In past years the Echo has just barely paid for itself. This year many subscribers were lost when the eighth grade was transferred to the new Junior High School building. Consequently some means of making up for the deficit that their departure caused had to be devised. Our efficient Business Manager was right on the job and he procured enough advertising to

make up for the deficit. The increase in advertising, however, brought a new difficulty—lack of space. The paper small in itself was well crowded. Joke and Exchange columns had to be omitted several times. These omissions were the cause of much criticism from our readers. It is because of that criticism that this article appears. May it serve as a suitable explanation of many of our policies.

We have tried to make this Year Book as attractive and interesting as possible, that it might be a worth-while keepsake.

Whether or not we have succeeded in our many endeavors this year, we of the Echo Board thank our readers for their co-operation and appreciation.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



## SENIOR PLAY

Front Row—J. Rollins, L. Rowe, A. Cook, G. Pigon, E. Jenkins, F. Pransky.  
 Second Row—C. Stevens, I. Blandford, M. Tully, M. Bridgman. Back Row—R. Ball,  
 John Martin, G. Lothrop, N. Corwin.

On Friday, December 18, 1925, the Senior class presented "The Charm School," a play which was unanimously considered the best ever given. The play itself was very charming, and it was exceptionally well done by a cast chosen with Miss Spence's usual good judgment.

John Martin took the leading role of Austin Bevans, a young automobile salesman who was bequeathed a girl's school as a legacy. The plot centered about this unusual situation and involved Elise Benedotti, the president of the senior class, played by Grace Pigon, and Miss Hayes, the principal of the school, played by Margaret Tully. Norman Corwin as Homer Johns, Elise's guardian, Catharine Stevens as Miss Curtis, the secretary, and Anna Cook as Sally Boyd, played character parts and kept the audience laughing. These familiar names speak

for themselves and the whole cast helped to make the play a great success.

## Cast

Austin Bevans.....	John Martin
David MacKenzie .....	Guy Lothrop
George Boyd.....	Roger Titus
Jim Simpkins.....	George De Roo
Tim Simpkins.....	Robert Ball
Homer Johns.....	Norman Corwin
Elise Benedotti.....	Grace Pigon
Miss Hayes.....	Margaret Tully
Miss Curtis.....	Catharine Stevens
Sally Boyd.....	Anna Cook
Muriel Doughty.....	Louise Rowe
Ethel Spelvin.....	Kathryn Shepherd
Alix Mercier.....	Evangeline Jenkins
Lillian Stafford.....	Mildred Bridgman
Madge Kent.....	Frieda Pransky
Charlotte Gray.....	Isabel Blandford
Dotsie.....	Josephine Rollins





### OPERETTA

**In the Picture**—V. Nelson, D. Davis, A. Stewart, J. Leighton, R. Irish, R. Titus, A. Cook, J. Martin, V. Preg, A. Uman, E. Rainville, E. Jenkins, A. Foley, G. Pigon, J. Sullivan, L. Atkinson, M. Friedenber, J. Rea, F. Sinatra, S. Grady, T. Carnicelli, M. Tully, H. Mayer, E. Arnold, R. Abrams, R. Ball, O. Crocker, I. Blandford, C. Crocker, D. Stearns, A. Nickerson, M. Verdi, F. Stone, D. Wales, R. Barney, M. Kadushin.

"Pepita," an operetta of old Mexico, was first given for the lower classes on May 14, and was pronounced such a success that it was repeated on the evening of May 26, as well as on Class Day, June 9. The many solo parts revealed much unsuspected talent in the Senior class. The special scenery, painted by John Pike of the Freshman Class, and the bright costumes were very effective.

#### Cast

Pedro, an Innkeeper.....Allison Stewart  
Filipa, his daughter.....Ruth Irish  
Carlos, an outlaw.....Victor Nelson  
Pepita, a Mexican maid.....Dorothy Davis  
Henry Hepworth, an American Millionaire  
..... Roger Titus

Jane Hepworth, his sister.....Anna Cook  
Wilson, his valet.....James Leighton  
Romero, a smuggler.....John Martin

Chorus of Village Maids and Young Men.  
Ellis Stone, Clayton Crocker, Abraham Uman, John Sullivan, Otis Crocker, Milton Friedenber, Richard Abrams, Arthur Nickerson, Robert Ball, Paul Norris, Harold Mayer, Thomas Carnicelli, Fred Sinatra, Stephen Grady, Robert Barney, Eleanor Arnold, Mildred Bridgman, Veronica Preg, Evangeline Jenkins, Isabel Blandford, Margaret Tully, Doris Wales, Jeannette Rea, Margaret Verdi, Grace Pigon, Laura Atkinson, Estelle Rainville, Miriam Kadushin, Ada Foley, Dorothy Stearns.



## SCHOOL PLAY

Front Row—M. Halford, M. Kenrick, A. Branz. Second Row—W. Van Dalinda, R. Kruger, E. Sweeney, M. Toy. Back Row—H. Smith, R. Morrison, L. Sobey, R. Brock.

On April 9th a delightful comedy of Louis Parker's, entitled "Summer Is A Comin' In," was given at the theatre.

It was a three act offering and was filled with bits of rare humour. The story in brief concerns four racketty young chaps who went, willingly or otherwise, to war and "left their girls behind them."

Upon their return however, they discovered that their respective fiancées had married the boys that stayed behind with them. The boys straightway swore eternal hate for the so-called weaker sex and took up their abode in an old farmhouse. The

events following kept the audience in laughing until the final curtain.

The cast is as follows:

Willoughby Spencer.....	Louis Sobey
Harry Davenport.....	Walter Van Dalinda
Jack Hollybush.....	Robert Morrison
Ernest Wybrow.....	Horace Smith
Sylvia Spencer.....	Margaret Kenrick
Betty Smirk.....	Madeline Halford
Daisy Lapping.....	Helen Kruger
Rose Philpotts.....	Myrna Toy
Mrs. Vokins.....	Annie Branz
Mr. Vokins.....	Richard Brock
Selina.....	Eileen Sweeney





### ORCHESTRA

In the Picture—D. Stearns, M. Ehrlich, A. Roberts, S. Lundy, F. Pransky, M. Sperber, C. Reed, N. Perry, J. Knipe, E. Dunn, F. Nelson, E. Jenkins, N. E. Willis (director), E. Glucker, A. Johannot, L. Von Betzen, S. Boiarsky, C. Carghill, S. Levy, G. Garr, B. Levine, D. O'Brien, B. Rosenberg, M. Boylan, R. Finklestein, E. Fingold, A. Stengel, G. McLean, R. Murray, B. Reed, W. Johnson, D. McGaw, C. Roberts, L. Goodall, A. Uman, M. Segal, G. Sawyer, L. Sobey, J. Whipple, C. May, D. Swim, J. O'Toole.

President .....Clinton Reed  
 Vice President .....Jay Knipe  
 Secretary .....Martin Sperber  
 Librarian .....Newell Perry  
 Asst. Librarian .....Eugene Dunn  
 Concert Mistress .....Mrs. N. E. Willis  
 Director .....Mr. N. Elliot Willis

The years of 1925 and 1926 have been the busiest the orchestra has had since its foundation. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Willis had about fourteen engagements already booked. These included playing for the Middlesex County Teachers' Association for the third time in four years, an honor which no other orchestra but our own has enjoyed. The orchestra has also played for all Boy Scout plays, all the Stage Door Associates' plays and, of course, the famous

Winthrop High School plays, besides the Class Day and Graduation exercises. Groups from the orchestra have also played for the Woman's Club and for the school debates.

The annual concert was one of the best ever given, and the music was of a type which interested everyone who attended. Clinton Reed played a cornet solo, and Miss Ruth Howard sang three numbers. These two musicians showed that W. H. S. sure has musical talent.

This year Mr. Willis's duties as principal of the Junior High School have kept him so busy that Mrs. Willis was appointed as Assistant Director, and she presided over the group when Mr. Willis could not be present.





## BAND

In the Picture—J. Anderson, L. Von Betzen, M. Sperber, M. Segal, D. Swim, G. Sawyer, R. Murray, J. O'Toole, N. E. Willis (director), O. Hodgkins, E. Glucker, W. Johnson, N. Perry, E. Dunn, I. Fritsch, P. Mover, J. Pike, H. Moore, D. Rowe, C. Reed, J. Donovan, W. Sliney, H. Flynn, W. Moore, J. Dalton, D. McGaw, J. Knipe, A. Johnnot.

Last September the Winthrop School Band was organized under the direction of Mr. Willis. This organization comprised of about thirty boys is the first of its kind in Winthrop. Most of the members were gathered from the brass section of the High School Orchestra and from the remnants of the old Boy Scout Band. Rehearsals were held regularly every week and under their capable leader the Band progressed rapidly.

The Band made its initial appearance during the Community Hospital campaign parade. They played on this occasion while riding in a truck. The next, and probably most important time, that they played was

at the annual football game between W. H. S. and Revere. On this occasion the Band formed at the high school and marched to Fort Banks. During the game they played the school songs besides many others. The Band lent to this occasion a real college atmosphere and they were certainly appreciated. The Band has also played at all the Scout exhibitions during the year. They have played with several parades, including the one on Memorial Day.

The members of the Band are uniformed in white pants, a sweater, and sailor cap. It is hoped that next year regular uniforms may be secured, and also that a joint concert might be held with the orchestra.



### DEBATING TEAM

Front Row—M. Fleishman, R. Silverman, S. Klier, E. Sweeney, R. Britt. Second Row—Miss Buethe, Coach; C. Roberts, A. Jenkins, A. Smith, M. Segal. Back Row—N. Corwin, J. Devlin, F. Bauer.

In the fall of 1925 the Debating Clubs were organized with the following officers:

#### Girls' Debating Club

President .....Minnie Fleishman  
Vice President .....Margaret Dineen  
Secretary .....Sara Klier

#### Boys' Debating Club

President .....Frank F. Bauer  
Vice President.....Abraham Smith  
Secretary .....Albert Jenkins

The first public debate of the season, the Boys' and Girls' Annual Debate was held Feb. 19, 1926. The team was made up of Sophomores and Juniors, as well as Seniors. The question was, "Resolved, that small colleges are preferable to large ones." The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative	Negative
Eileen Sweeney	Abraham Smith
Minnie Fleishman	Albert Jenkins

Sara Klier

#### Alternates

Ruth Britt  
Rose Silverman  
Esther Rudginsky

Frank Bauer

#### Alternates

Norman Corwin  
Kendall Clark  
Calvin Roberts

Although the boys were aided by a materials committee which consisted of Richard Brock, Chairman, Saul Foster, James Whipple, and Frank Holbrook, the judges when casting their ballots, voted the girls the winners by a 2-1 vote. Sara Klier was awarded the decision of best speaker of the evening.

This year, however, after the annual Boys' and Girls' Debate, a Debating Society was formed. This organization combined the two clubs. At the first meeting held March 11, 1926, the following officers were elected:

President .....Frank Bauer  
Vice President.....Abraham Smith

**Secretary** .....Minnie Fleishman  
**Executive Committee**—M. Mildred Nisson,  
 Albert Jenkins, Richard Brock.

Debates between the members of the club kept up the interest of the newly formed organization.

The Interscholastic Debate with our rivals, Revere High School, was held on May 21, 1926. The question was, "Resolved, that the U. S. Government should own and operate the anthracite coal mines." The Winthrop speakers were as follows:

<b>Affirmative at Winthrop</b>	<b>Negative at Revere</b>
Minnie Fleishman	Abraham Smith
Norman Corwin	John Devlin
Frank Bauer	Sara Klier
<b>Alternate</b>	<b>Alternate</b>
Melvin Segal	Calvin Roberts

Under the capable supervision of Miss Elizabeth Buethe, for the first time in the history of the school the teams were victorious away from home as well as at Winthrop. At Revere the team was awarded a unanimous decision; at home, the team was voted the winner by a 2-1 vote. Frank Bauer was awarded the decision as best speaker of the evening.

The prospects of a successful season for 1926-27 are very promising. The remarkable success of the present year is an incentive for more students to participate in the activities of the Winthrop High School Debating Society.

#### SCIENCE CLUB

**President** .....Arthur Roberts  
**Vice President** .....Frank Bauer  
**Secretary** .....James Wells  
**Business Manager** .....Leslie Dimes  
**Treasurer** .....Mr. Loomis

Near the beginning of the year, the officers of the Science Club drew up a constitution which, with some minor charges, was accepted by the members. This constitution will last indefinitely and serve as a basis for all business affairs.

Immediately after the acceptance of the constitution, three members of the Junior Class were elected as junior executive members. These were Ralph Murray, Albert Jenkins, and John Holmes, who helped

the officers plan and carry out the programs for each meeting.

The programs were quite varied, and many of the members gave topics during the year. Besides the regular speakers, Leslie Dimes, the business manager, gave a demonstration experiment at each meeting, and these experiments proved so interesting that one entire meeting was given over to experiments conducted by Arthur Rober's and Leslie Dimes. At another meeting, a four reel film of the Chevrolet car, its construction and the organization behind it, was given by Mr. Loomis. Many thanks are extended to him for so efficiently operating the machine, and the club will gladly recommend him as a moving picture operator. The time between films was filled in with piano solos by Richard Brock, and harmonica solos by A. Sprague Tewksbury, Jr.

One of the most interesting occasions was a trip to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. About ten members were conducted through the Tech buildings. Many interesting things were done, such as actually bending a solid steel bar four inches in diameter. Special instruments showed that the bar was bent an appreciable amount by merely being pulled upward with one's hands. Kendall Clark and Leslie Dimes each sat in front of an X-ray machine, while the other members saw their hearts beating in a very life-like manner. Their whole chest and lung structure could also be plainly seen. The professors who conducted the trip very interestingly explained everything as it came along.

We hope that the next year's Science Club will be the most efficient and interesting club in the school.

#### FRENCH CLUB

**President** .....Arthur Roberts  
**Vice President** .....Frank Bauer  
**Secretary** .....Catharine Stevens  
**Treasurer** .....Anna Cook

At the first meeting of the Cercle Francais, which was held on November 5, in Osborne Hall, the officers were elected. The election of a boy as president was a departure from precedent, but the club has prospered in spite of this fact. At this meeting Isabel Blandford was elected as



Publicity Committee, and M. Tully, M. Bridgman and I. Blandford were elected as a membership committee.

At the next meeting on December 22 in Osborne Hall, about twenty Juniors and Seniors were initiated, and, after the President had explained the Constitution, the object and the motto of the club, a very interesting program consisting of several readings, selections by a girls' chorus, and a three act play, was presented.

At the third meeting on February 17, in Room 2, it was decided that as the club had over forty dollars in the treasury, some of this money could be spent in buying a picture. This picture, a panorama of Paris, has been framed in our own shop, and now decorates Room 2. At this same meeting a committee was elected to decide what changes, if any, should be made in the constitution of the club.

At the next meeting, April 7, in Osborne Hall, the committee recommended that the constitution be revised so that sophomores who had an average of 85% or better through the fourth marking period, could be admitted to the Cercle. This recommendation was accepted, and the revision to the Constitution made. At this meeting the most elaborate program of the year was given. Besides several readings, Veronica Preg gave a piano solo, and Dorothy Stearns proved that the French Club has vocal talent by singing two clever French songs. A play, "Rosalie," was given in a very capable and entertaining manner by Norman Corwin, Isabel MacFarlane, and Catharine Stevens.

As a result of the amendment to the Constitution, there were forty-six sophomores to be initiated. As their initiation the Sophs had to give the entire program at the meeting of June 2, which was held in Room 10. In the business meeting it was voted to buy a quarter page ad in the Echo Year Book for the French Club. After a varied program by the sophs, the president extended his wishes for the prosperous continuance of the Cercle, and the meeting was adjourned.

If the membership of the Cercle increases next year at the rate it did this year, the president's wish will be gratified to the fullest, and the club will be the largest and most prosperous in the school.

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### CONTIO LATINA

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The Latin Club, which is one of the largest and most flourishing of the clubs of W. H. S., held four meetings this year. On October 28, was held the annual business meeting for the election of officers, and on December 10, the meeting for the initiation of new members. After the initiation, which consisted of recitations in Latin, a short program was given by the Seniors, including more recitations and several musical numbers. These two meetings were the last to be held under the supervision of our beloved teacher, Miss Ayres.

A third meeting was held on January 26, with a short program consisting of dialogues and Latin crossword puzzles. On March 23, an entertainment was given by the club in Osborne Hall. A solo was rendered by Mary Cambridge, following which came the initiation of new members, the club song and cheer, and a saxophone solo by Melvin Segal. A one-act play, entitled "Off with His Head," presented with a cast of forty-four Freshmen and Sophomores, concluded the program which reflected great credit on the new praetors, Miss Bacon and Miss Nelson.

No one can estimate the loss sustained by the Latin Club in the death of its praetor, Miss Ayres. The Contio Latina was founded by Miss Ayres in 1917, and under her guidance grew and prospered, each season surpassing its efforts of the preceding year. The entertainments given from time to time have been most interesting and beneficial to all. We hope that the club may continue to thrive and to carry on its splendid work, ever mindful of the teacher who so generously gave her time and effort in order that this organization might be successful.

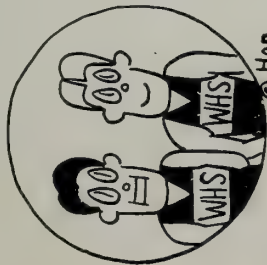
# ROTOGRAVURE SECTION



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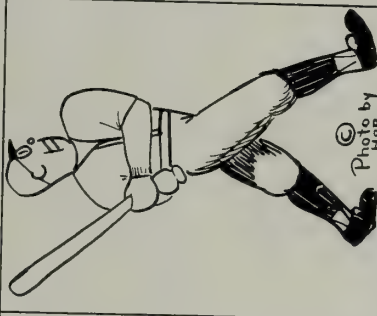
Left  
Frank Bauer  
as seen by  
the Echo  
reporter  
during the  
WHS-RHS  
debate.  
Bauer was  
voted best  
speaker.  
WHS2-RHS1

Right  
"Spib" Haley getting  
his second homer  
of the afternoon  
against Beverly at  
Ingleside Park.  
WHS13-BHS5



© Hop

Conner and Wile as  
seen by the Echo  
photographer after  
the Framingham game  
in which Conner scored  
18pts and Wile 17 pts  
as WHS won 48-23



© Photo by Hop

Below - John  
Sullivan snapped  
with his pet  
dogs. Sullivan  
is on the left

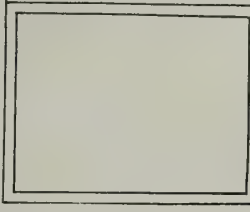


© Hop



Lower  
Right

No Roto-gravure  
Section's  
complete  
without a  
Charlesburg  
picture



© Hop

Right -> Samantha Jones  
says she don't care  
who she sits beside  
at the banquet. It  
the food is plentiful

Norman Corwin tries his hand  
at art. The subject of his  
first picture is the study  
of a K.K.K. meeting in a snow-  
storm



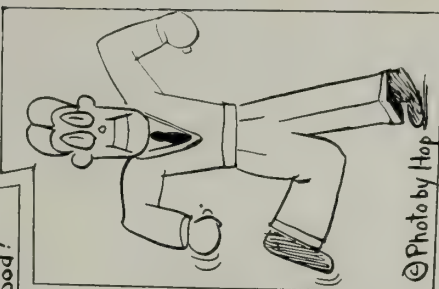
© Hop



Right  
→

John Martin, noted actor,  
as he appears in every day  
life. © Photo by Hop

Left  
WHS football  
team in action at  
the banquet in  
their honor. They  
can eat as well as  
they can play  
football. And  
that's good!



© Photo by Hop



## SMOOTH

"It is a bit discomfoting, I dare say, to know that you have exactly so many minutes to live—that within five minutes from the time you leave your cell to go to the chair you'll be cooked for good,—and yet, you know, there's no point at all in worrying about it,—in fact, I'm just as happy now as I was at any other time of my life."

The nonchalant, carefree, "don't-give-a-damn" attitude of this super-criminal rather surprised me. When a man has four hours and twenty minutes to live, and he knows it very well, I am inclined to think that he could spend his time to better advantage than to withdraw a Camel cigarette and eye a newspaper reporter very carefully while relating his experiences and giving his opinions.

"I suppose you'll get a swell write-up of this affair," he said to me between puffs,—  
"Really too bad I won't be able to read all you have to say, heh, heh!"

I responded with a forced and artificial pair of "hehs," uttered more out of consideration than sheer glee.

"Yep," he said, "s'all in the game . . . Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," said I, taking heed to the peculiar sensation that might ensue from the smoking of an almost dead-man's cigarette.

"Anything of a specific nature that you would like to know for your article?"

"Well," . . . I stammered . . . "what do you think of your sentence—reasonable?"

"Heh, heh," with a shrug of the shoulders, "that makes me laugh. To tell you the truth, I didn't give a hang about the whole thing. In fact, there were times at my trial that I was caught napping. I know one thing, though—if it wasn't for my fat-headed attorney I might have got by on insanity."

"Insanity? Not you—you speak too intelligently to be taken for a nut."

"Thanks. But I can talk and act like a nut you know."

"But that doesn't go with the psychic experts."

"Don't go? Say—don't tell me nothing don't go. What do you think they call me 'Smooth' for—because I make everything go—and go smoothly, too! You know, they never would have nabbed me if it wasn't for the slightest clue,—and say,—I'll tell you confidentially—it's about four hours before the time for my execution now, is it not? Now listen,—the undertaker's wagon won't rattle away with me tonight. I'll get out. Remember, here I am in my cell talking to you,—the warden is about a hundred feet away, the guards are nearer, and the chair is in perfect working order. Not the slightest possibility for escape, either by violence or trickery—yet,—and get this—I'll make things go—I'll get out!"

"Sounds funny," I replied, becoming a bit uneasy.

"Say, bo,—anything goes when you understand human nature. 'Don't go' did you say? That's what they told "Bob" Fulton when he invented the steamboat . . . don't go, . . . heh, heh!"

"You're absolutely confident?"

"Absolutely!"

"Of course, this won't be a 'Sid Carton' stunt?"

"There is no Santa Claus."

"But" . . .

"You'll be at the execution tonight?"

"I guess so."

"Very well, I'll speak to you after the execution."

"Then you believe in ghosts?"

"No, no, no! Gee, but you newspaper men have funny ideas—I'll speak to you in flesh and blood after my execution—remember,—



and now here comes the warden and the electrocutionist down the corridor!"

"I suppose you despise the very sight of them?"

"No, I'm not narrow-minded,—it's their duties that they perform—nothing else. Well, well,—Mike and Ike."

There was no occasion, in my opinion, for such a reference as Isaac and Michael. They did not resemble each other in any respect. The warden was a slim, short affair with a clean, smooth-shaven face and well-combed hair, while the electrocutionist, on the other hand, was more or less "brutish" as the term is used in reference to football players. He had all the ear-marks of an amateur boxer or a professional thug,—pug nose, grizzly hair, protruding chin.

Any stranger, without doubt, would have mistaken the electrocutionist for the criminal upon seeing them both standing there,—the former a bit restless, the latter absolutely unpreoccupied.

"Meet Mr. Curran," the prisoner said, nodding his head to the electrocutionist, while the warden was inspecting the cell. I blurted out a puzzled "How-de-do."

"Everything O. K. on the wires. Curran?" asked the prisoner.

"Everything!"

"Switches, fixtures, the chair plugs,—everything?"

"Don't you worry—everything."

"Fine—fine! By the way, Mr. Curran, how many prisoners have you thrown the switch against in your experience?"

"Oh,—I couldn't say exactly—I've never kept count of them,—probably in the vicinity of fifty."

"Well, Mr. Curran, I know exactly how many how you've killed—I've inquired—been shown the records by request. You've killed fifty-six."

"Well, what of it?"

"I make the fifty-seventh!"

Curran's jaw fell. "Fifty-seventh did you say?"

"Fifty sev-en," continued "Smooth," "think of it!" Curran's voice became slightly broken.

"Are you sure?"

"Positively!"

"What difference does it make," broke in the warden who had completed his in-

spection of the cell,—“why all the unnecessary chatter?”

"No difference," answered Curran, coming back to himself once more, "no difference at all. But I must go now to inspect the wires,—coming Joe?"

The two men ambled out of the cell and I was left alone with "Smooth" once more.

"You know," he said to me, "Curran gets some two hundred dollars for every execution he commits. All he has to do is to throw a switch,—merely a matter of having the blood on his hands, that's all. He's paid that amount by the state for every job he does,—and he's the only official executioner in the prisons—pretty soft, what?"

"I should hope to say. But what's this '57' business?"

"Well,—er,—Heinz's varieties, heh, heh!—have a smoke?"

"No thanks,—I must be going now."

"You'll be back to see me after the execution?"

"Yes, but it's no diff to you,—you won't see me."

"Bet on it?"

I hesitated for a moment and then—a half meant "Yes!"

"Two hundred smackers! If I lose, you own my possessions which are worth about six hundred,—if I win,—you fork over. Right?"

"Right! But I've got to get back to the office now—so long!"

"Not so long now—two hours and a half"

...

I returned to the newspaper office with a headache. I am always gifted with a headache whenever I am worried or perplexed or confronted with a problem that I cannot solve. I performed my few duties and sped back to the jail to witness the execution. As the taxicab drew up to the prison gate, I drew out my watch. It was quarter of twelve. "Smooth" had about five hundred more breaths to draw before he descended to the great frying pan, I computed.

I entered the prison, showing my reporter's pass, and walked down by the cells into the "death chamber" itself. It was a small, circular room, with a high arched ceiling and gray stone walls. At one end of the chamber was found the "switch-room," where, unseen, Mr. Curran was to perform.

A most pronounced atmosphere of barrenness and desolation was prevalent, underscored by the enervating silence. Footsteps resounded down the dark corridor,—tap, tap, tap,—the death-like monotony of approaching footsteps,—but it was only the doctor, some newspaper men and the officials. Directly behind them came Mr. Curran, who stepped quickly across the chamber and stood waiting at the door of the "switch-room."

I looked at my watch—four minutes of twelve.

Footsteps,—even,—uniform—the footsteps of three or four men—I knew what that meant. I was right, there was "Smooth"—manacled, escorted by two sinister looking prison guards. "Smooth" was radiantly beaming as though he had been presented with his pardon and a thousand dollar check. (Probably premeditation on that two hundred dollar wager.)

My headache became violent when I noticed the prison numbers "57" on his cap. "Smooth" was thrust into the chair by the guards, who were expecting a struggle,—but the criminal merely yawned and smiled unconcernedly at the few in attendance. Curran went over to the chair and fitted the metal hood over the victim's head. He fastened the steel bands with a loud "clip." All that could be seen of "Smooth's" face was his white, aquiline nose, projecting from under the hood, and his smiling lips. As Curran entered the "switch-room," "Smooth" reminded him, in a soft, low teasing tone—"fifty-seven." Curran seemed to falter a bit but plunged ahead into the darkness of the "switch room."

The moment was tense. It was about one-half minute of twelve. Everyone but me had his eyes on the strapped victim,—I could not bear the sight of the convulsion that immediately precedes death,—instead, I watched the lights on the ceiling, which I knew would flicker when Curran threw his switch. The seconds drifted by . . . no flickering. The clock on the wall struck a horrible but abbreviated "bong." Silence. The doctor approached the chair to officially pronounce the man dead.

"Hold your thoroughbreds," the victim laughed,—"I'm very much alive!"

"Well I'll be d—what's the matter with Curran?" shouted one of the officials. "Hey

Curran!" No answer. He rushed into the switch room, but returned quickly with a distracted look. "He's gone! He went out through the back door that leads to the street! I wonder what went through him?"

General business of wonderment, during which "Smooth" was highly amused.

"We'll have to call this off," the official told us,—"the execution will be postponed indefinitely."

I left, glad to get out into the fresh open air. I had lost to "Smooth!" I resolved to get the money to him in the morning and solve the "57" mystery at the same time.

After a sleepless night, I re-visited "Smooth." I heard a "jazzy" interpretation of the "Prisoner's Song" as I approached his cell.

"I rather like that write-up," he said as he greeted me with a smile.

"Well," I drawled, wanting to get right down to the matter. "I guess you win."

"I know I win. Two hundred coldslaws, please!"

I tendered him the check. "But first of all," I said, "tell me about this '57' business and how you miraculously foresaw your escape."

"Well," he said, withdrawing a cigarette once more—"it's this way,—have a seat—want a cigarette?"

"No, thanks, don't smoke!"

"Oh, I see . . . you're a Puritan! Well . . . it's this way . . . As soon as I was established in this prison I made it my business to find out who the 'electrician' was. Once done, I took great care to watch him when he was working on the wires in the yard, which I can plainly see from my cell window. Through careful observation, I noticed that Curran was inclined to be superstitious. Whenever one of the big 'Heinz's' trucks stopped at the supply house near the yard, he tried to avoid looking at the sign of '57' on the side of the truck. When, however, he did see it, he'd cross himself, or spit or do some other crazy stunt. Several instances of which this was merely an example confirmed me of the belief that he was superstitious. I found out, through the warden, who is very friendly with me, that a series of ill-fortuned events were **connected with him**,—two of which were the deaths of his mother and father both at the age of fifty-seven. Well—can't

you see through the rest of it? Rather than to doom himself to the fate that would follow the executing of the 57th man, Curran ran out of the back door of the switch room. It will be several weeks now before they get a new electrocutionist."

"Say—you're a wonder!"

"Thanks!"

"And as to your postponed execution,—I don't see you worrying much over it."

"Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Because I can make things go—I can put things over smoothly. For instance, now, I was Curran's 51st case, not the 57th. The big boob took my word for it."

"Congratulations. As a murderer, you're a remarkable psychologist."

"As a what?"

"Well—er—, as a prisoner!"

"That's different!"

"But didn't you—?"

"Of course —"

"Then why —?"

"Say—congratulate me and be done with it!"

I congratulated him. I shook hands with the murderer!—a peculiar sensation seized me as he tightly gripped my hand.

"Well," I said, "you're too wise for me. I must breeze now!"

"Yeh? Well, g'bye."

"G'bye."

I hailed a cab and sped back to the newspaper office. It took me about a half hour to reach the place. When I got there, everything was in a mad bustle. The typewriters were chattering and clicking away at a mad pace.

"What's the excessive rush?" I queried.

"We've just got a phone call from state prison. They told us that "Smooth" Daly just escaped successfully and can't be traced," snapped a little gum chewing stenographer.

"O, ye gods—can you imagine that?" I exclaimed. "Why I was speaking to him only a half hour ago . . . let me see . . . it was about ten o'clock when I left him . . . what time is it now?"

I reached into my pocket for my watch—IT WAS GONE! My wallet—THAT WAS GONE! The gold ring on my finger—THAT WAS GONE !! I rushed over to a mir-

ror and looked to see if my gold tooth was still there . . . ah!—yes!—hooray!

NORMAN L. CORWIN.

### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING SANE

When one thinks about it, being sane is a great responsibility to man. He must account for everything that he does. What a relief for him to loosen the ties of sanity and be irresponsible for just a little while!

Each person is responsible for one mind, his own. He is expected to train his mind and also to practice self-control and self-sacrifice. Every day he sees things which he wants, but which he either cannot or should not have. By assuring himself that he'll do without something else, he gets just what he wants. When the next time comes, he does not make the sacrifice, but succumbs again to temptation because his will is not strong enough. He is wronging only himself.

Things go wrong. His plans fail. His hopes are crushed. Disappointment. No sympathy. Wouldn't he feel better if he could shriek his grievances to the world? Why can't he? Because people would think him insane.

He must be most careful how he conducts himself in public. If he is extremely happy, he dares not skip along and tell everyone about it. Whoever he told would, no doubt, quickly call a policeman. How hopeless it would be for him trying to explain to a judge! If the man were brought before the judge more than once on like charges, he might even be ordered to a sanitarium. Why? Because he would be considered "mentally delinquent."

Every day of his life man is responsible for every thought, word and deed from the time he awakes until he retires. If he thinks that the judgment of a man in a high public office is poor, and so expresses his thoughts, the public aghast looks at him. If he has been greatly inspired or impressed and babbles his innermost emotions to friends, they consider him a beastly bore. In short, if he does something the least bit out of the ordinary, his motives are questioned.

Why? And is that not the most diffi-



cult question to answer. A man could easily answer the questions **when, where,** and even **how,** but **why** stumps him. He has to think hard, and many times comes to the unsatisfactory conclusion that he did something merely because he so desired. Then is there not, perhaps, a little insanity in the sanest of us? I wonder.

There may be a way to lighten the responsibility of being sane, but the method itself is fantastic. For almost every question of public welfare is a board or committee. Would it not be well to have a committee for the promotion of temporary insanity? Each person could be allotted a certain amount of insanity each year. There are two ways by which the amount of time could be determined—the first, according to how great the worries of a person. The struggling business man might have more time than the college boy who has not as much responsibility. This plan, however would not be practicable, for does one not magnify his own misfortunes and minimize those of his neighbor? The other way would be to determine the allotment of time on a common basis. In this case too, there would be dissatisfaction. And in any case the men on the committee, besides having to be constantly sane, would have to be super-wise in order to determine how much irresponsibility each person should have.

So the solution to the problem of being always sane is but a fantasy, and man continues to bear the great responsibility of being sane.

CATHARINE STEVENS '26.

### THE MYSTERY

This is a story of the Maine coast; a story of superstition and what superstition, combined with an extreme fear of the supernatural, did to a normal, healthy, particularly matter-of-fact young man.

Some twenty years ago a self-avowed exile from the world bought an island situated approximately three miles off the eastern coast of Maine. With a single servant, this man lived, seeing no other human being save those whom he met during his periodical visits to the nearest village. The first day of each month saw him stalking down the single street of the

little hamlet, closely attended by his man, looking neither to the right nor left, and holding himself coldly aloof from the vulgar gaze. This was his custom for several years.

Then came a time, when, on his accustomed day, he did not appear. People thought little of this circumstance. He was probably indisposed because of the bad weather. Days went by, and weeks became months; still he did not appear. People began to take more notice of his absence. One day a fishing boat put into port with the news that it had stopped at the island for fresh water, only to find the house deserted. Rumors of foul play started only too quickly. Soon the island became in the minds of those simple fisher-folks a place to be avoided—a place populated only by spirits of men who had been.

So regarded, the island had remained down through the years until came the summer of 1920, and with it John Thornton.

Thornton was a man of about twenty-three years. He stood six feet in his socks, had an enormous shock of black curly hair, clear frank eyes and wore a crimson "H" upon the chest of his heavy white sweater.

Thornton's family was wealthy; he was bell hopping at the summer hotel only for the novel experience of earning money. His charming personality made him a great favorite with the guests. All in all, he could not ask for a better summer. One day as he passed a group of young people, Thornton noticed that they were speaking in awed tones of the place of terror situated three miles out. He stopped and let fall some light remark concerning his opinion of persons who were frightened away from a spot only because it was surrounded by a mystery. Now it chanced that among this group was a man named Wilson. Although very young, he had a reputation for gambling. Consequently, the moment Thornton spoke those careless words, Wilson offered, in a joking sort of way, to wager him one hundred dollars that he, Thornton, would not dare to go through the house on the island at midnight. Thornton immediately accepted the wager.

The young people were dumfounded at this rash acceptance and tried to dissuade the adventurer from the purpose. But to no avail. He had a certain amount of stub-

born pride which would not allow him to take back a statement once made.

Seeing at last that their persuasions were useless, the young folks began making plans for the great event. It was arranged that Thornton was to enter the house alone. He was to carry with him a gun, a flashlight, and a goodly supply of ribbon. A piece of this ribbon he was to tie on each door-knob throughout the house. In this way, when the whole crowd went through the house the next day, they would be able to ascertain whether or not Thornton had fulfilled his wager.

The night for the adventure came,—one of those dark, mysterious nights of velvety sky and scudding clouds. At quarter of eleven a boat containing Thornton, Wilson, and a few others of the more hardy spirits (three of whom were girls), left the boat landing on its speedy voyage to the island. They arrived about eleven fifteen, disembarked from the launch, and, standing on the sand, gazed at the rambling dwelling. There it stood—grim, formidable, brooding—with an appearance of mold and decay that reminds men of things that are not to be spoken of.

The party stopped, awe-struck and chilled by the eeriness of the place. They talked in subdued voices and made one last plea to Thornton. His courage was admired, but they wanted him to abandon his mad enterprise. It would never be held against him if he "backed down." But they might as well have pleaded with the wind which moaned overhead in the dark pines. At precisely midnight Thornton started up the narrow wood choked path. The watchers saw him pause and fasten a ribbon on the knob of the front door; saw him enter the haunted house; saw the door slowly close behind him as if forever to shut out this mortal from the sight of human eyes.

For a whole hour the party upon the beach waited with bated breath and taut nerves. At the end of that time, however, the girls began to grow hysterical and even the men began to long for the light of day. Quarter past one! Still Thornton had not appeared. And a thing happened which can only be forgiven by a complete realization of their state of mind. A sea-gull, disturbed by some unknown thing, screamed. As the piercing shriek filled the air, the

young people, their overwrought nerves breaking under the strain, ran for the boat, and pushed off for the mainland—leaving poor Thornton to what ever fate might be his. They hastened ashore, and roused the town.

About two-thirty some fifty men arrived at the island. Now every man of them was a sailor—accustomed to death and utterly fearless. Yet not until the sun came up did one of them dare to go into that house. The old ruin looked different by daylight; it was almost inviting. Somewhat ashamed of their fears, they entered the place of mystery. The basement and first three floors were ransacked by the searchers—but no Thornton. On every door there was a ribbon—yet there was no trace of the missing man. All at once an inconspicuous door at the far end of the hall, was discovered. Its knob bore a ribbon. When it was opened it disclosed a flight of stairs. Up the stairs the searchers went and there they found, leaning against the wall Thornton—dead, and absolutely white. His skin was the color of chalk. His hair which had been so dark and fine resembled that of a man long past the seventies. There was not a mark of violence upon his body. **But the eyes!** As long as the rescuers had the power of thought they could never put from their minds the awful sight. In Thornton's eyes was a look of abject terror. They started from the sockets as if, for a moment before a mysterious death had relieved him, he had gazed upon the most horrible thing imaginable.

What had happened? What had he seen, you ask? No one knows. The medical examiner found his coat caught on a spike projecting from the wall. This offered an easy solution and the doctors pounced upon it. They said that Thornton had been keyed up to a terrible pitch of nervousness. He had gone through the entire house and found it absolutely tenantless. Then, after he had looked in the last room, supposing there was no other person in the place but himself, his coat had caught upon a spike. The tug from behind had been such a shock to his startled nerves that he had died instantly from fright.

This was the doctor's solution. Was it right? Who knows? Who will ever know?

WALDO F. BUCEK '26.

### ON BEING GOOD COMPANY FOR ONESELF

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Why crave company? When, for the time, you happen to be alone, with nothing to occupy your attention, why grow restless and long for someone to talk to, fight with, play with—anything, as long as there is “someone” near? Whence originated this queer idea that enjoyment lies in sharing your thoughts with another, and listening to another’s “chaff?” Why the **other fellow**? Why not **yourself**? Who understands you better than yourself? I have often wondered why people can’t be content with holding delightful, intimate conversations with themselves. How much more can be admitted, commented on, confided—when there is certainty of being understood! Personally, I like people in general; I like to talk and listen; to be with them. But it certainly would be nerve-racking never to have time off to become acquainted with myself.

When I chance to be walking alone I take advantage of the precious moments to chat with the Other Me. Sometimes the Other Self just listens quietly to my oft-times unique and incomprehensible remarks, and acquiesces or laughs with me at incidents in which the bit of humor that struck me would go unnoticed by anyone else. Sometimes this agreeable Other Self is very disagreeable and won’t even listen to the arguments with which I try to defend myself. But no matter which Self wins, there is a satisfaction that the question has been sanely discussed from both angles and has been drawn to the right conclusion.

A time when I am especially glad that there is “someone” to talk to who understands is when I am in an elevated train. Sounds trivial, does it not? Sounds commonplace and worthy of the query—“Why pick out elevated trains?” (That’s another reason why I enjoy my Self. She’s never shocked or surprised at the things I tell her.) But, really, doesn’t a seat in the elevated, where one row faces the other, make you feel terribly self-conscious? However, since I have discovered myself it is the simplest and the most entertaining thing in the world to wrap myself in speculation—to draw away as if I were enveloped in an invisible cloak and to remain with only

mind and eyes and ears. The people are all so different! I like to study their shoes and the positions of their feet. That is one of the times when my Self laughs good humoredly with me. The positions are so grotesque and unexpected.

Once I decided to turn character reader and started practice by studying discreetly the face of the man opposite. The corners of thin pinched lips were turned down; ugly-looking lines were creased from nose to mouth; the eyes were small and squinty; the malicious expression never changed. I decided that he was either a cruel stepfather or an ex-convict. Then suddenly, at a passing friend, he smiled so sweetly and brightly that my rashly and hastily constructed world of philosophy suddenly crashed about my head. My Self laughed at me while I told her that I was a failure as a face reader and had better give it up. But of course my Self has kept a secret, as she always does. She’s so dependable!

How could I ever tell anyone else these fleeting thoughts without seeming ridiculous? I love my intimate confidences and would miss them so if the privilege were snatched from me. But it never will be, as my Self and I know each other so well that I am sure we shall always be friends. And, unlike knowing another **person**, there will never be the agony of parting from her. I feel a sort of warm thankfulness that wherever I go this considerate, helpful friend will always be near to encourage, and warn, and sympathize with me. How can some people exist without this wonderful self-companionship?

GRACE PIGON '26.

### ON KEEPING STEP

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Did you ever watch a parade on the Fourth of July, or on any other day when the city turns out to see rows and rows of soldiers march through the streets? What is there so fascinating about the regular beat of their feet as they march and their legs flashing in and out in an even line? Someone is sure to exclaim, “How do they keep in step so perfectly!”

But keeping step is not hard, and it means a great deal. In the ranks of soldiers there would be no order at all, no method or uniformity, if each man did not



school himself to think of his companions and to do his small part in making a success of the big parade.

So in life, that biggest parade, each and every one of us has his own individual part to play. However small it may be, it must be perfect to fit in with the rest of the world. We cannot do as we like, just suit ourselves; we must think of others, consider others' rights, and keep in step with them. As the soldier is trained not to trip or stumble, so we can train ourselves to walk truly without blundering. As the soldier keeps his head high, proud of the flag that goes before him, so can we keep our heads high, proud that we were destined to be a part of a great people. And as the crowd cheers the ranks of soldiers as they tirelessly march through the city, so the world will commend the man who goes through life keeping step.

ISABEL BLANDFORD.

#### LIBRARY-GOERS

From my vantage point behind a venerable-looking, dark, oaken desk, a world passes before my eyes, that fascinating bit of the world known as "library-goers." Into the solemn stillness of the house of books, "a glorious court" of stately columns and dusty shelves heavily laden with the wisdom of the ages, they come trooping, a colorful and varied procession, striking a bright and lively note as does the oboe in the midst of the deep tone of the bassoon.

The procession begins. First comes a tottering, old man with a gleaming bald surface—three-score and ten years have passed over his head. He leans heavily upon a sturdy, old cane, gazes absent-mindedly about the interior with near-sighted eyes covered with a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles perched precariously on the end of his nose. He returns his books, mumbling, "Good-day. Fine day today." He goes away satisfied with one of Joseph C. Lincoln's stories of peaceful Cape Cod life.

Next comes a beloved old lady. Her snow-white hair frames a gentle face in which two merry blue eyes twinkle humorously at you. She smiles kindly as she says, "I shall only take out one book today." She walks out happily with Clara Louise Burnham's "Mrs. Pritchard's Wedding."

Then the library door suddenly swings open and an aggressive business man enters. He is profoundly shocked and goes out disgusted because we have not got the latest book pertaining to his special business, which, in this case, happens to be "Dyeing" (clothes) by I. Noe.

A group has surrounded the desk. One of the group, a stout, authoritative woman with a harassed look, inquires anxiously if we have a book on "Post-Kantianism: its Relation to Human Ideals." On questioning her as to the subject the lady herself seems to be vague on what is. "Some new cult," she glibly answers. After vain searching she departs, disappointed with not discovering what the "new cult" is.

Another one from the group, a tall, awkward youth of solemn mien, with eyes encircled by heavy tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, steps forward and in a deep bass voice asks for "The Evolution of Mankind," which seems to weigh heavily on the spirits of this young man, as evidenced by the dejected stoop of his manly shoulders and by his gloomy air.

After his departure, a book is laid precisely down on the desk. I look up and perceive a tall, angular person with thinly-compressed lips and an air of exactness pervading her whole being from the tips of her high-laced boots to her severely simple black hat. Reader, a surprise awaits you! We would naturally expect Miss G— to read such intellectual books as "The Modern Trend of Civilization" and "Where are we going to?" Instead, dear reader, she calmly selects a passionate love-story, such as "The Glory of Youth," by Temple Bailey.

Her companion in "single blessedness" of the opposite sex arrives upon the scene. He is old, but "awfully gay." His manner is that of an English lord; his appearance, that of a Beau Brummel. In a loud clear voice, he asks for "Dead Men's Money," by Fletcher—not a love-story. When given the book requested, he is profuse in his thanks and, with a formal "Good-afternoon" saunters out, jauntily swinging his cane.

Next a young girl in the adolescent stage blushing asks for a "good love-story." "The Leap-year Girl," by Onions, fully comes up to her expectations, as indicated by her pleased smile after glancing at the

first picture, which depicts a truly romantic scene.

A whistle is heard as the "gay young troubadour" strolls in, his heart as care-free as the thoughts which slip through his mind. Here you are again disappointed, for his taste does not run to poetry and "such light works." A wild western story holds him enthralled. The more blood-thirsty the tale is, the better it is enjoyed. "Man to Man," by Zane Grey, pacifies his exuberant spirits.

Last but not least, are the children, who come running noisily in, but are instantly subdued by a warning look and words of reproof. An attractive little chap with big serious eyes, being of talkative nature, asked if I had read all the books in the library. I quickly informed him to the contrary. He gazed at me half-unbelieving. To children nothing is impossible. To read a whole library seemed not unusual. Soon he was absorbed in the funny antics of "Dr. Doolittle's Circus," by Hugh Lofting. During the afternoon, fairy stories, Mother Goose stories, and animal stories are discussed in whispers.

Eight o'clock strikes and suddenly the children's room is deserted.

Nine o'clock strikes and the janitor, the "guardian of this sacred precinct," arouses the last "library-goers" out of their dreamy repose in the comfortable library chairs. Then the lights are turned out, the heavy "portal" is swung to, and the latch is turned. All is silent. The procession is over.

EVELYN F. PETERS '26.

#### THE OCEAN

O Ocean, red with morn's bright burst of day,

So calm that heaven reflects her glowing heights

In splendor not surpassed by worldly arts!

O Silent one, you gleam with golden lights  
As on its way the yellow orb ascends.

On days when beams of gold adorn your face,

You smile, O pleasant one, you smile in deep

Blue ripples, shallow, void of racing foam.  
And then you change your hue to green,

alas,

To please the eye of clouds that roam so high.

You charm the hearts of men with beauty fair.

They trust you, sail your waters, free from fear.

When you are radiant, the men of ships  
Are seeking sustenance from your blue depths,

Huge ships of trade are plying on your wastes.

Alas! when black clouds scorn you with disgrace,

You like it not and swirl your depths and waves

To stars, like mountains of the sea. Nor do  
You heed the men of trust. You hurl them on

With dashing foam to misery, to death.

O Ocean, love thee I do, e'en for faults  
Which make the land alarmed, afraid of you!  
I love your surging billows, curling foam,  
Your sea becalmed with magic moonbeams pale,

And then alight with thousand sparkling gems.

And yet I trust you, one so cruel in storms.

Your varied colors, foaming spray delight  
Me. Crashing breakers, calm as night,  
moments

Of idleness, and lapping, soothing seas—  
I love thee ocean, shall forever more.

J. L. LOCHHEAD, Jr., '26.

#### ON SEEING THE AURORA BOREALIS

What is this thing, O awe-inspiring sight,  
That quivers in the sky and darts away,—  
Some opalescent ghost of Dawn at play  
In crystal silence of a hushed night?

Though well I ken the source of the chained  
might

That makes, in tempest's fury, but brief  
stay,

I gaze in wonder at its kin display  
More beauteous; nor does it aim to blight.  
No mortal fruit of all scintillant art

Expounds full well this guest ethereal,  
This paragon too far from master's brush  
Which never will its mystic lore depart  
From the domain of the Imperial

Whose blessed words create the heav'nly  
blush.

NORMAN L. CORWIN '26.

## RAIN AND THE OPTIMIST

Pit  
 Pat  
 Pitter  
 Patter  
 Sounds  
 Like  
 Fairies' chatter  
 Just outside  
 My window  
 Sill,—  
 Let them  
 Chatter  
 If they  
 Will.  
 (THREE HOURS LATER)  
 Pit  
 Pat  
 Pitter  
 Patter  
 What  
 In  
 H—'s  
 The matter?  
 All this chatter  
 Too much  
 Clatter;  
 When the deuce  
 Will it be  
 Still?

NORMAN L. CORWIN '26.

## TO BE FREE

Have you never wished  
 That you could run away  
 All through the dewy grass,  
 And in the sunshine play  
 With feet all bare,  
 With loosened clothes,  
 With flowing hair?  
 To throw your arms out to the sky  
 And sing and sing—  
 To always laugh and never cry,  
 But just to have your fling?  
 All nature cries aloud to you,  
 The sun ne'er fails to shine,  
 The sky is everlasting blue,  
 The day is warm and fine;  
 And you wish alone to be  
 'Midst all God's beauty fair  
 To shout aloud "I'm free! I'm free!"

And leave all earthly care.  
 It's in us every one of us  
 To do this very thing—  
 To laugh, to play, to love, to live—  
 Just to have our fling.

DOROTHY V. DAVIS '26.

## THE MOON

Sometimes when your heart is weary  
 And the world seems drear and gray—  
 And you're tired of the endless  
 Hustle-bustle of the day,

Wait until the evening twilight  
 Deepens, darkens into night;  
 Then the moon comes sailing, drifting  
 On a sea of silvery light;

Ever peaceful, silent, steadfast,  
 Breath of dearest dreams come true!  
 Ever clear and pure and shining,  
 Bringing faith and hope anew;

Ghostly bubble, fancy's plaything;  
 Fairy cobweb swept with dew;  
 Priceless pearl and twinkling diamonds;  
 Ages old, yet ever new.

Though the wind may sweep the storm-  
 clouds  
 O'er the vault of midnight sky,  
 Yet the moon is there behind them,  
 Gleaming still till clouds roll by.

So when lonely, sad, forsaken,  
 Watch the moon in heaven above,  
 Ever faithful, guarding o'er us—  
 Spirit of eternal love.

I. S. B. '26.

## FRIENDSHIP

A little spark of friendship,  
 How it keeps the soul alive!  
 Makes kindness and tenderness  
 And helpfulness survive;  
 How much there is to live for  
 And how sorrow finds an end  
 In the atmosphere that's kindled  
 By the presence of a friend!

ROBERT BALL '26.



## THE SEA-GULLS

At sunset,  
As the crimson bands and gold flame in the  
west,  
The sea-gulls to their rocky haven fly;  
And I can hear their plaintive note—  
If I am sad.

In summer,  
When the sun is north  
And all the earth is hot and parched,  
Their cry is joyous as they turn with eager  
wings  
Homeward;  
And with them I am glad.

And then,  
The winter comes with stormy winds and  
howling blasts,  
But still their brave hearts bear them on;  
And as with kindling eye I watch their  
flight,  
I feel a strength.

DOROTHY J. STEARNS '26.

## AFTER THE STORM

A thundering roar  
On the lighthouse shore  
Is heard along the coast.  
That the rocks will stand  
The beat of the sand  
Is the island's lasting boast.

The day is o'er  
But the ceaseless roar  
Continues into the night.  
The waves pound the blocks  
Of huge granite rocks,  
But they hold their own in the fight.

The lamp slowly turns  
As it steadily burns,  
Flashing its warning abroad;

And all through the night  
Its tiny white light  
Cuts through the storm like a sword.

By the coming of dawn  
The storm had passed on  
And the sun was wondrous bright.  
A soft wind blew  
And the clouds were few,  
Like flaky feathers light.  
No wreckage was tossed—  
No lives were lost  
On the sands of that tiny shoal.  
But without the light,  
What then the sight?  
What then the island's toll?  
GUY W. MELLGREN, JR. '26.

## A SMILE

Each morn as on my way I passed,  
I used to linger near her door;  
A smile would always greet me there  
In those happy happy days of yore.

For just one moment our eyes would meet,  
Her face alight with smile so gay  
'Twould fill my heart to the brim with joy,  
And instantly drive my troubles away.

But one sad day not long ago  
The angels came and bore her aloft;  
And I am left to sorrow and pine  
For the cheery smile once seen so oft.

For now if on my toilsome way  
I chance to wander past her door,  
I meet no pleasant cheery smile;  
Her loving look is there no more.

Though I grieve and long for my teacher  
and friend,  
And need her kind advice the while,  
Oh there's one thing that I miss the most,  
And that is her happy morning smile.

VIRGINIA FOWLER '26.





During the past year the "Echo" has received more exchanges than ever before. It has been a pleasure to read the news of the schools all over the country and to receive their helpful comments on our own paper. We hope that every one of our exchanges will remain on the "Echo" list for the coming year.

"Hi-Life," High School, Great Falls, Montana.

"Noddler," High School, East Boston, Mass.

"Tattler," High School, Nashua, N. H.

"Hilltop," High School, Warren, Mass.

"Pathfinder," Washington Junior High School, Rochester, New York.

"Bulletin," High School, Watertown, Mass.

"Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"Record," North High School, Worcester Mass.

"Broadcast," High School, Everett, Mass.

"Talisman," High School, Appleton, Wisconsin.

"Chatterbox," High School, Wells River, Vt.

"Newtonite," High School, Newtonville, Mass.

"Gleam," High School, Independence, Missouri.

"Periscope," High School, Bridgewater, Mass.

"Radiator," High School, Somerville, Mass.

"School Life," High School, Melrose, Mass.

"The Hoya," Georgetown University, Wash., D. C.

"Tunxis," High School, Windsor, Conn.

"Punch Harder," Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

"Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Somerville, Mass.

"Wa-Ta-Ta," Superior East High, Superior, Wis.

"Crimson and Gray," Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.

"The Panhandler," Guyman Texas County, Oklahoma.

"B. U. News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Northeastern News," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"Voice," High School, Concord, Mass.

"Observer," High School, Concord, Mass.

"Salemica," New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.

"Tauntonian," High School, Taunton, Mass.

"Booster," High School, Wakefield, Mass.

"Broadcast," High School, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

"Cambridge Review," Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

"Bulletin," High School, Lawrence, Mass.

"Sagamore," High School, Brookline, Mass.

"Sphinx," High School, Shrewsbury, Mass.

"Herald," High School, Westfield, Mass.

"Red and Black," Hillsboro High School, Tampa, Florida.

"Stimulator," Coffee High School, Florence, Alabama.

"Sutherland," High School, Proctor, Vt.

"Sigma" Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

"Oracle," Jamaica High School, Long Island, N. Y.

"Gale," High School, Revere, Mass.

"Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.

"Blue and White Banner," High School, Putnam, Conn.

"Brocktonia," High School, Brockton, Mass.

"Golden Rod," High School, Quincy, Mass.

"Imp," High School, Brighton, Mass.

"Echo," High School, Milton, Mass.

"Folio," Flushing High School, Flushing, N. Y.

"Register," Boys' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"Wyndonian," Windham High School, Willimantic, Conn.

"Echo," High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.

"Argus," Classical High, Worcester, Mass.

"Red and Blue," High School, Jenkintown, Pa.

"Aegis," Central High, Houston, Texas.

"Broadcaster," Lake View High School, Lake View, Iowa.

"Beacon," High School, Waxahachie, Texas.

"Chronicle," High School, Haverhill, Mass.

"Aegis," High School, Beverly, Mass.

"Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Recorder," High School, Winchester, Mass.

"Key," High School, Battle Creek, Michigan.

"Hillbilly," High School, Asheville, North Carolina.

"Anselmian," St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

"Journal," Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

"Observer," Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Conn.

"Howl," High School, Colorado, Texas.

"Trade Winds," Worcester Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

"Durfee Hilltop," Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

"Bouncer," Madison High School, Madison, Maine.

"Harpoon," High School, Dartmouth, Mass.

"St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle," St. Joseph's College High, Phil., Pa.

## - - Alumni - -

### CLASS OF 1924

Lawrence Barclay, University of N. H.  
 Richard Canton, Dartmouth.  
 Margery Douglas, Boston University.  
 Esther Chisholm, Wellesley.  
 Selma Cohen, Simmons.  
 Archie Cummings, Northeastern.  
 Mary Gillespie, Sargent.  
 Joseph Guidi, Worcester Tech.  
 Joseph Haley, Holy Cross.  
 Richard Johnson, Dartmouth.  
 Elizabeth Kent, Wheaton.  
 William Leviston, Boston University.  
 Robert Merritt, Harvard.  
 John T. Metcalf, Tech.  
 Ina Minto, Simmons.  
 Walter Ramsey, New Hampshire University.  
 Aurelia Schrober, Boston University.  
 Eric Svensson, West Point.  
 Eunice Swift, Bridgewater Normal.  
 Montgomery Wells, Dartmouth.

Joseph Bradley, Boston College of Accounting.

Seymour Colby, Bentley School.

Lucille Nevers, Salem Normal.

### CLASS OF 1925

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 Orrin White, Northeastern.  
 Robert Martin, Northeastern.  
 Stella Simson, Mass. Normal Art.  
 Raymond Flannery, Boston University.  
 Richard Does, Tech.  
 Orland Johnson, Tech.  
 George Jameson, Boston University.  
 John Barry, Colby.  
 Rosamond Graham, Simmons.  
 Barbara Bowen, Simmons.  
 Frank Farquhar, Tech.  
 Morris Katziff, Northeastern.  
 Margaret Leviston, Haskell-Cambridge.  
 Webster MacKusick, Tech.  
 Herbert Ridgway, Harvard.



Joseph Wolf, Harvard.  
 Milton Band, Harvard.  
 Theodore Waddell, Chauncey Hall.  
 Clayton Nickerson, Chauncey Hall.  
 Edwin Howard, Northeastern.  
 Louis Briggs, Hebron Academy.  
 Natalie Story, Boston University.  
 Ella Marrow, Miss Leslie's.  
 Geraldine Totman, Miss Choate's School.  
 Lillian Pigeon, Posse-Nissen.  
 Gladys Lyons, Boston University.  
 Violetie Ridgway, Catherine Gibbs Secretarial School.  
 Milton Brush, Northeastern.  
 Dorothy Young, Bradford.  
 Betty Kilbourne, George Washington University.  
 Carolyn Wingersky, Bridgewater Normal.  
 Helen Brosseau—Choate.  
 James Goldberg—Mass. School of Pharmacy.  
 Edward Brumby, U. S. Coast Guard School.

Virginia Crooker, Boston University.  
 Geraldine Carsley, Boston University.  
 Alice Cunningham, Boston University.  
 Irene Bucek, Pembroke.

**Post Graduates**

Robert Barney  
 Dorothy Campbell  
 Leita Crossman  
 Edward Allen Currier  
 Dorothy Evelyn Gaddis  
 Helen Goodwin  
 Rosanna Gore  
 Irene Margaret Gunn  
 Ruth Howard  
 Kathryn Emily Kent  
 Ralph Edward Maw  
 John Dominick Moriarty  
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Here sat "Carver" and "Duke" Stewart The Siamese twins and Cripple Brothers	Here puffed "Tonsils" Liberman "Chawlie" my boy	Here picked "Blubber" Dimes with balloon pants	Here shone "Wop" Carnicelli banana man
Here lolled "Stoney" Stone of switchboard fame	Here bucked "Cowboy" Crossman alias "Shorty"	Here sat "Bob" Freeman	Here argued "Cake" Clark a scientist
Here played "Ba" Tewksbury the harmonica hound	Here composed Guy Mellgren a poet	Here flopped "Windy" Gillon the cutest girl	Here was laid "Egg" Connor "Humpty Dumpty"
Here grinned "Sol" Uman from ear to ear	Here moaned "Turk" Perrone a would-be singer	Here fiddled "Art" Roberts Mellie Dunham	Here mumbled "Brutus" Copenhagen a Scandinavian
	Here prayed "Deacon" Rockwood the Rabbi	Here moped "Snappy" Johnson dumbly	Here sparkled "Dish" Crocker brightening the corner

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE  
**SENIOR CLASS**

COMPLIMENTS OF THE  
**JUNIOR CLASS**



COMPLIMENTS OF THE  
**SOPHOMORE CLASS**

COMPLIMENTS OF THE  
**FRESHMAN CLASS**

COMPLIMENTS OF THE  
GIRLS IN ROOM 31

Doris Mae Baker  
"Clap Hands!"

Isabel Selina Blandford  
"Lucky Boy"

Catherine Frances Brady  
"Say It Again"

Mildred Vincent Bridgman  
"Sweet Child"

Sarah Brooks  
"Whoopee"

Caroline Ciampi  
"Carolina Stamp"

Anna Whitman Cook  
"Flammin' Mamie"

Dorothy Vogel Davis  
"My Pretty Girl"

Virginia Minot Fowler  
"Sunny"

Margaret Eileen Hayes  
"The Girl Friend"

Anna Pauline Mahony  
"Thanks for the  
Buggy Ride"

Geraldine Rosalie McCarthy  
"Oh, Lady Be Good"

Isabella Law McFarlane  
"Lo-Mah"

Grace Frances Pigon  
"It Must Be Love"

Frieda Pransky  
"Dark Eyes"

Mary Veronica Preg  
"Take This Rose"

Helen Ray Remick  
"Smile a Little"

Louise Rowe  
"Five Foot Two"

Hortense Sanders  
"Rememb'ring"

Marjorie Virginia Simpson  
"Don't Wake Me Up"

Dorothy Jeanne Stearns  
"Dizzy Fingers"

Catharine Mary Stevens  
"Who?"

Margaret Virginia Tully  
"Charleston Mad"

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"Nippers" Friedenberg . . . . . The life of the party  
 "Henri" Lothrop . . . . . The out-of-town boy  
 "Dutch" Frankland . . . . . "I wanna go where you go"  
 "Tootie" Crocker . . . . . Ladies' man  
 "Chubby" Titus . . . . . Everybody loves a fat man  
 "Mouse" Sullivan . . . . . Why girls leave home  
 "Redvie" Nelson . . . . . The boy tenor eleven  
 "Prof" Corwin . . . . . Cicero's understudy  
 "Lemon" Wile . . . . . 50% of the two horsemen  
 "Lime" Baker . . . . . The other 50%  
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 "Davy" Devlin . . . . . Bill, the Boy Artist  
 "Bob" Ball . . . . . Our leading chorus man  
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 "King" Grady . . . . . Shifty Steve, the city slicker  
 "Twang" Wells . . . . . Woman's Home Companion  
 "Abie" Smith . . . . . Big Bluffer!—nuf sed!  
 "Sky-wabs" Swartz . . . . . Kaddie's Korridor Sheik  
 "Sleepy" Smith . . . . . The ice box wonder  
 "Sta-comb" Racea . . . . . Everybody's sweetheart  
 "Lemon-Drops" Abrams . . . . . Ginter's butter and egg man  
 "Laz" Goldberg . . . . . Etudiez? Not much!  
 "Horrible" Baskin . . . . . "Town Pride"  
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 "Utility" Flannery

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 "Sweetmeats" Sally  
 "Teacher's Help" Sperber  
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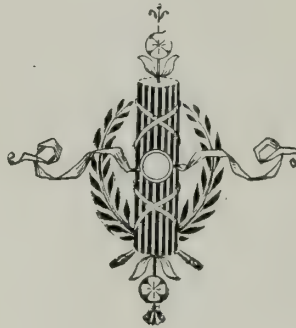
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Demand Loans .....	268,137.67	Surplus and Undi-	
Time Loans .....	283,062.73	vided Earnings .....	109,370.05
Mortgage Loans .....	1,211,598.00	Reserved for Taxes	
Investments .....	435,206.58	and Interest .....	17,831.46
Bank Building .....	20,000.00	Deposits .....	2,375,404.82
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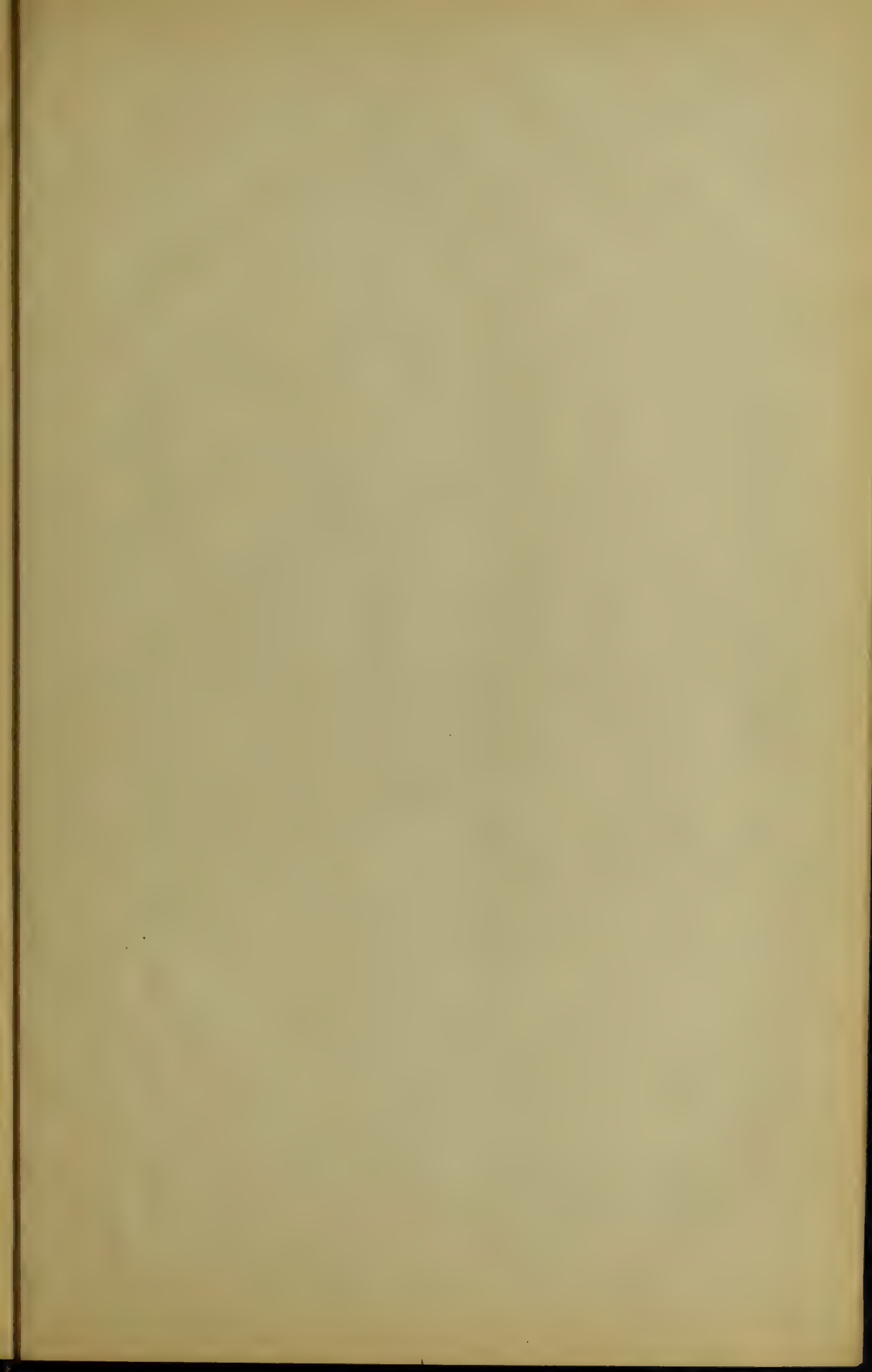
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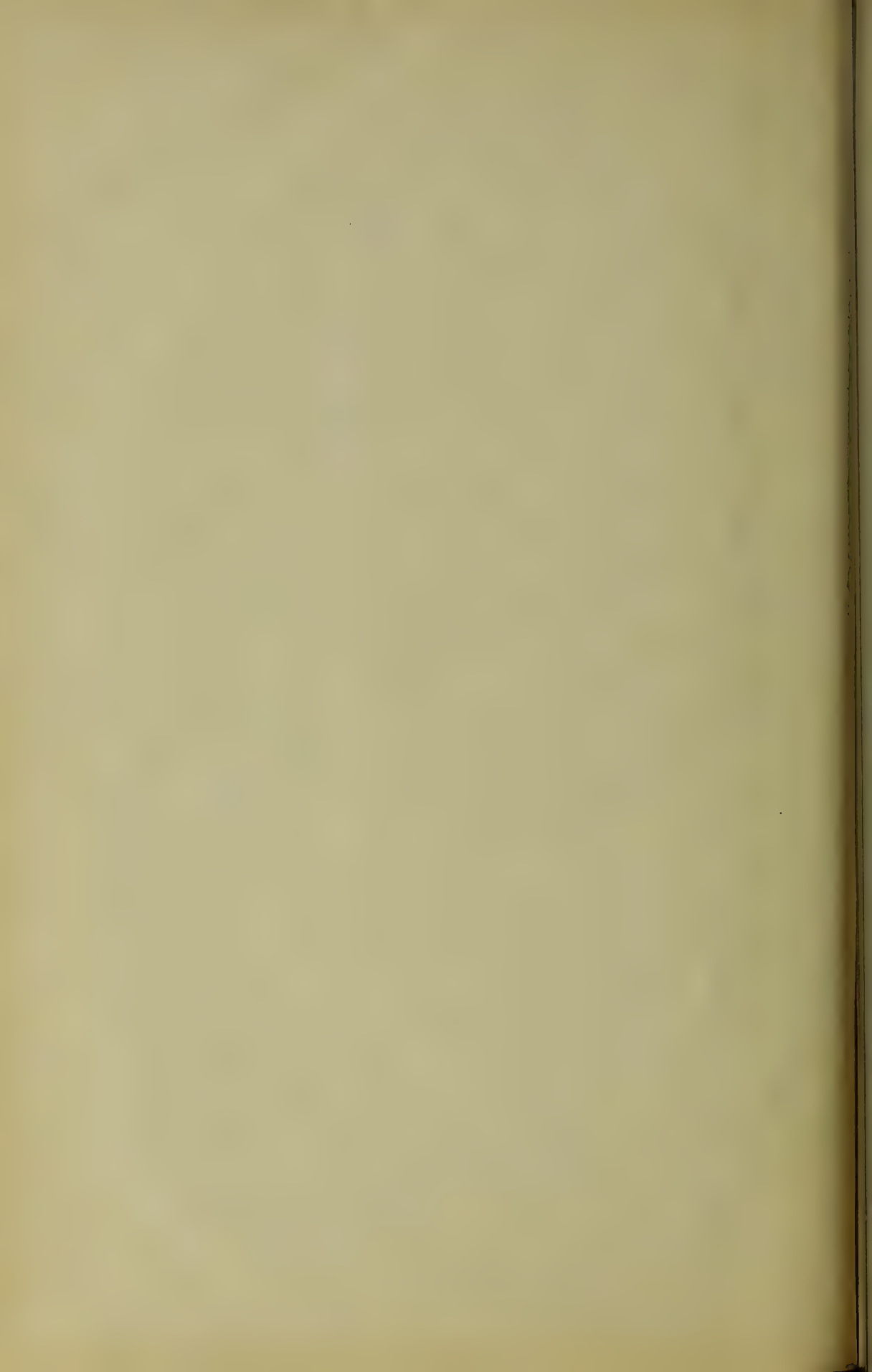
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